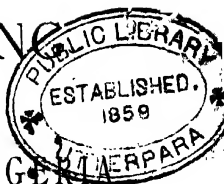


LION HUNTING
AND
SPORTING LIFE IN ALGERIA



By JULES GERARD,
THE LION KILLER.

With Illustrations by Gustave Doré.

ALSO
*ADVENTURES AND EXPLOITS OF FAMOUS
HUNTERS AND TRAVELLERS
IN INDIA, AFRICA, AND AMERICA.*

WARD, LOCK AND CO.
LONDON: WARWICK HOUSE, SALISBURY SQUARE, F.C.
NEW YORK: 7 BOND STREET.



PREFACE.



YIELDING to the advice of some of my friends, I have collected my sporting reminiscences, to offer them to all my fellow huntsmen and sportsmen.

This book, or rather this collection, is intended to acquaint the reader with the particulars of my lion hunting; with the kind of sport generally to be obtained in Algeria; and the means used for bringing down the game, whether running or flying.

I have no pretension to literary style; I therefore forewarn all who read these few chapters that they will find no set phrases in them, but simply observations, based on experience, anecdotes, and facts narrated truthfully as they took place.

In order to put my fellow sportsmen in the

same position as myself, in case they should wish to see, or put in practice that which I have described, I have indicated the districts they ought to visit, and the tribes and men whom they may interrogate in all safety.

May my *lion hunting* be useful to some and agreeable to all. If I obtain this double result, my aim will have been accomplished.

JULES GÉRARD



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INTRODUCTION.

ALTHOUGH the present work owes its chief popularity to the episodes of lion hunting which it contains, the chapters devoted to the "manners and habits" of the animal, are, in our opinion, the most interesting in the book; for here we have the natural history of the North African lion, written for the first time from actual observation. The lion is supposed, by some persons who place undue faith in the story of Androcles, to be of a highly generous disposition, which however does not prevent him from devouring the most harmless individuals if they only happen to come across his path before he has dined. This fact is sufficiently proved by Gérard's story of the two escaped convicts who were chained together by the leg; one of whom fell a victim to the lion, while the other, profiting by the animal's hunger being temporarily appeased, succeeded in concealing himself, to the indignation of the "king of beasts," who had as yet not quite finished his first man.

With all his daring the lion is habitually a lazy animal. His "majesty," of which we have heard

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so much, is quite an oriental in his habits, and exhibits a disposition to spend the greater part of his existence in a state of repose. This laziness has both a beneficial and an injurious influence on the lion's conduct towards human beings. Too lazy to attack a man unless forced to do so either by hunger or by aggression, he is also too lazy to go any considerable distance to make his supper off a horse or a bull when a human being happens to be within reach.

Delegorgue, the French naturalist and sportsman, in treating of the lion of Southern Africa, agrees with our own Gordon Cumming in representing it as by no means a dangerous animal, or, at all events, as one that has to be provoked into being terrible. In fact, it was the marked difference between the lions described by Delegorgue and those which he had seen himself, that first gave Gérard the idea of writing down his experience in connexion with the animal. Independently of the difference which may exist between the lions of North and those of South Africa, there is also an important distinction to be made between the lion by day and the lion by night; so much so, that Gérard declares the diurnal and nocturnal lion must be regarded as separate animals.

As bad men are said to be good when they are asleep, so the lion is harmless when reposing dur-

ing the day in his lair. If he leaves his lair for a few minutes, driven by heat or thirst to refresh himself at some neighbouring brook, he must be looked upon during that period as a lion more or less in a state of somnambulism. Gorged with the blood of bulls or horses, he is in the position of a diner-out who gets up half awake in the middle of the night to drink a glass of water. In the first instance, he is only conscious of his thirst; in the second, as he returns to his couch, he is only conscious of having satisfied it.

If the lion is seldom visible by day, there are but few men who ever run the chance of seeing him by night. Like the class of men who, in England as well as in France, are named after him (and who appear to resemble him in everything excepting his courage, strength, beauty, and conjugal fidelity), the lion does not appear in all his vigour until after dark. Another point of resemblance between the biped, and quadruped lion, consists in the difficulty which is experienced in tracing both of them to their places of abode.

Gérard tells us himself, in his "*Le tueur de lions*," that before becoming the avowed enemy of the lions of the desert, he had declared open war against the lions of the Parisian boulevards, and lost no opportunity of insulting them—a feat which can be performed with more impunity

in their case than in that of their noble brethren of the Algerian mountains.

But if there be a strong similarity between the habits of the human and those of the brute lion, there is a far greater resemblance in disposition and manners between the *lionne* and the lioness. The former is incapable of maternal affection, and the latter is unable to smoke cigarettes ; but these are the only important points of difference between them.

Gérard tells us that it is by no means a rare thing to meet one of these ladies (he alludes to those of the desert) followed by three or four young admirers, who quarrel and fight about her, until at last the lioness, wearied with their attention and annoyed that the animals have not succeeded in throttling one another for her sake, accepts the services of some older and more courageous lion. Besides being eminently unfaithful, the lioness delights in seeing her admirers engage in mortal combat on her account, just as the *lionne* takes a pleasure in being the subject of a duel. While two full-grown lions were literally destroying one another in a conflict, which had been brought about by the direct and active influence of a lioness, the latter laid down on the ground, and testified, by the wagging of her tail, to the pleasure she experienced at the sight.

When the lioness has made her selection, and has condescended to link herself for a season to one of her admirers only, she continues to justify the application of her name to the human *lionne*. In the excursions of the leonine couple, the lion has to advance or stop, according to the pleasure of the lioness. While the lion is attacking some douar, in order to carry off materials for the lioness's supper, she lies quietly down on the ground. The lion, on bringing the booty to the lioness, places it before her, and she commences and finishes her meal before he thinks of eating a mouthful.

However, as the cubs grow up, the lion begins to assert himself. He pretends that the noise of the youthful lions disturbs him, and that it would be better for all the family if he took lodgings away from home. He accordingly has a private residence of his own, but avoids scandal by paying daily visits to his wife and children. He becomes divorced *à thoro*, but not *à mensû*, and continues to supply the family with food at his own expense, until at length he teaches the young ones to commit depredations on their own account.

There was a period in our dramatic history when it was necessary for a theatrical critic to be also, to some extent, a zoologist. We allude to the Van

Amburgh epoch, when the writers of the daily and weekly press had to neglect disquisitions on tragedy and comedy for treatises on the natural history of the lion and panther. The general opinion at that period being that the lion was a more formidable beast than the panther, and far more difficult to tame, it of course became necessary for critics to assert, by way of novelty, that the lion could be tamed with comparative ease, and that the really dangerous animal was the panther. This opinion at last became almost universally received; but Gérard shows that it is an erroneous one.

Of tame panthers he says nothing; of tame lions he only says that they remind him of overgrown poodles: but with regard to these animals in a state of nature, he declares that the latter are terrible and aggressive, while the former are timid and inoffensive.

The panther was frequently used by way of antithesis to the lion. The lion was magnanimous, and when he attacked you at all did so openly. The deceitful panther, on the other hand, was said to spring upon you unawares.

The fact is, the lion springs upon you the best way he can, while the panther never attacks a man at all.

The real contrast to the lion is the timid and

graceful gazelle, which can only be hunted by persons who would deliberately go out to shoot goldfinches. The lion differs as much from the gazelle as violence and daring do from gentleness and timidity. On the one hand we see vice, on the other virtue. The lion by his depredations levies a tax on the natives ten times greater than is raised by the state. The gazelle is not only uninjurious, but its dung has a positive value as an adjunct to the Algerian tobacco. The lion of course prowls about by night, while the gazelle is the only animal of the brute creation which wanders about in search of its food by day, and retires to rest like a human being as night approaches.

Gérard considers that, in exercising his profession of "lion slayer," he is performing a national service both to the Arabs and to the French, to whom most of the tribes of Algeria now look for protection. We should be satisfied to look upon him as an ardent lover of the most dangerous and exciting description of sport, pursuing his art for the sake of the art alone; but there can at the same time be no doubt, that every time he kills a lion he confers a positive boon on the Arab community. It will be seen, from Gérard's own statistics in the present work, to what an extent the Algerian lion destroys property

annually. But it appears, from another of his books, that the animal also causes a far greater sacrifice of human life than was at first supposed. A single lion destroyed, one after another, the inhabitants of an entire douar, amounting to forty persons. He watched for them day and night, and surprised them in every direction. On seeing him, the Arabs had nothing to do but to fall on their knees and pray; for even had they been armed, they would not have dared to fire a shot at him—such was the awe in which his ferocity had led him to be regarded.

Of Gérard himself we need only say that he joined the spahis as a volunteer, and of course as a private, like all other Frenchmen who do not enter the army from a military school; and that he was at length promoted to a lieutenancy.

The “spahis” are native cavalry, officered chiefly by Frenchmen. They serve permanently in Algeria, and are in fact organised on the same principle as our sepoy in India.

Gérard has killed nearly thirty lions since the year 1844, when he first adopted the profession of “lion slayer,” in which he has acquired a reputation which is gradually becoming universal.

H. S. E.



LION HUNTING AND SPORTING LIFE IN ALGERIA.

CHAPTER I.

THE LION: HIS EDUCATION, MANNERS, AND HABITS.

IN the month of January, 1848, I met in Paris Adolphe Delegorgue, the naturalist and sportsman, who passed seven years of his life in the South of Africa, in the midst of the Kaffirs and Amazoulons, living on rhinoceros steaks and hippopotamus cutlets.

I need not say that this meeting was a piece of good luck for me, and that, not contented with having read the travels of my valiant fellow-sportsman, I overwhelmed him with a thousand questions as to the game he had killed, and above all as to the lions of the Cape of Good Hope.

I was so much struck with the little analogy existing between this animal and the lion of Algeria, that I at once resolved to write all that I knew about this latter, from an experience of his

manners and habits, which extended over several years.

Every one in the present day knows that the lion belongs to the feline race. It is singular, however, that all the naturalists who have written about this animal have treated him as if he were always roving about in the face of day, and no one has said anything about his nocturnal habits.

This inexplicable omission I shall endeavour to supply, taking the lion at his birth and following him in all his habits until the period of his death. I shall esteem myself only too fortunate if the observations which I have collected serve to dispel the false ideas which I have so often heard expressed about him in France, and even in Algeria, where the natives alone know anything about him.

The lions and lionesses generally couple towards the end of January. As a large number of the lionesses die during the process of dentition, the males are about a third more numerous than the females.

Accordingly, it is by no means rare to meet one of the ladies accompanied by three or four suitors, who engage in desperate combats, until the lioness, annoyed that not one of her admirers succeeds in strangling the others for her sake, conducts them all into the presence of an old lion, whose roar she has appreciated.

The admirers come bravely into the presence of the rival to whom the preference has been accorded.

There is not much parleying, and the result of these conflicts is never doubtful. Attacked by the three imprudent rivals, the old lion reviews them all without moving. With the first bite he disposes of No. 1; No. 2 has his leg crunched; No. 3 is fortunate if he escapes with the loss of one of his eyes.

The ground once cleared, the noble animal shakes his mane vigorously, part of which is probably in a condition to be taken away by the wind, and then lies down by the side of the lioness, who, as a first pledge of her affection, licks the wounds which he has received in her service.

When two full-grown lions meet, the affair does not pass off so quietly. An Arab of the tribe of Kesenna once related to me a combat of the kind in question, at which he himself assisted.

It was a moonlight night, and Mohammed was in a tree waiting for an opportunity to shoot a stag. About midnight he saw a lioness approaching, followed by a full-grown lion. The lioness left the path in the midst of the jungle, and came to lie down at the foot of the oak. The lion remained in the path, and appeared to be listening to something.

Mohammed then heard a distant roar, which he could scarcely distinguish. The lioness at once responded to it. The lion of the path uttered a roar of such magnitude, that the startled sports-

man let his gun fall, and was obliged to cling to the branches, so as not to fall himself.

As by degrees the animal whose roar had first been heard appeared to be drawing near, the lioness roared more and more loudly; while the other lion walked furiously from the path to the lioness, as if to force her to silence, and from the lioness back to the path, as if to say, "Well, let him come; I am ready for him."

An hour afterwards a lion, as black as a wild boar, appeared at the extremity of the jungle. The lioness rose to go towards him, but, guessing her intention, the lion ran before her to meet his enemy. They crouched at the same moment to take their spring, leaped at the same time one against the other, and rolled over together in the grass, to rise no more.

The struggle was long and terrible. While bones were cracking beneath the powerful jaws of the two combatants, their claws lacerated one another's bodies, and roars—now of the loudest kind, now of the most subdued—expressed their rage and their pain.

At the commencement of the action the lioness had laid down on her face, and to the very end she testified, by the wagging of her tail, to the pleasure she experienced at the sight of these two lions destroying one another for her sake.

When all was over, she approached the two car-

cases with caution, without condescending to reply to the somewhat coarse epithet which Mohammed could not refrain from applying to her in the absence of a bullet.

This illustration of the lioness's conjugal fidelity is applicable to that of all other lionesses. What they look for, first of all, is a strong, full-grown lion, who can free them from the young lions, whose perpetual fighting annoys them; but as soon as a stronger lion offers himself, he is always welcome.

From what I have been able to ascertain, the case is different with the lion, who, unless he be forced to do so, never leaves his companion, and exhibits towards her an attention and affection worthy of a better fate.

From the moment of the leonine couple leaving their retreat until their return, the lioness always walks foremost. When she chooses to stop, the lion does likewise.

When they arrive at a spot where there appears to be a probability of procuring supper, the lioness lies down, whilst her husband rushes bravely into the middle of the farm, and brings back the best he can find. He watches her with the greatest pleasure while she is eating, looking out all the time lest something should disturb her during her meal; and he only thinks of appeasing

his own hunger when hers is satisfied. In a word, there is no sort of tenderness which he does not show to her, both during and after the season of their loves.

The litter of the lioness numbers from one to three cubs, according to the age and strength of the lioness; but it generally consists of two—one male and one female.

For several days after their birth, the lioness does not leave her little ones for a single instant, and the father provides for all their wants. When they have reached the age of three months, and have passed the dangerous period of dentition, which is fatal to many of the young lionesses, the mother weans them. She takes them for some hours away from the impenetrable ravine where she has brought them forth, and feeds them on the flesh of sheep, carefully skinned and torn into little pieces.

The lion acquires a most serious turn of mind when he arrives at years of maturity, and does not like to stop near his children, who fatigue him with their sports. In order to live quietly, he gets a lodging in the neighbourhood, in order to be close at hand to assist the family when called upon.

The Arabs, who know that a lioness has lately had a family, either from actual observation or from their sheep disappearing continually in the

same direction, profit by the moment at which the lioness is weaning her little ones, in order to deprive her of them.

With this view they station themselves during entire days on a mound or tree which commands the lair. As soon as they see the lioness at a distance from the cubs, knowing that the lion is not with them, they glide towards them through the thicket, wrap them up in the skirts of their burnous* in order to stifle their cries, and bear them off to the horsemen who are waiting for them on the confines of the forest, ready to start off, with the despoilers behind and the prey before them.

This manœuvre is a dangerous one; in proof of which I will cite the following anecdote:—

During the month of March, 1840, a lioness deposited her little ones in a wood, called El Guéla, situate in the mountain of Mezioum, in the country of the Zerdezah. The chief of the county, named Zeiden, appealed to his neighbour Sedek-ben-Oumbark, cheik of the tribe of Beni-Fourral, and on the appointed day thirty men of each of their tribes were collected at daybreak in the neck of the Mezioum.

These sixty Arabs, after surrounding the thicket in every direction, gave several loud shouts, and, not seeing the lioness appear, penetrated into the wood and took two young cubs.

* The principal garment worn by the Arabs, somewhat resembling the poncho.

They were going off quietly enough, thinking they had now nothing to fear from the mother, when the cheik Sedek, who had remained a little behind, saw her coming (ut of the wood and advancing straight towards him. He hastened to call his nephew Meçaoud and his friend Ali-ben-Braham, who both hastened to his assistance. The lioness, instead of attacking the cheik, who was on horseback, rushed at the nephew, who was on foot.

He waited bravely for her, and did not press the trigger until he could do so at point blank.

The gun missed fire.

Meçaoud then threw his gun away, and presented to the lioness his left arm, wrapped round with his burnous.

The lioness seized it and crunched it. During this time the brave young man, without retreating a step and without uttering a cry, drew a pistol from beneath his burnous, and forced the lioness to let go her hold by putting two bullets into her body.

At the same time she threw herself upon Ali-ben-Braham, who, without any immediate effect, sent a ball into her mouth. She seized him by the shoulders, and flung him to the ground. He had his right hand crushed, several ribs laid bare, and only owed his preservation to the death of the lioness, who expired upon him.

Ali-ben-Braham is alive, but in a maimed condition.

Mecaoud died twenty-four hours after this encounter.

At the age of four or five months the cubs follow their mother at night to the confines of the wood, where the lion brings them their food.

At the age of six months the whole family go out together in some dark night, and change their place of abode, and from this time until their separation from their parents the cubs are constantly moving about.

At the age of from eight to twelve months the cubs begin to attack the flocks of sheep or goats which come during the day into the neighbourhood of their abode. Sometimes they even assail the oxen; but they are so inexperienced that there are generally about ten wounded to one killed, and the father is frequently obliged to interfere, and do the work himself.

At the age of two years, but not previously, the young lions are capable of throttling a horse, an ox, or a camel with a single movement of the jaws, and of leaping over the hedges, upwards of two yards in height, which are supposed to protect the farms.

This period of the young lions' existence—from the age of one to that of two—is really ruinous to the inhabitants of the locality. The leonine family kill, not only to support themselves, but also in order to learn how to kill. It may be imagined

what such an apprenticeship costs to those who furnish its elements.

"But," it will be said, "why do the Arabs allow themselves to be eaten up in this way by the lions, instead of driving them away?" To which I reply, "Read the following chapter, and, if ever you have flocks in Algeria, you will either inclose them behind a wall upwards of five yards high, or you will do as the Arabs do at present."

At three years of age the young lions quit their parents to form couples; and the parents, not wishing to remain alone, replace them by another family.

The lions are not full grown until they attain the age of eight years. At this period they have acquired their full strength, and the male, who is a third larger than the female, has all his mane. No idea of the lion in a wild state can be formed from the degenerated specimens exhibited in the menageries.

These latter have been taken from the breast, brought up like rabbits on cabbages, and deprived of the lioness's milk, of their open-air life, their liberty, and, in fine, of all suitable diet. Hence those emaciated forms, that unhappy look, and that deficiency of mane which gives them the appearance of poodles, and would cause them to be disowned by their fellow-creatures living in a state of nature.

There are three kinds of lions in Algeria: the

black lion, the tawny lion, and the grey lion ; called by the Arabs respectively *el adrea*, *el asfar*, and *el zarzouri*.

The black lion, which is much rarer than the two others, is a little smaller, but stronger in the head, neck, loins, and legs. The colour of his coat is like that of a bay-brown horse, as far as the shoulder, where a thick black mane commences, which gives him anything but an inviting aspect.

His forehead is about an elbow-length in breadth ; the length of his body, from the tip of the nose to the beginning of the tail, which is upwards of a yard long, measures five elbow-lengths.* The weight of his body varies from 275 to 300 kilogrammes (*i. e.* from about 600 to 630 pounds). The Arabs are more afraid of this lion than of the two others, and the Arabs are quite right.

Instead of travelling about like the tawny and grey lions, the black lion establishes himself in a comfortable lair, and remains there sometimes as long as thirty years. He seldom goes down into the plain to attack the farms, but, on the other hand, he waits in the evening for the herds of cattle as they leave the mountains, and kills four or five of them for the sake of drinking their blood. In the summer season, when the days are long, he quits his residence at sunset, and stations himself

* That is to say, as the Arabs measure it, the length from the elbow to the extent of the open hand.

on the edge of a path which crosses the mountain, in order to wait for a horseman or pedestrian who has been delayed.

I knew an Arab, who, in a meeting of this kind, got off his horse, unsaddled and unbridled it, and went off with the harness over his head, leaving the horse to be throttled almost under his very eyes. But the affair does not always end so simply, and both horsemen and pedestrians generally find some trouble in escaping from the clutches of a black lion.

The tawny and grey lion only differ from one another as regards the colour of the mane; they are both, however, a little larger than the black lion. Excepting in the point I have mentioned, they have all three the same disposition and habits. The existence of the lion may be divided into two distinct parts, which almost make it two different animals, and which have caused a thousand errors to be committed with regard to it. These two parts are day and night. During the day it generally remains in retirement within the wood, far from all noise, so as to sleep and go through its digestion without interruption.

Because, in the daytime, a man may have found himself face to face with a lion who has been forced by the flies or the sun to change his quarters, or who has been driven by thirst to seek a brook, it has been maintained by persons who

have not reflected that at this period the lion was half asleep, or had his stomach full; that the lion does not attack human beings. It is true the lion does not kill for the pleasure of killing, but he kills in order to live, and because he defends himself when attacked. In a country like Algeria, which is literally covered with flocks, the lion is never fasting during the day. The natives are aware of this; but during the night, when he quits his lair in search of food, they take care to stop at home, or, if they are obliged to travel at night, never do so on foot. As for myself, I declare that if I have observed indifference in the physiognomy of some lions that I have met in the evening, I have always found those I have met in the night of most hostile tendencies.

I am so certain that a man by himself is lost beyond remedy if he meets with a lion at night, that, when my tent is pitched in the open country, I never leave it for a second at night without my carbine.

I know a large number of recent instances in which Arabs have been devoured by lions; but I will only cite the following case, because it is known to all the natives of Constantine, and took place in a most dramatic manner.

It was some years before the occupation of the town by the French. Among the number of persons confined in the prisons were two brothers

who had been condemned to death, and were to be executed the next day.

These men were highway assassins, and numberless anecdotes of their strength and courage were told. The bey, fearing they might escape, ordered them to be rivetted together, the foot of one man being fastened in the same ring as that of the other.

No one knows how it happened, but every one knows that when the executioner came the prison was empty.

After having made useless efforts to break or cut their fetters, the two brothers, who had escaped, took to the fields in order to avoid meeting any one.

When daylight appeared, they concealed themselves among the rocks, and in the evening continued their journey.

Towards the middle of the night they met a lion.

The robbers began to throw stones at him, and shouted vigorously in hopes of driving him away. But the animal had crouched down before them and did not move. Seeing that threats and cries did not aid them, they tried supplication; but the lion leaped upon them, threw them to the ground, and began at once to eat the elder one, by the side of his brother, who was pretending to be dead. When he came to the leg which was inclosed in the shackle, the lion bit it off above the knee.

Then, whether he had satisfied his hunger or was only thirsty, he took the direction of a spring that was close by. Thinking the lion would return as soon as he had assuaged his thirst, the poor fellow who remained sought around for a place of refuge, and, dragging his brother's leg after him, at last got into a little opening in the ground.

A short time afterwards he heard the lion roaring with rage, and saw him pass several times the hole where he lay hid.

At last day dawned, and the lion went away.

Just as the unfortunate wretch came out of the cavern, he found himself in presence of some of the horsemen of the bey, who had traced him out. One of them took him with him on his horse, and he was conveyed back to Constantine and imprisoned afresh.

The bey, unable to believe in the incident as related by his officers, desired to see this man, and made him come before him, still dragging with him his brother's leg. In spite of his character for cruelty, Ahmed Bey, on seeing him, ordered that the ring should be opened, and that he should be set at liberty.

Although gifted with very subtle senses, and with unequalled strength and agility, the Algerian lion never hunts its prey.

When it sees one or more wild boars in the distance, it creeps towards them in hopes of surprising them ; but as soon as they get wind of him these black hogs make off, and the lion goes down into the plains to look for his supper in some farm : a process which he finds safer and more certain.

I have sometimes seen herds of wild boars disappear from a particular spot in a single day ; but still oftener I have seen boars and lions dwelling together in the same forest, without one species interfering with the other.

The reason of that is, that the lion has every facility of getting his food from the Arabs, on whom he raises a tax ten times greater than that levied by the state.

I have long studied the roar of the lion, and I shall conclude this chapter with some observations I have made on the subject.

When a lion and lioness are together, the female always roars first as they leave the lair.

The roar is composed of some dozen sounds, beginning with subdued means, which go on *crescendo* until they at length diminish and finish as they began. There is an interval of some seconds between each sound.

The lion roars alternately with the lioness.

They continue thus to roar for a quarter of an hour, until they reach the farm which they mean to attack.

As soon as they have satisfied their hunger they recommence roaring until the morning.

When the lion is by himself, he also roars* on getting up in the morning, and often enters the farm without ceasing to do so.

In summer, during the great heat, the lion roars less, and sometimes not at all; but when the period of coupling arrives, he fully makes up for lost time.

Amongst other foolish questions, I was once asked the following:—"Why does the lion roar?" I replied, "Roaring is to the lion, in my opinion, what singing is to the bird. If this definition be not satisfactory, go and stop a few years in his company, and you will perhaps find a better one."

It appeared to me that the statistics, drawn up by myself, of the losses suffered by the Arabs from lions, might interest the reader, and I accordingly give them as a conclusion to the chapter.

The duration of the lion's existence is from thirty to forty years. He destroys an annual value of six thousand francs (240*l.*), in horses, mules, oxen, camels, and sheep. Taking the average of the lion's life at thirty-five years, each lion costs the Arab two hundred and ten thousand francs (8400*l.*). The thirty lions at present existing in the province of Constantine, and who will be replaced by others

* The Arabs, whose language is so rich in comparisons, have only one word for the roaring of the lion. The word is *rad*—thunder.

coming from the regency of Tunis or Morocco, cost annually a hundred and eighty thousand francs (7200*l.*). In the districts where I generally hunt, the Arab, who pays five francs a year to the state, pays fifty to the lion.

"The natives have cleared more than half Algeria of its wood, in order to get rid of these injurious animals.

The French authorities, wishing to put a stop to these fires, which threaten the woods and forests with entire destruction, impose a fine on all Arabs who commit these acts of incendiarism.

What is the result? The Arabs subscribe together to pay the fines, and the fires continue as before.

This will continue to be the case as long as the government neglects to protect the population against the lions, as in France we are protected against the wolves, who are far from being equally destructive. The principal characteristics of the lion are idleness, impassibility, and audacity. As to his magnanimity, I will only say, with the Arab proverb, "When thou startest on a journey, go not alone, and arm thyself as if thou wert destined to meet the lion."

CHAPTER II.

LION HUNTING AMONG THE ARABS.

THE Arabs, having much to suffer from the ravages committed by the lion on their flocks, have had to take measures for protecting themselves.

Since experience has taught them that a man depending upon his gun alone is more likely to be destroyed himself than to destroy the lion, they oppose cunning to the audacity of the animal, which, from an over-confidence in its strength, often falls into the snares which are laid for it.

It is true, the gun always comes in after the snare; but it is only when the lion can no longer attack his enemies that they overwhelm him with their bullets.

Before speaking of the tribes which at long intervals kill a lion in open fight, and of the manner in which they accomplish their end, I think it best to make known those means of destruction, the execution of which does not involve the slightest danger to the man.

I will place in the first rank the ditch (*zoubia*, as the Arabs call it), by means of which the greater part of the skins brought into our markets have been obtained.

As I began this work with a chapter on the manners and habits of the lion, I will only speak of them now with brevity, for the better comprehension of that which follows.

In order to avoid the neighbourhood of the lions, who always inhabit the most woody mountains, the Arabs keep away from these mountains with their tents and flocks during the spring, summer, and autumn.

As the lion does not go out until dusk in search of his food, it follows that during the three seasons in which the nights are short the farms or *douars*, established at eight or ten leagues' distance from the mountains, have nothing to fear from this animal, who is accustomed to go back to his lair at break of day.

However, as each tribe has its territory limited, there are but few who can go to so great a distance from the dangerous mountains, so that the losses are sustained by certain of the tribes, while those next them are left in peace.

At the beginning of winter, all the inhabitants are obliged to approach the mountains, as much to obtain shelter for their flocks as to be able to provide themselves with wood.

It is at this season that the lions, whose appetites are sharpened by the cold, luxuriate at the expense of the tribes in general.

In the districts where this dangerous animal is

generally found, the Arabs, too lazy to work themselves, make the Kabyles come, and for a very moderate sum dig a ditch, upwards of ten yards in depth, and from four to five yards broad, shaped like a well, and narrower at the orifice than at the base. This ditch is always dug in the middle of the site to be occupied by the *douar** during the winter season. The tents are set up in a circular form around the ditch—the ditch, however, being always at a certain distance from, and on higher ground than, the centre of the circle.

The *douar* having been surrounded by a hedge, two or three yards high, the ditch becomes concealed altogether from the outside. In order that the cattle may not fall into the ditch during the night, care is taken to hem it in from the lower ground with a round hedge, which extends to the tents on either side.

At the approach of night the flocks and herds are driven in, and the keepers take care to place them as near as possible to the ditch, from which, as we have before said, they are protected by the hedge below it.

The lion, who for his greater convenience always clears the exterior hedge from the high ground, approaches the *douar*, hears the noise of the cattle,

* *Douar* cannot be translated either into English or French. It is a collection of tents, varying from ten to twenty.

at the same time recognising their presence by his scent—for he is now only a few yards' distance from them—takes a spring, and falls roaring into the ditch, where he will be insulted and mutilated : he, the emblem of strength and courage, whose imposing voice caused alike the mountain and the plain to tremble, will die a miserable death, assassinated by cowards, by women, and by children.

As he clears the hedge, the sleeping keepers are trampled under foot by the frightened herd, and a moment afterwards the douar rises *en masse*.

The women utter shrieks of joy, the men fire off their guns to announce the event to the neighbouring douars ; children and dogs make a demoniacal hubbub ; the universal joy almost reaches delirium, and every one takes part in it, because every one has some private loss to avenge.

Whatever be the hour of the night, there is an end to sleep.

Fires are lighted, the men slaughter the sheep, the women prepare the *couscoussou*—there will be feasting until day.

During this period the lion, who has at first made some prodigious bounds in order to escape from the ditch has at length become resigned.

He hears all the noise, all those voices ; he has understood that he is lost, that he will die a shameful death, unable to defend himself ; but he will

receive the insults and the bullets without a complaint and without a shudder.

Before dawn the Arabs from the neighbourhood, summoned by the report of the guns, arrive in numbers, lest they should lose a portion of the spectacle to which they have been summoned.

They are accompanied by their wives, children, and dogs.

It is so pleasant to see the sufferings of an enemy from whom there is no longer anything to fear, and who may be at length struck with impunity!

The most remarkable thing in these cases is, that the women and children, but the women above all, are the most inveterate and the most cruel.

Does this proceed from the barbarity of the Arab women, or from a sense of weakness natural to women? I cannot say. But I am pleased to think that our French ladies would act very differently, and I hope that some would be found among them who would implore mercy for the lion, if only to see him attacked on coming out of the ditch; but in that case openly, loyally, and face to face.

In the meanwhile the day, so impatiently looked for, arrives, and the boldest men remove the hedge which surrounds the lower side of the ditch, so as to see the lion at a closer distance, and to judge of the animal's sex and strength.

As the harm he has done has been in propor-

tion to his strength, his punishment must be the same.

If it be a lioness, or a young lion, the first persons who get a view retire with a shrug of the shoulders.

But if it be a male lion, full grown and with a complete mane, then the gestures are frantic; every one rushes forward, the news spreads from mouth to mouth, and the spectators who are at the edge of the ditch must stand firm, so as not to be precipitated into it by the impatient crowd behind.

After the general curiosity has been satisfied, and every one has hurled his stone and his imprecations at the noble animal, the men approach with their guns, and fire upon him until he gives no sign whatever of life.

Generally, after he has received some ten bullets without moving and without complaining, the lion raises majestically his magnificent head to cast a look of contempt upon the Arabs, who have now aimed their last shots at him, and then lies down to die.

Long afterwards, when they are quite sure that he is dead, some of the men let themselves down into the ditch by means of cords, taking with them a net strong enough to support the weight of the lion- and the male, when full grown, does not weigh less than six hundred pounds.

Ropes are fastened to a windlass which is prepared for this special purpose, and fastened into the ground outside the ditch. The stronger men of the party work at it, and hoist up the carcase of the lion, together with the men who have gone down into the ditch.

After this operation (always very long) has been terminated, the mothers take each a small piece of the animal's heart, and give it their male children to eat, in order to render them strong and courageous.

They take away as much as possible of the mane, in order to make amulets of it, which are supposed to have the same effect. Then, when the skin has been removed and the flesh divided, each family goes back to its respective douar, where, in the evening, beneath the tents, the event of the day will for a long time be the favourite story with every one.

After the ditch I must speak of the ambush or *melbeda*.

There are two kinds of *melbeda*—the ambush under ground, and the ambush in the tree.

In the first a hole is dug, about a yard deep and three or four wide. After placing trunks of trees over it, and covering them with heavy stones, the whole is strewn over with the earth dug out of the ground, except in a few places on one side, where holes are left for the men to shoot through,

and an opening on the other, which forms the door to the cavern, and which is closed from the inside by means of a piece of rock.

Ambushes of this kind are constructed on the edge of some path which the lion frequents.

As it would be difficult to hit the animal while in motion, the Arabs generally kill a boar, and place the carcase in the path opposite the loopholes. When the lion stops to examine the boar's flesh, the men in the ambush all fire at once.

It seldom happens that the animal is brought down.

Generally, after receiving several bullets, he bounds in the direction of the ambush, over which he passes without suspecting that the enemy is concealed beneath him. Then, after having worn out his strength in furious bounds in every direction, he makes for the nearest wood and disappears.

Sometimes the Arabs who have lain in ambush for the lion call upon the tribe to follow him by the traces of his blood, and kill him. But as in this case there is always some casualty, they generally give up the pursuit, and let him either get cured of the wounds which he has received, or die quietly in his lair.

The ambush in the tree is arranged in the same way as the other, with the exception, of course, of the stones and earth. These are replaced by branches, which entirely conceal the men who fire.

A tree in the immediate vicinity of a path is chosen, and the men hide themselves in the middle of it.

These two sorts of ambushes are generally kept up from one year to another, and are made use of by several generations. It happens however, sometimes, that when a lion has killed an ox or a horse in the neighbourhood of a douar, the Arabs construct a melbeda in all haste, so as to kill the animal in case of his coming back the following night. In most cases this trouble is taken for nothing; for the lion, too delicate to return to his meal of the previous evening, goes in quest of food to another spot, leaving the broken victuals, with a disdain which becomes him, to the hyenas, jackals, and vultures.

THE TRIBES WHICH HUNT THE LION.

In the province of Constantine there are three sections of tribes who kill, at their own peril, some of the lions who come among them, although they nevertheless do not attend to the prayers of the other sections, their neighbours, when they in their turn are decimated by one of these animals.

These sections are the Ouled-meloul, of the Heractah; the Ouled-cessi, of the tribe of the Segnia; and the Chegatma, a foreign section established for the last fifty years in the district of Ain-Beida.

As the act of killing a lion is only courageous in

so far as the person attacking it is exposed to the teeth and claws of the animal, and as in my eyes the manner in which the Ouled-meloul and the Ouled-cessi behave gives them a great superiority over the Chegatma, I shall not speak of the latter until I have disposed of the two former.

The Ouled-meloul muster about eighty guns. The Ouled-cessi are of nearly the same strength. When the arrival of a lion in the vicinity of either of these tribes has been made known, either by the destruction of the cattle, or by his own roaring, the news is taken from douar to douar, in spite of which, however, the sheep fall victims to the animal's voracity for some eight or ten days before he is attacked.

It is only when the ravages committed by the lion are beginning to be felt, and that he does not appear disposed to quit the place, that a rendezvous is fixed upon for the huntsmen to meet at, previously to hunting him down.

Assemblies of this kind, in which I have often taken part, are full of interest for a person who understands the language of the natives, and the gravity of the object with which they have met.

Instead of inside a beautiful court-yard shaded by oaks, or outside a shooting-box (which are the most general places of rendezvous for huntsmen and sportsmen in France), here the meeting takes place around a fire which is lighted at the foot of a mountain.

Instead of handsome equipages and brilliant uniforms, fifty men arrive on foot whose costumes all together are not worth the livery of a gamekeeper.

Each of them carries a gun on his shoulder, a pistol and ayataghan in his belt, and, on arriving, takes his seat by the fire.

A dozen dogs, with long, coarse hair and repulsive physiognomies, hang about the sportsmen, and, by way of passing the time, tear one another to pieces, without the masters doing anything to prevent them.

At one of these meetings I saw a dog throttled and devoured by the others without a single one of the Arabs present condescending to quit his place in the assembly; it is true that this occurred at the most critical moment, and just as information was being received of two male and full-grown lions, whom the "outlookers" had discovered.

The arrival of the men who have been intrusted with the task of beating up the wood is always attended with much interest.

If a stag, a wolf, or a wild boar had to be hunted, with one bullet they would be soon disposed of.

This is to be an affair with an animal which unites in itself the strength of forty men, armed with teeth and claws, the effect of which every member of the assembly has been in a position to observe, and of which several have had personal

experience, when, riddled with bullets and expiring, the lion, in spite of their efforts, has still held to the body of one of their relations or friends.

Although the Arab is not of a demonstrative disposition, it is easy to judge at this period of the valour of each man, and the manner in which he will behave during the fight.

I must do them the justice to say, that even among the youngest—and some of them are beardless—no boasters are found.

The reason of this is found in the fact that every one has to risk his life, and that those who are considered incapable of doing so are excluded from the assembly, and stop at home in the douar, where they are made the object of the women's pleasantries, and subsequently of their imprecations, if, as generally happens, the lion be not vanquished without making a few victims.

As soon as the men who have reconnoitred the animal have made their report as to its sex, age, and the situation of its lair (which can be determined by the foot-marks), the measures are taken for at once attacking it.

With this view the outlookers retire from the assembly in company with some of the old, white-bearded fathers of the tribe, who on this occasion display all the energy of their youth.

After a long deliberation, in which each person gives his opinion as to the mode of attack, some

decision is unanimously agreed to, which has then only to be executed by the entire assembly without further commentary.

Having flashed and loaded their guns with the greatest care, five or six Arabs, chosen from among the strongest of the party, are sent up to the crests of the mountains, in order to follow every manœuvre of the lion, from the first attack until his death, and to correspond with their companions by means of certain well-known signs, which are simple enough to the natives, but enigmatical, and indeed incomprehensible, to Europeans who do not possess the key to them.

When the men of the watch have reached their posts of observation, the rest of the band put themselves in motion, preceded by the outlookers, and climb the steeps which are to bring them into the vicinity of the lion's lair.

As the young lions and the lionesses with their cubs do not act precisely in the same way as the full-grown lions, and as, in order to understand these lion hunts thoroughly, it would be necessary to have a special account of each, I will suppose that a full-grown lion has been heard of, he being more difficult and dangerous to deal with than the younger lions, or even than the lioness with her cubs. If in other kinds of sport it be true that an animal properly attacked is always taken, it is

also true, in the case of the lion, that upon the manner of the attack much of the success depends.

In turning the lion's position, the hunter has, of course, a thousand reasons for avoiding the rock or tree under which the animal may be reposing.

When the hunters have succeeded, in getting within gunshot of the supposed lair, they "turn" it so as to command it from the high ground, and stop directly they command the position, observing throughout their operations the greatest silence.

As the lion's sense of hearing is very delicate, it sometimes happens that he hears the steps of the hunters, or the rolling of some stone which has been displaced from the side of the mountain. In this case he rises and walks in the direction of the sound. If one of the "men of the watch" perceive him, he takes the skirt of his burnous in his right hand, and hoists it before him, which means, "*I see him.*"

One of the huntsmen from the group then stands forward, and puts himself in communication with him, shaking his burnous from right to left, which signifies, "*Where is he? and What is he doing?*"

If the lion is still, the "man of the watch" raises the skirts of his burnous to his head, then lets them fall, and walks a few steps forward, repeating the same signal, which may be translated

by, "*He is motionless in front of you, and at some distance.*"

If the lion walks to the right or left, the man walks in the same direction, shaking his burnous either from left to right or from right to left.

Finally, if the animal proceeds in the direction of the hunters, the "man of the watch" places himself exactly opposite them, shakes his burnous violently, and cries with all his might, "*Aou likoum !*" ("Take care !")

At this signal the hunters draw themselves up in a line, if possible against a rock, so that their position may not be turned.

Woe to him who has not heard the cry of "*Aou likoum !*" in sufficient time, and has stopped at some distance from his comrades.

As soon as the lion perceives him he will bound towards him ; and whatever be the presence of mind exhibited by the man, whether he take to his heels in order to gain a rock or a tree, or whether he wait firmly to fire at the lion point blank, he is in either case lost, unless by some providential chance his shot kill the lion on the spot.

The tactics of the affair are as simple as possible. The thing is, to oppose to the lion's teeth and claws an equivalent number of guns ; but, in order to make the contest equal, it is necessary that these guns should act all together, one supporting t^he

other, and that each combatant should be inaccessible to fear, and ready to sacrifice his life to protect that of his neighbour.

When the hunters have been able to get together with their backs to a rock, the lion passes majestically in front of them, in hopes that his presence will cause dismay in their ranks, in which case he leaps upon the disorganized party, which is put to flight, leaving one or two in the power of the enemy.

If no one moves, and the lion cannot detect the least hesitation among the hunters, he advances with suppressed growls to within twenty or thirty yards of the guns, which are pointed at him. This is the decisive moment. Upon the word of one of the oldest of the party each man fires, throws aside his gun, and rushes upon the lion with his pistol or yataghan.

To European sportsmen it will appear astonishing that thirty shots, fired at twenty yards' distance, will not always suffice to kill an animal which presents its side for a target. This is the case, however, six times out of ten.

The lion is so tenacious of life, that whatever be the number of balls which strike him, he does not die at once, unless his heart or brain have been touched.

However, if he has been knocked down by the shower of bullets, before he can get up all the

hunters are upon him, some armed with pistols, the others with weapons of steel, shooting and striking as fast as they can, and leaving generally a few strips of their flesh on the claws of the expiring lion.

• The nearer the lion is to death the more dangerous it is to approach him. Thus, if, while the battle is going on, but before he has been wounded, he reaches one of the hunters, he contents himself with upsetting him, as an obstacle in his way, and the man, if he be covered with a good burnous, may get off with a few scratches of an unimportant character.

• If he has already received one or more bullets, he kills or mutilates the man he happens to get hold of; often, indeed, he takes him in his mouth and carries him along, shaking him as he goes, until he perceives other hunters, whom he attacks in their turn.

But if, when grievously wounded — mortally wounded, for instance—he can get hold of a man, he inflicts on him all the horrible tortures to which the cat subjects the mouse. One of the most courageous of the band—generally some relative of the unfortunate prisoner — approaches the lion singly, to fire straight into his brain, for to fire from a distance would only be to endanger the life of the man. The other hunters remain about twenty yards behind. If the lion's strength be exhausted,

he crushes the head of his victim just as the barrel of the gun is being pointed towards his ear. Then he closes his eyes, and awaits his death.

But if the animal be still capable of action, he hastens to kill the hunter who is in his power, in order to bound upon the rash man who has come to his assistance.

As I have shown, the position of the man who advances to give the *coup-de-grâce* is most dangerous; for, as the lion remains lying down on the body of his victim, it is impossible to tell in what state he really is; and although he may be approached with impunity until the barrel of the gun is at his very ear, the hunter, before he has time to fire, may be knocked down and torn to pieces in spite of the guns at only a few yards distance.

The Arabs, when such a case as the latter one occurs, generally select one man to fire upon the lion, because, whenever they have appointed more, confusion has arisen, and it has often happened that the bullets aimed at the lion have hit the man beneath him.

Although the man may be a corpse before the last shots are fired, it is always painful to discover that he has been struck by his own party, and one is often inclined to think that, if he had not been hit by an ill-directed bullet, his life might have been saved.

So often has regret been occasioned by occurrences of this kind, that it has now become the general custom to send forward only one man on this honourable mission.

I say honourable, because the man who accomplishes it, with the necessary courage and composure is, in my opinion, a man capable of executing the highest deeds without shrinking.

The preceding cases, however, seldom occur when one of the men on the watch has signalled to the assembled hunters that the lion is advancing towards them.

Very often the animal is lying down in his lair, which is always a thickly covered spot, where, unless he get up on hearing the hunters approach, it is impossible to see him.

He must then be attacked in his stronghold, and taken by assault, as the Arabs say. Whatever be the boldness of these men, who face death with so much courage, I must say that it is only at the last extremity, and when they cannot do otherwise, that they decide to attack the lion in his den.

When they have arrived at the confines of the wood in which the animal lies concealed, supposing the men of the watch not to have discovered his whereabouts, they utter loud cries, mingled with a thousand insults, which, in their opinion, must force the lion to appear.

If he pretend to be deaf, they challenge him in

a more direct manner, by sending bullets flying about his head. These manœuvres sometimes last several hours, and the longer they are continued the greater appears the disinclination of the hunters to attack. They know by experience that a lion who remains deaf to shouts and shots knows what it all means, that he has been hunted already, and that consequently he will this time wait for his enemies in the thickest part of the forest, and then spring upon them. It is easy to understand that such a prospect as this causes some hesitation, above all on the part of those who have already experienced the effects of the lion's clutches.

While the Arabs, some sitting down, the others standing, on the edge of the wood, are discussing and shouting in the most violent manner, I will invite the reader to accompany me into the lion's stronghold.

Beneath a dark thick arch, formed by wild olive trees, entwined closely together, the lion has arranged several convenient compartments, which he inhabits in turn, according to the weather and season.

Hither he returns every morning, about day-break, from his nocturnal excursions, to sleep and to digest the prey which he has devoured during the night.

Before the arrival of the hunters, the lion, curled up like a cat, has been enjoying a profound sleep.

At the first sound which meets his ear he opens his eyes, without raising his head: as the noise becomes louder he stretches himself out on his fore-paws to listen.

At the first "*hourrah*" of the hunters, he jumps up, as if moved by a spring, and, after shaking his mane vigorously, replies by a terrible roar to the shouts of the imprudent persons who have ventured to disturb his rest. At the first report which echoes through the woods, at the hissing of the first bullet which glances off from one branch to another among the trees surrounding his habitation, the lion rushes furiously out of his den to explore the immediate neighbourhood.

The shouts, the shrieks, the threats of the Arabs reach his ear, and he pauses to listen, trembling with anger and impatience. A nervous movement, which runs through his entire body, expresses what the noble animal experiences before the conflict. He remembers that one day, at the same hour, his sleep was troubled by similar shouts, and that, too impatient to correct the insolence of those who had dared to attack his stronghold, he rushed forth, and met with a shower of bullets, which perforated his body.

So that, whatever provocation he may receive, he will restrain himself until the proper moment has arrived. He walks in an agitated manner

round his lair, now pausing to listen, now raising himself up on his hind legs against a tree, which he entwines with his powerful paws, and mutilates with his teeth and claws, as if it were a living enemy.

This is what is going on in the wood while the hunters, certain now that the lion will not come out, have opened a council in order to decide whether they shall attack or retreat. I must say at once that the party seldom breaks up without at least one attack being made, if only to avoid the raillery of the women, and to save the honour of the expedition, by having one of the party either killed or wounded, which is always sufficient to justify a retreat.

In councils of this kind the old men, as might be expected, are much more prudent than the young.

I remember an incident, in illustration of this, which occurred in February, 1850, when I was invited by the Ouled-cessi to hunt two lions who had established themselves in their territory.

Hearing they were about to hunt with a Frenchman who killed lions entirely by himself, all the members of the tribe had arrived, in accordance with the invitation addressed to them.

The lions were concealed beneath a little cluster of trees, through which we could see them from time to time while the council was being held.

Although I had resolved beforehand not to accept the assistance of the Quled-cessi in the attack, I was very glad the council took place, for the sake of witnessing such a thing, and also because I wished to show them what could be effected by the will of a *dog of a Christian*. •

Before sending them to the post of observation which I destined for them when I wished to be left alone, I allowed the discussion to be opened, and the old men to commence speaking, as if I intended to act in concert with them.

The discussion was long and very noisy. The old men wished me to go in front, at two or three paces before the main body, which was to be formed in one line, the men standing shoulder to shoulder together. The young men, indignant at this proposition, wished to go first, placing me between them and the old men, who would thus form a reserve in case of the lions making a hole in the first rank.

While the debate was for a moment interrupted by a laughable incident which diverted the attention of the company from the lions, I remarked by my side an old man and his son—a youth of from fifteen to sixteen, who alone took no part in the mirth of the assembly.

“My son,” said the father, “you know you are my only child, that I am getting old, and that if

any misfortune happened to you I should die of grief."

"Am I not a man?" replied the youth.

"Yes; you are a man," returned the parent, "and I am proud that you are of my blood. But your brother also was a man, and nevertheless he was killed here last year in this very mountain, and I was present, I his father, and could do nothing to save him. The lion is terrible, my child. When he charges he is terrible. The eye of man becomes troubled in looking at that of the lion, his hand trembles because his heart beats too fast, and even if the shot be well aimed, in spite of the agitation of the eye and the heart, it wounds, but does not kill the animal, for it takes many balls to kill one lion?"

"But, my dear father, if you did not wish me to burn a cartridge to-day, why did you consent to bring me to the assembly, from which I cannot retire at present."

"I permitted you to come, first of all because I did not know that we should have two lions instead of one, which makes the day doubly dangerous, and also because you have long wanted to see the *lion-killer*, and I knew that the tribe had taken up arms in order to meet him. Stop," continued the old man, "there he is close to you; look at him now as much as you please, so that you

may be able to tell your mother and the people at the douar what he is like; then, when you have seen him sufficiently we will go away." At these words "we will go away," the youth replied in a deliberate tone: "You go away, father, if you like, but I must stop; for if he saw me going away he would think I was afraid; and I wish to show him that I am a child of the Cessi."

The father, seeing that the child's resolution could not be shaken, tried other means. "Come," said he, "you have wished me for a long while to buy you that mare. Well, to-morrow I promise you shall have it."

"What would be the use of the mare to me," replied the young man, haughtily, "if, as I went by on it people said, 'What a pity so fine an animal should be ridden by so timid a man?'"

"Well," added the old man, as a last resource, "besides the mare you shall have the girl you are so fond of for a wife."

This temptation shook the young man's determination for an instant, but his hesitation was not long, and, drawing himself up with a grave and haughty air—

"Father," said he, "you know that in our country, and above all in our tribe, women despise a man who is only one in outward appearance. If I am of the tribe of the Ouled-cessi, and your son,

the woman I love, and who is to be my wife, must esteem him who is to be everything to her; she must be proud of him. This is all I can say, father! If you will not let me take part in the hunt to-day, if you force me to pass for a coward in the eyes of every one, not only will I refuse the mare and the girl, but I must quit your tent and go away to hide my shame far from the eyes of my tribe."

Whether it proceed from the education of these semi-savages, or from the circumstances among which they live, I think the reader will agree with me that such courage on the part of a beardless young man is a fine trait, and that, when the hunt is a dangerous one, the company of such a person is not to be despised.

I put an end to the scene by assuring the father that there would be no fatal termination to the day, and by complimenting the son on his courage. Then I informed the assembly of the decision I had taken, and invited the young man to stand by me and hold my second carbine, by doing which he was sure to gain a certain amount of consideration. The Arabs had scarcely left the scene of discussion for the post of observation which I had assigned to them, when one of the two lions came out of the thicket and advanced towards me. The second one followed him at a distance of about fifty paces.

I was seated on a rock which commanded the position, and which was reached by a series of ledges.

The Arab was by my side; I loaded my Devisme* carbine and cocked it; I also cocked the other carbine, and left it in the hands of the young man, telling him not to give it to me until I had discharged both my barrels.

The first lion, having leaped on to the lower ridge of the rock, halted. I was about to press the trigger, when he turned towards his companion.

This movement presented his right shoulder to me so completely that I did not hesitate.

I fired, and he fell with a roar; made an effort to rise, and again fell. He had both shoulders broken.

The second lion was already at the foot of the rock, with his tail flying in the air. He received the first shot a little at the back of the shoulder, at about ten yards distance from his companion; he fell, rose again, and with an immense bound reached the very rock where I was standing.

To take the carbine from the hands of the Arab, aim at the lion's temple, fire, and kill him at four yards distance was, thanks to St. Hubert, my patron saint, the work of less time than it takes me to describe it.

* Devisme is a celebrated Parisian gunsmith.

The *coup-de-grâce* was given to the first animal, and all was over.

And now, without any further digression, let us go back to the council, which we supposed to be discussing as to how they should attack the lion in his lair.

After numerous words and gestures, which end in nothing, the old men are always influenced by the young, and it is decided that they shall attack at once, and the best way they can.

Each man takes off his burnous, which he hangs up on a tree, and his shoes, if he happen to have any; and the entire band, clothed only in their shirts, which come down to their knees, enter the wood by an opening through which the lion appears to have passed.

It is essential to follow the foot-prints of the lion without losing sight of them for an instant, so as to keep the animal always in front.

As the thickness of the wood is such that two men cannot walk together through it, the head of the column is generally taken by some hair-brained young fellow who finds himself for the first time at such an entertainment, and cannot be prevented from exposing himself.

• Whenever they arrive at an open place in the wood, the hunters take advantage of it to re-assemble and form in a line, when they again challenge the lion to battle, heaping upon him all

the most offensive epithets of the Mussulman vocabulary. The noble animal, in order to have a more certain vengeance for these insults, goes farther back into the wood, and waits there quietly until the moment for action has arrived.

The party continue their march, led as before by the young man, who stops suddenly, and says to those who are following him, "The lion is not by himself, for here are the steps of another lion, who appears to me to be larger than the one we are following."

At the same time one of the outlookers advances, and decides that the tracks are the same, but that the lion has left his usual habitation; that he has come to the point at which they are stopping, and has sought another resting place. In fact, there is a cross road, and it is difficult to know which way the animal has gone. One leads to the right, the other to the left, which one has he taken?

It is difficult to decide, for both paths are so newly trodden that the animal must have been at the junction the moment before the arrival of the hunters.

The situation is a dangerous one, and the party go back to the open space in order to deliberate, while a few of them keep a vigilant watch.

To begin with, the old men suggest a retreat, promising to return the next day with some learned

man, some marabout,* who will conjure away the lion and free the country from him.

Others propose lighting a fire at the entrance of the wood, in order to collect reinforcements.

However, the majority are in favour of the attack, and discuss the mode of making it. Are they all to follow the same track, or divide themselves into two parties? After having examined the different chances of success belonging to the two methods, the council adopts the latter, and they all rise to proceed to the formation of two bodies of attack.

This operation is as curious as it is ill-conceived.

Instead of dividing the attacking party into two equal bodies, and putting a certain number of vigorous and skilful men into each, as we should do, the Arabs divide themselves by douar, by tent, and by family, so that if there were thirty men present altogether in one group, there would be twenty guns, while the other would only have half the number, and yet the ten men, in spite of their inferiority in number, and sometimes also in courage, might nevertheless be stronger than the twenty others, from being brothers, cousins, and near relatives, each one of whom could rely upon the other in the moment of danger.

The two bands once formed, proceed together to

* A wise man, or magician.

the junction of the paths, each promising to come to the support of the other at the first shout, or the first shot. Each party follows the track of the animal silently, stopping every now and then to consult and listen.

After proceeding some distance, the right band come to a tree, the trunk of which has been, as it were, ploughed up by the claws of the lion.

The whole party come at once to a halt, in order to communicate with one another, and perhaps also to give the left band time to attack the lion if they have met him, or to come back if they have lost the track.

But the left band continue their march bravely and without the least hesitation; for at their head is a stranger who has just joined them—the celebrated Abdallah, who has only heard of the hunt at the last moment—this giant, who is always foremost in the attack; who, when a man has been thrown to the ground by the lion, is always on the spot to liberate him or avenge him; he who, when other men desert and a panic takes place, remains always at his post; he, finally, who after having fired all his shots and broken the blade of his yataghan on the head of a dying lion who was grasping a man in his clutches, has been seen to rush on the animal without the least hesitation, entwine him in his powerful arms, bite him, and allow himself to be lacerated and mutilated, until

at last the animal received a bullet in the ear, between himself and the body of his friend.

Since I am speaking of episodes in hunting, and am mentioning a man who can be taken as the model of the knight without fear, if not without reproach, the reader must allow me to make him acquainted with an instance of pride on the part of my friend, who was as poor as Job, but proud of his real worth—of what he had done and of what he felt himself capable of doing.

It was in the month of May, 1852. The troops of the province of Constantine were engaged in an expedition, under the orders of General M—— M——, when an insurrection broke out in several places.

General A—— was sent away from the main body with a few battalions, in order to stop the progress of the insurrection, and to chastise the rebellious tribes. I was attached to this general, in order, under his command, to look after the Arabs. After five days' march we arrived at the foot of a mountain in the district of the Haractah, which is called Sidi Reghis, and has the honour to be inhabited by Abdallah, the charcoal man.

As it was early, the general, who is one of the best and most ardent sportsmen of my acquaintance, expressed a desire to have a little shooting in the neighbourhood of the bi'ouac. I spoke to him of Abdallah, and asked whether he would like to

have him for a guide. Directly afterwards a man on horseback was sent to the mountain, and brought back Abdallah fully equipped.

After the customary salutations, I asked him if there were many hares in the neighbourhood. At this question he looked at me with an air of astonishment, and, turning his back to me, walked towards a group of Arabs, who were squatting down near my tent. He soon returned, followed by one of them.

"Here," said he, pointing to the man, with a look of proud disdain, "here is one of your *hare men*."

"But yourself," I said, somewhat annoyed at what he had just done, "you belong to the same place, and must know where hares are to be found."

"I dwell in the mountains, and the hare dwells in the plain," he replied abruptly and in the same tone.

"You know, then, that there are hares in the plain?" I added.

"All that I can tell you is, that I only go down at night, either to see my mistress or to add another sheep to my flock: and if I meet with any animals in my path, they are certainly not hares."

As I was anxious to introduce him to the general, that he might act as his guide, I stopped this conversation at once, and took him into my tent.

Once there, we began to talk of lions, and when

he appeared in a suitable state to listen to me, I told him what I wished him to do. I must confess that he only consented with regret, and that, in order not to compromise his reputation, he managed so well that the general, who was in the habit of coming home with his bag full of game, returned that day with it empty.

I have not seen Abdallah since that time; but at the end of last July, in returning from an excursion into the south, I stopped for a minute with the cheik of his section, and learned from him that in the course of the winter Abdallah had once more saved the life of one of the tribe, and had got the man off with the loss of only one leg.

But while we are speaking of him and his prowess, the leader of the band, whom we left marching resolutely along the lions' track, has arrived at its termination.

A terrible roar proceeds from the wood at a few paces distance.

"On the ground!" says a voice worthy of commanding an army. "On the ground, children of the Cessi! remember that you are men, and that I am with you."

Immediately the band crouch together on the ground, grouping themselves as well as they can around their leader, and waiting with their guns to their shoulders until the lion makes his way through the wood and approaches them.

It is a solemn moment. The hunters are only separated from the lion by an interval of a few paces, and yet they do not see one another.

The lion has stooped down like a cat, in order to take a better spring, and to be more secure from bullets.

The men are sitting, lying, or kneeling down, so close together that they might all be covered with one burnous. Suddenly one of the hunters makes a sign with his hand, which means, "I see him." His neighbour follows the direction of the hand, and repeats the signal. The whole party press forward to see the lion, and to fire at him all at once.

Unhappily it is too late. The lion, finding he is discovered, falls on the band, crunches the head of one, deprives another of his eye, lacerates the shoulder of a third, and disappears with a bound back into the wood, without giving time for a shot to be fired.

Then the most deafening cries are raised; such a hubbub is produced that nothing can be heard; every one accuses his neighbour of being the cause of the catastrophe, and the unhappy wretch who has seen the lion first, if he has been neither killed nor wounded, is overwhelmed with abuse as if he had said to the lion, "Come on; this is just the time."

In the meanwhile the fight body cannot, without disgrace, stop away any longer, and the men ac-

cordingly wend their way along towards the scene of the disaster.

A survey is made of the state of affairs; the list is 'one dead and two wounded.'

It is too bad, and things cannot end thus. What, without having fired a shot! They must have their revenge! Where is he? And so the excitement goes on, increasing until the warnings of the old men are no longer attended to.

All very fine, my friends; you will not have to go far to find him, for he is coming back at full charge.

You have shouted too loudly, you have affected his nerves; so much the worse for you: the day has begun in an unfortunate manner, and will end in a still more unfortunate manner yet.

Indeed the lion, irritated at the noise, and excited by the blood which he has just shed, returns across the wood, roaring, breaking, upsetting everything in his way, and with uplifted head and open mouth falls upon the band, who this time are not taken by surprise, and receive him with their shots fired point blank.

The lion, riddled with balls, drops down in the middle of the party, and seizes with his mouth and claws everything within reach, biting and tearing away until he expires from his previous wounds, or receives one more bullet for his *coup-de-grâce*.

After the death of the lion, the total amount of

casualties among the men is ascertained, and turns out to be "two killed and four wounded—two dangerously."

With us the day would be looked upon as an unfortunate one. We should think more of the killed and wounded than of the lion; but with the Arabs it is different. Except the near relatives of the victims, no one pays any attention to them.

After having dragged the wounded persons into a corner, and propped them up somewhere in the vicinity of the dead, one or two of the party are sent to the nearest douar in order to get mules to carry them home. Then knives are drawn, and the Arabs commence skinning the animal, shouting during the entire operation, and narrating to one another a hundred times the adventures of the day.

As soon as the operation is concluded, and the mules have arrived, the hunters go down into the plain in the following order:—at the head walks the man who has given the lion the *coup-de-grâce*, covered with the skin: next to him come the three mules. The first mule carries two of the wounded, who sit astride on the animal, one before the other; the second and third mules bear the two other wounded men, each of whom holds in his arms one of the victims, whom he carries before him astride like himself.

The body of the lion, divided into quarters, forms

the centre of the *cortège*, and is carried on branches of trees, which are lopped off for the purpose.

When they arrive at the spot at which they must separate to gain their respective douars, the hunters are received in 'the midst of exclamations of joy and grief, by a crowd of men, women, and children, who have come towards them from all quarters.

The men mix with the band of hunters, and hear all the details of the affair; the women weep or rejoice, according as those who are dear to them are dead, wounded, or safe and sound; the children, in spite of their terror, surround the man who is covered with the skin, and who walks about on all fours among the assembled persons, uttering loud roars. Then when every one is hoarse from speaking, shouting, sobbing, or roaring, the party separates to begin again at the first opportunity.

That is how lion hunting takes place, or rather *did* take place, among the Ouled-meloul and the Ouled-cessi.

Let me explain myself.

Before the taking of Algiers—that is to say, at the period when what is now called French Africa was in the power of the Turks, the beys of Constantine used to exempt these two sections from taxation, and from other dues which fell heavily on the rest of the tribes.

Besides this, they paid for the skins liberally, and in proportion to the number of men sacrificed in obtaining them. These skins used to be sent to the pachas of Algiers, who forwarded them to the sultan.

Since we have occupied this country, the chiefs of these two sections have in vain called the attention of the French authorities to the reasons which exempted them from imposts: they have had to pay their rates and taxes like the other tribes.

Besides this, when either one of these sections has offered the representatives of government the skin of a lion which they have just killed, the administrators, seeing nothing but the mere skin, without reflecting what it may have cost those who bring it, have given the ridiculous reward of fifty francs, as allowed by the state, telling the hunters to dispose as they thought best of their proffered gift.

Then the hunters, hurt at being treated as dealers in skins, and estimating their blood at a higher value, have left the skin at the place, have laid it down, without a word, without a gesture have gone back proudly to their tents, and stowed away their guns in their cases.

It is only at rare intervals, and when they have personally much to suffer from the ravages of a lion among their flocks, that the Ouled-meloul and the Ouled-cessi now decide to attack one.

Several times during the last two or three years they have come to fetch me from Constantine ; and when they have not found me, have allowed their flocks to be decimated during an entire month, rather than take up arms.

I neither approve nor blame the conduct of the French authorities towards these two sections ; but I think I may be permitted, in a book on lion hunting, to point out to the sporting world, to which I address myself, the many points in the disposition of these men which are really deserving of sympathy.

Let us now speak of the Chegatma—the third section—about whom there is not much to say, although they formerly enjoyed the same privileges as the elder sections.

The Chegatma form a little section which has detached itself from a Tunisian tribe of the same name. They arrived in their present district some forty years since, in the retinue of a bey of Tunis, who laid siege to Constantine.

When the cheik of this section calls his men to arms, he can collect about a hundred guns.

The ceremonies which precede the attack are the same with the Chegatma as with the Ouled-cessi and the Ouled-meloul. The hunters are always called together by means of a fire, and the fire is always lighted by the men who have explored the wood.

When the animal has been turned, the hunters surround him prudently and without noise, and climb up the pines or oaks with which the three mountains are covered.

Every one being at his post, shouts are raised on all sides ; and if the lion does not show himself, a few shots are fired.

The animal, accustomed to deal with men and not with squirrels, and thinking, from the cries he has heard on every side, that the Arabs are separated, quits his retreat, and, with his eye glancing around, his ear low and quivering, and his tail stretched out, walks softly in the direction of some bawler, whom he intends to separate from the rest of the party.

Suddenly he hears close to him the sound produced by a gun which misses fire. Without taking another step he crouches down and sounds with his piercing eye every bush, every stone capable of concealing a man.

At the same moment his sight is obscured by a cloud of smoke, his ears are deafened by detonations and shouts in rapid succession ; his body quivers, leaps, and writhes like that of a serpent beneath the bullets which pierce him.

While he is lashing himself furiously against the trees of the wood, the hunters, inspired by the safety of their position, overwhelm him with bullets and abuse, until perceiving one of them, the

lion rushes against the tree which protects the man from his anger, and is killed at its foot.

Unless in the case—a very rare one—in which an imprudent hunter has chosen a position not sufficiently elevated, the Chegatma dispose of their lions in the manner I have described, that is, to say, without the least difficulty.

As is seen from the above, this mode of attacking the lion is quite devoid of interest. Accordingly the Chegatma are far from enjoying the popularity and esteem which the Ouled-meloul and the Ouled-cessi have generally obtained.

CHAPTER III.

PANTHER HUNTING.

THE panther is found in the three provinces of French Africa, between the sea-coast and the ranges of hills, but nearer the former than the latter. There are two varieties of the panther, similar as to the hide, but differing as regards size.

The larger kind is of about the size of a two-year old lioness: the other is a third smaller. This animal has all the habits and cunning of the cat. Its disposition differs essentially from that of the lion, to which, in the first instance, it appears to bear some resemblance.

While the lion provides itself at the expense of the inhabitants, the panther lives upon the animals which it hunts down.

The lion goes down into the plain and boldly seizes an ox or a horse for its supper. The panther is afraid of leaving the wood even during the night; and if it has been unable to surprise either a wild boar, a jackal, or a hare, it will put up with a partridge, or a rabbit.

The voice of the lion can only be compared to thunder; that of the panther resembles in a striking manner the bray of the mule.

This reminds me of a hunting episode, which enabled me to study the cry of this animal, and compare it with that of other wild beasts.

It was the 16th of July, 1845. I had been summoned by the inhabitants of Mahouna (district of Ghelma) to free them from a family of lions, who had taken up their summer quarters with them, and were abusing the rights of hospitality.

On my arrival in their district I received all the necessary information about their unwelcome guests, and ascertained that every night they came to quench their thirst in the waters of the Oued-Cherf.

I repaired immediately to the banks of the river, where I found not only the footprints of the animals on the sand, but also their place of egress and ingress from and to the wood. The family was a large one, consisting of a father, mother, and three children, who were nearly full grown. I was standing near the brook, in the midst of a dozen Arabs who had accompanied me. The track of the lions was at a few steps distance.

According to the natives, the lion's lair was in an impenetrable stronghold a little to the side.

Old Taieb, the chief of the tribe, came to me,

took me by the arm, and pointing to the foot prints on the sand, said, "They are too many. Let us go."

At this period, I had already passed more than a hundred nights alone and without shelter in the open air : at one time seated in a ravine frequented by lions ; at another, beating through paths which were scarcely indicated in the thickness of the wood.

I had met troops of marauders and lions, and by the help of Heaven, and my patron, St. Hubert, I had always got off without injury.

Experience, however, had taught me that two balls seldom sufficed to kill a full-grown lion, and whenever I commenced a campaign I remembered, in spite of myself, certain nights which had seemed inordinately long, either because I had been surprised by fear, which made my hand tremble when it should have been firm, or because an ill-timed storm had concealed all surrounding objects from my sight for entire hours, and this at the very moment when the roaring of the lion was alternating with that of the thunder, and when the animal was so close to me that I would have given half my blood if the flashes had only lasted double the time, so as to enable me to take aim.

The old cheik insisted at first on my returning to the douar, and when at last he went away, I could not dissuade him from leaving several men

with me, who, judging from their appearance, were but little anxious to remain.

Before departing, he made me promise that directly I had killed the lions I would light a large fire, which he at once set about preparing. I at once consented to the wish of Taieb, and in an instant an enormous pile was raised, and so well prepared, that a single match was all that was necessary to set the whole in a blaze. While the servants of the cheik were arranging the wood with an ardour seldom seen among the Arabs, who are incarnations of idleness, the chief himself remained near me, and said, "If I were certain you would not laugh at me, I would give you a piece of advice." "The words of an old man," I replied, "are always worthy of respect."

"Well, listen, my child; if the lions come to-night, *the lord with the large head* (the Arabs bestow this appellation on the full-grown lion) will come first. Do not mind the others; the cubs are already too big for the mother to occupy herself about them, and all of them rely on the father; accordingly, look after the lord with the large head. Remember that if your hour is come, you will be eaten by the others, but you will be killed by him."

His men called to him at this moment.

"Go forwards," he cried to them. "I'll follow you."

Then, after casting a scrutinising look around

as if he had a confidential communication to make to me, he leaned towards my ear, and said to me in a low voice—

“He has robbed me of my best mare, and ten oxen.”

“Who has robbed you?” I said in the same tone.

“He,” replied the cheik, pointing to the side of the mountain.

“But,” I added impatiently, “what is the robber’s name?”

“*The lord with the large head*,” replied the cheik.

These last words were uttered in so low a voice that I could only hear the last syllables; but I guessed the remainder, and could not help laughing when I remembered which lion he had recommended to my care.

Some minutes after, the cheik had disappeared behind the wood, and I remained alone on the banks of the Oued-Cherf, looking at the footprints of the five lions who had been there the night before, the pile prepared in honour of them, and the mysterious lair over which the shadows of night had thrown an impenetrable veil. I penetrated it, however, in imagination, and counted the claws and teeth of the *lord with the large head*, and the family under his protection.

This gorge of the Mahouna, at the bottom of which I was standing, is the most picturesque, and

at the same time the most wild, that can possibly be seen.

Let the reader picture to himself two mountains each terminating in a point, their sides intersected with deep ravines, and covered with forests of cork trees, wild olive trees, and lentiscs.

Between these two mountains flows the Oued-Cherf, whose bed, almost dry in summer, is literally covered with the tracks of animals of every kind, while in winter it is unfordable, in consequence of the thousand torrents which pour into it.

To see this gorge from afar, one would think it uninhabitable, or at least uninhabited. Several families, however, have been bold enough to establish themselves in it at a time when, to escape from the authorities and save their lives and property, they were obliged to quit the plains for some safer retreat.

In spite of the ravages committed by the lions among their flocks, these families have never thought of abandoning their quarters, and each of them, calculating annual expenses, puts down "so much for the lion, so much for the government, and so much for ourselves."

The lion's share is always ten times greater than that of government.

The roads of communication on the sides of the two mountains are so narrow and so bad that in

many places a man on foot can scarcely pass along them without running the risk of breaking his neck.

The same may be said of the fords across the Oued-Cherf and communicating from one mountain to the other. The ford by which the lions had entered the river, and which I was about to guard, was, like the others, narrow and dangerous.

At this point the Oued-Cherf forms an angle which bounds the view on all sides, so that the place in which I found myself was like the end of a funnel, and so dark that neither sun nor moon—a second sun to me—ever lightens it. Since that night I have passed many others in the open air, and in equally inhospitable places, but none ever appeared to me so long. Seated near a laurel rose which overhung the ford, I sought with eyes and ears the fire of some tent, the barking of some dog in the mountain—something, in fact, that would tell me that I was not alone.

But all around was dark and silent, and, as far as my eye could penetrate, there was no sign of man.

I was alone with my gun.

Meanwhile time wore on, and the moon, which I had not hoped to see, so bounded was my horizon, began to shed around me a kind of half daylight, which I gladly welcomed.

It was about eleven o'clock, and I was at last sitting, quite astonished with myself for having

waited so long, when I fancied I heard steps in the direction of the wood.

By degrees the sound became more distinct ; it proceeded, beyond doubt, from several large animals.

In a few minutes I perceived several luminous points, of a bright wavering red, advancing towards me.

I now recognized beyond doubt the family of lions, who were coming down the path towards the ford, which I commanded.

Instead of five I could only discover three ; and when they stopped at fifteen paces from the bank of the river, I saw that the one in front, although of a size and appearance which were more than respectable, could not be the *lord with the large head* which had been described to me, and to which the cheik had so particularly directed my attention.

There they were all three standing still, and watching me with looks of astonishment. According to my plan of attack, I aimed at the shoulder of the foremost and fired.

A painful and terrible roar was the reply to my shot : and as soon as the smoke allowed me to see, I distinguished two lions, walking back with slow steps to the wood, while the third, whose shoulders were both broken, was coming towards me, dragging himself along on his stomach.

I at once understood that the father and mother were not of the party, which I did not regret for a single instant.

Henceforth reassured as to the intentions of the two who had been driven back by the fall of their brother, I devoted all my attention to the latter.

I had just rammed down my charge, when, by an effort which caused him to utter a prolonged cry of pain, he brought himself to within three paces of where I was standing, exhibiting to me the whole range of his teeth. A second ball sent him, like the first, rolling in the bed of the stream. A third time he returned to the charge; and it was not until I had discharged a third bullet point blank into his eye, that I stretched him lifeless before me.

I have said that at the first shot the lion uttered a roar of pain; at the same moment, and as if it had been a witness of what had taken place, a panther began to howl with all its might on the left bank of the Oued-Cherf.

At the second shot, when the lion roared again, the same howl was repeated, and a similar one replied to it from a spot lower down the stream.

In a word, during the whole period of the drama, three or four panthers, whose presence I had not suspected in these regions, and which I never met nor heard afterwards, joined in a satanic hubbub of

delight at the death of an enemy whom they held in terror.

The lion I had just killed was about three years old, fat, muscular, and as fully "armed" as one of the oldest.

After having satisfied myself that he was well worth all the powder which I had expended on him, and that the Arabs on seeing him would hail him with delight, I thought of the pile of wood, which I fired, and which soon lighted up the two slopes of the mountain.

The echo of a distant report reached my ears. It was the signal of victory, which the cheik was transmitting to all the douars of the Mahouna, who replied to it one after the other.

With the break of day more than two hundred Arabs, men, women, and children, arrived from all sides to contemplate and insult their common enemy at their ease.

The cheik came, one of the first, with the information that while I was killing my lion, the *lord with the large head*, accompanied by his better half, had carried away one of his oxen for their own private rejoicing.

Although the death of this enemy of old Taieb is not immediately connected with the subject of this chapter, the reader will perhaps not be displeased if I narrate how the unwelcome visitor was at last put to death, to the great delight of

those who had so often entertained him in spite of themselves.

From the period of which I have been speaking up to the 13th of August of the following year—to say nothing of his other misdeeds—the lion in question had robbed an inhabitant of the Mahouna, named Zakdar, of forty-five sheep, one mare, and twenty-five oxen.

At his request I went to his tent on the evening of the 13th of August. I passed some days in beating about the environs, without, however, seeing anything of the lion. On the evening of the 26th Zakdar said to me—

• “The black bull is missing from the herd, accordingly the lion must have returned. To-morrow I will look for the remains of the carcass, and if I find them, woe betide him!”

On the following day the sun had scarcely risen when Zakdar had already returned from his voyage of discovery.

As I awoke I found him leaning over me, motionless. His countenance was in a glow, his burnous full of dew, and his dogs, who were lying at his feet, covered with mud; for he had had a stormy night of it.

“Good morning, brother,” he said, as I awoke. “I have found him; come on.”

Without asking any questions I took my gun and followed him.

After crossing a large wood of wild olive trees, "we descended into a ravine, in which the masses of rocks and the thickness of the jungle rendered walking very difficult.

When we reached the middle of the thicket, we found the bull.

The breast and thighs had been devoured ; the remainder of the carcase was untouched, and the lion had turned it over in such a way, that the parts which he had been gnawing were all underneath.

I said to Zakdar, " Bring me a *galette*,* and some water, and let no one come here before to-morrow."

When he had brought me my meal, I installed myself at the foot of a wild olive-tree at three paces from the bull.

I cut down a few branches, so as to conceal myself from behind, and waited.

I waited a long time.

At about eight in the evening the faint rays of the new moon, which was disappearing beneath the horizon, threw scarcely any light on the spot which I was occupying.

Supporting myself against the trunk of the tree, unable to distinguish any of the objects by which I was surrounded, I had nothing to do but to listen.

A branch cracked in the distance. I rose and

* A cake made of flour, water, and a little butter. o

took the most convenient position for attack : with my elbow resting on my left knee, my gun at my shoulder, and my finger on the trigger, I paused for an instant without hearing the least sound.

At length I heard a dull roar at thirty paces distance. It became more distinct, and to the roar succeeded a sort of guttural roll, which is a sign that the lion is hungry.

The animal was then silent, and I did not perceive him until his monstrous head was hanging over the shoulder of the bull. He began licking it, looking at the same time at me, when a slug of iron struck him at an inch from the left eye.

He roared, rose on his hind legs, and received a second slug which stretched him on the ground. Struck by this second shot in the middle of the breast, he remained stretched on his back, shaking his enormous paws in the air.

After having reloaded I approached him, and thinking him almost dead, aimed my dagger at his heart, but by an involuntary movement he warded off the blow, and the blade of the weapon broke against the animal's fore-leg.

I jumped back, and as he raised his enormous head, gave him two other shots, which finished him.

Thus perished the *lord with the large head*.

Now let us go back to the panther.

I said at the commencement of the chapter, that this animal lived by what it hunted down itself.

Sometimes, however, it will kill a calf or sheep who have ventured beyond the boundary of the wood, when the panther is lying in ambush.

The Ouled-Yagoubs and the Bcaï-Oujenahs of the Aures, have told me that the panther, when it had killed a sheep in the neighbourhood, was accustomed to carry its remains to the most lofty and bushy tree in the wood, and to place them between the branches to preserve them from the hyænas, jackals, and other carnivorous animals.

The panther inhabits the sides of rocks, in the clefts of which it can always find shelter, and the most thickly wooded ravines, where the steepness of the ascent renders them inaccessible to the lion, its formidable enemy.

It carries on a sanguinary war against the porcupines who inhabit the rocks in the neighbourhood of its abode.

Every one knows, that, with the exception of the head, which is very small, the whole body of this animal is covered with long, sharp, and strong quills, which form a sort of cuirass for its protection.

When it sees, or thinks it sees danger at hand, the quills become stiff, the head disappears, and it becomes invulnerable.

This natural defence does not protect it, however, against the panther, whose patience and skill are such, that it waits for the animal during whole

nights, drops upon it like a bullet, as it comes out of its hiding place, and with one blow takes its head off, before the porcupine can even see its enemy.

At the period when I commenced hunting wild beasts, not understanding the habits of the panther, used to treat it like the lion.

I soon discovered that I was on a wrong system, and that if at night the lion would wait for his enemy, or even advance to meet him, the panther would run away.

Among other instances I will cite the following:—During the summer of 1844, I learnt from the natives who inhabit the neighbourhood of Nech-Meia, that a female panther of the largest kind had established herself in a ledge of rocks known in the country as the Ajar-Mounchar. As I was with a detachment at a very short distance from the spot in question, I determined to pay her a visit at once.

It was about five in the afternoon. Preceded by a man who knew the country, and who had offered to act as guide, I arrived at the foot of the rock at the very moment when the panther was returning to her den, carrying some small animal in her mouth.

I could have fired at a distance of a hundred yards, but I preferred letting the panther go quietly

back to her den and waiting for her at close quarters when she came out again.

After telling the Arab to come back at day-break with my horse, which I had left at the douar, I sent him away, and walked softly towards the cavern into which the panther had disappeared.

The entrance was so narrow, that I could not understand how an animal almost as big as a lioness had been able to get through it.

If the track which she had left on the soil, and against the rocks, had not convinced me that she was there, I should have thought I had made a mistake.

A lentise, which was at about ten yards distance to my right, and which commanded the rock, appeared a convenient post, and I accordingly passed the night leaning against it.

I placed myself in such a manner that I should not be perceived by the animal until it had walked several steps from the entrance of the cave, and then waited my time.

About ten o'clock I heard very loud sneezing at some distance behind me, and on the other side of the tree. The moon had not yet risen; I feared a surprise, and could not resist the temptation of observing what was taking place so close to me.

In turning round my gun rubbed against a

bough ; I heard a kind of hissing like that of a cat, then the noise as of some animal running away, and when I hastily drew myself up I perceived the panther going back to her retreat.

I waited until morning, but the animal did not dare to come out.

When the Arab brought me my horse I went back to the camp, intending to return on the following evening.

This second night, like the first, passed without any result.

Two or three times the panther put her nose out of her cave, and then went back in a great fright directly she perceived she was in any danger.

In this manner I passed ten consecutive nights, without being able to get a shot.

On the eleventh day a shepherd came and told me that at about noon he had seen the panther drinking at a spring near the rock.

I went to reconnoitre the stream of which he spoke, and among numerous other tracks found that of the animal of which I was in search, who appeared to come there every day at the period when the great heat compelled the Arabs to retire with their flocks inside the douars. This spring was covered by a thick bush, in which I could place myself without being seen, and from which I could fire at the animal point blank. I accordingly concealed myself in the bush.

About noon a covey of red-legged partridges came to slake their thirst.

Just as the foremost were beginning to drink, this cock or hen, I forget which of the two, called them away with much solicitude, and they all disappeared into the wood.

At the same time I heard a slight rustling in the branches, and the panther appeared, with her neck stretched out, and her paw in the air in the position of a dog pointing.

She was at about five or six steps from me, her side being fully exposed.

I took aim between the eye and the ear, without being perceived by her, and pressed the trigger.

She fell as if struck by lightning, and without uttering a cry.

This poor animal was so thin, that I decided to open the body at once in order to ascertain the cause.

She had not eaten from the day when she first perceived a man with a gun in the vicinity of her abode.

Since that period I have looked upon the panther as patient, cunning, and, at the same time, inoffensive and timid.

As its natural weapons are formidable, and its muscular strength is sufficient to enable it to struggle with advantage against a man, its cowardice can only be attributed to some defect in organisa-

tion natural to its species, and which gives it a great resemblance to those men who have the frame of Hercules, the strength of a drayhorse, and the courage of a woman who faints at the sight of a chimney on fire.

With regard to this point the Arabs have rather a curious legend, which is worth the trouble of narrating.

It was at the time when animals were endowed with speech—that is to say, a very long time ago.

A band of twenty lions, coming from the north, reached the confines of a forest, which was inhabited by a large number of panthers, who despatched one of their representatives to parley with the hairy monarchs.

After numerous “buts” and “ifs” the envoy came back to tell the result of his mission, the substance of which was, that the lions found the forest would suit them, and intended to take possession of it—the panthers being of course left at liberty to defend it or evacuate it at once. The panthers felt insulted, and decided to fight and even to take the offensive.

The tradition adds, that one single roar, uttered simultaneously by each of the twenty lions, was sufficient to put the attacking party to flight, and that from that moment the panther has climbed the trees like the cat, or burrowed in the earth like the

fox, in order to avoid meeting with the monarch whom it once dared to provoke, and whose anger it so much dreads.

The Arabs and Kabyles do not suffer much from the vicinity of the panther; accordingly they but rarely hunt it. When, however, they are determined to hunt it, they do so in a *battue*.

Some of the party track it out, the others keep the ground; and unless the animal take refuge in a cavern, it is sure to be killed.

However, when it has been dangerously wounded and the sportsmen have to trace it by means of the blood, it is as well to be on one's guard, as it will then use its claws and teeth like all other animals of the same species.

The natives have an ingenious mode of killing the panther without trouble or danger, and it is by the means in question that nearly all the skins which are brought into our markets have been obtained.

Sometimes the person who wishes for the panther's skin throws a sheep across the animal's path; sometimes he finds a boar ready killed, of which the panther has already eaten, and to which it is sure to return. In either case, when nothing remains of the carcase beyond a few scraps, which will about suffice for a final meal, he takes them all away, with the exception of a piece of flesh no larger than the fist.

This is attached as a bait to two or three strings. The strings are fastened to the triggers of as many guns, which are aimed in the direction of the bait by means of sticks, planted in the ground and covered, as well as the guns, with brushwood. The preparations once made, the man stations himself in the night outside his *gourbi* or tent, to listen for the result. At daybreak, if he has heard his guns go off, he hurries to the spot, and finds the panther lying dead close to the piece of flesh.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HYÆNA.

ON a fine morning in the month of August, 1844, I rode out of the camp of Ghelma and took my way towards the mountain of the Mahouna, where the inhabitants had solicited my presence.

After riding for about an hour, reflecting on the chances of the expedition on which I had started, I saw coming towards me, along the path by which I was proceeding, an animal covered with hair, of repulsive physiognomy, and which appeared to be lame.

It was a hyæna, which had been surprised by the morning light, and which now was limping home as if ashamed of itself.

I had left my gun in the hands of the Arab who had been appointed to attend upon me, and who had loitered behind.

Having no arm but my sabre, I drew it and advanced to attack the beast.

As soon as it saw me, it left the path and disappeared in the brushwood, which grew on either side.

I was soon able, if not to come up with it, at all

events to see it again and follow it to the foot of a rock, where it disappeared.

Dismounting, and fastening my horse to a tree, I advanced towards the opening through which the hyæna had disappeared, and discovered with delight that it was an old quarry, sufficiently high and wide for me to follow the animal with ease. Two minutes afterwards we were opposite one another, and so close that I felt its teeth biting and pulling at the point of my sabre ; but I could see nothing, in consequence of the darkness of the cavern. .

I knelt down, closed my eyes for a moment, and when I opened them was able to distinguish the beast sufficiently to strike a blow at it. I had at first some trouble in getting the point of my sabre from between its teeth—the animal appearing very desirous of keeping it there altogether. When it let go, I plunged the blade up to the hilt in its breast, turning it round at the same time in order to increase the size of the wound.

A kind of dull growl was the only reply ; and when I drew the smoking weapon from its body the animal was dead.

I was about to take it by the paw to drag it out of the cave, when I heard the sound of voices approaching. It was my Arab, accompanied by some reapers, who had seen me attack the hyæna and dismount at the foot of the rock.

My guide, seeing that my sabre was red with the animal's blood, said to me, "Thank heaven for having made me stop behind with your gun! and never use your sabre again in action; for it would betray you."

As I appeared not to comprehend the meaning of his words, he added:—

"The Arab who finds a hyæna in his hole takes a handful of dirt and presents it to him, saying, 'Come and I will render you beautiful with henna.' The hyæna holds out his paw, the Arab seizes it, drags him out, then gags him, and causes him to be stoned by the women and children of the douar as a cowardly and unclean beast.

Without putting a literal interpretation on the Arab's speech, I understood that I had committed a fault which I must atone for by some brilliant action, in order to silence the evil tongues among the tribes.

The hyæna remains during the day sometimes in wood-grown ravines far from the douars, sometimes in earth-holes or in the clefts of rocks.

At night it leaves its place of abode to roam about in the midst of the Arab cemeteries, which are never protected either by walls, ditches, or hedges.

It digs up the dead, and devours even their bones. When driven by hunger it comes to the

very walls of camps and towns in order to look for some dead animal or for putrefying flesh of any kind.

The dog is the only animal which the hyæna dares to attack.

We may add that the hyæna is but rarely seen alone. They generally go about in couples. When they feel inclined to eat a dog, they hang about some douar in the neighbourhood of which there happens to be good cover. The female stations herself behind some brushwood, and the male goes towards the dogs, who attack him, and follow him as far as the position of his consort.

* The female comes out at the fitting moment, to attack, throttle, and devour on the spot the dog who ventures farthest in pursuit of her husband.

It sometimes happens that the Arabs interfere with sticks, and beat to death these eaters of dogs, who, however, do not give themselves up to the entertainment in question, unless they have been fasting for several days.

I take advantage of this opportunity to correct an error which is very prevalent in Algeria on the subject of this animal.

Often in the towns and camps, and oftener still in bivouacs, a hoarse cry is heard at night, resembling the bark of some large dog with a cold; upon which every one exclaims, "Do you hear the hyæna?" This cry is peculiar to the jackal, who

utters it when he is alone and under circumstances which are explained in a succeeding chapter.

As for the hyæna, it is prevented by fear from uttering cries; but it growls like a dog on certain occasions, as, for instance, when gnawing at a carcase.

Although hounds, when they once get on the track of the hyæna, will follow it with as much fury as if it were a jackal, I must class this animal with those which deserve to be destroyed, but are not worthy of being hunted.

The Arabs say, "*as cowardly as a hyæna*," and the Arabs are right.

CHAPTER V.

THE WILD BOAR.

THE wild boar abounds in the three provinces of Algeria.

There are two kinds of wild boar: the boar of the wood, and the boar of the marsh. The former is much larger and more dangerous than the latter.

During the first years of the French occupation, they were found by hundreds, and the towns and camps.

During the night they laid waste the gardens which had been planted by the soldiers at the very foot of the fortifications, and beneath the very muskets of the sentries.

This reminds me of my first boar-hunt in Algeria, which afforded me more excitement than I had gone in search of.

It was in the beginning of September, 1842, and the day after my arrival at Ghelma, where the newly-formed squadron of spahis to which I had just been appointed was stationed.

At this period Ghelma was nothing but a camp, the neighbouring tribes were in a very imperfect state of submission, and the officer in command

had been obliged to take precautionary measures, by which it was forbidden to go beyond the outposts on the north.

As this side of the camp happened to be next to the wood, I managed to escape the vigilance of the outposts about an hour after my arrival, and discovered certain fields sown with beans, in which the wild boars used to regale themselves by night.

When I returned to the camp I communicated my discovery to a comrade named Rousselot, an old wolf who feared nothing, and who had a passion for hunting, especially at night, and in the teeth of the Arabs.

Rousselot hailed my proposition with delight, and took upon himself to discover some part of the ramparts which was less carefully guarded than the others, and from which we could descend without breaking any bones.

Towards nine at night we made our way to what my friend termed the "staircase," accompanied by a third person whom we had taken into our confidence, and who was to occupy the attention of the sentinel while we effected our descent:

The scheme succeeded wonderfully; and without troubling ourselves as to how we were to get back, we reached the open country, loaded our fire-arms (the regulation musket and pistol), and arranged our other weapons, which consisted, on my companion's side, of his cavalry sabre and a small hatchet,

and on mine, of a bayonet, and a kind of knife which was something between a dagger and an ordinary hunting-knife.

These preparations having been completed, we hastened towards the wood. When we reached one of the fields which had been laid waste by the wild boars, the animals, surprised at our visit, made off from us as quickly as possible.

As they had never been hunted, we did not give up all hopes of seeing them again, and set about finding a spot to station ourselves at, fully resolved to remain out all night, in expectation of their return.

The field was separated from the wood by a narrow path, which had been made by the Arabs.

I let Rousselot instal himself between two bushes, and stowed myself away, three hundred paces further on, in the centre of a fine lentisc, which stood between the path and the field.

The air was calm, the sky serene, the moon magnificent.

Just as I was cocking my gun and pistol, I heard the trumpet in the camp sounding the order for putting all lights out.

From this moment I counted the hours by the sentries' challenges, which, in spite of the distance, reached my ears plainly enough.

It was about eleven o'clock, when I heard a considerable noise in the wood on my left. At the

same moment I saw a whole litter of wild pigs, followed by a fine sow, cross the path, and enter the bean field.

As I had agreed with my companion in concealment not to fire without being sure of killing something, I was afraid of risking a shot at forty paces, and accordingly waited.

A short time afterwards the old boar made his appearance in the same direction, walking prudently along, and sniffing and listening at each step.

The animal had scarcely reached the edge of the path when it came to a stand-still, then turned round and retraced its steps in terror.

At the same time the sow, followed by her litter, galloped back across the path, and disappeared within the wood.

I was endeavouring to account for the terror which had been occasioned among these animals, when I fancied I heard voices on my right, on the opposite side to the position occupied by Rousselot.

I then remembered what I had heard at the camp, viz. that marauding parties, belonging to the tribe of the Ouled-Dann, which had not yet submitted, came out every night, to the very foot of the ramparts, and fired at the sentinels.

Now, if I was rightly informed, we were just in the path of these gentlemen, whose conversation was becoming more and more distinct.

There was not a moment to lose, and it was

already too late for me to join Rousselot, without running the risk of being seen, which would have been the destruction of both of us, if, as I calculated by the voices, our enemies were far more numerous than ourselves.

Up to the present time I had had my back to the path. I lost no time in turning round so as to have it in front of me. After cocking my pistol, drawing my knife from its scabbard, and placing both weapons in my belt, I waited, with my gun to my shoulder, for events to take their course.

The following was the plan of action I had decided upon.

As the path was too narrow for the Arabs to march more than one a-breast, and as their burrous even then would brush against my tree as they walked along, I determined, if there were only four or five of them, to stop the last, by pulling at the skirt of his garment, and, before he could understand what was detaining him, glide between him and those who preceded him, and kill him with my bayonet, without allowing him to utter a cry.

I intended to shoot a second, and perhaps a third, with the same shot, if they happened to be in a direct line, after which the others, if any others remained, would be struck with consternation and panic, and would offer no very terrible resistance.

If, on the other hand, their numbers were too great, I meant to let them pass on, unless they perceived me. In the latter case, I had made up my mind to blow out the brains of the first one who discovered me, and then to spring upon the astonished party like a wild boar, striking on all sides, and killing as many as possible, until the arrival of the "old wolf," who was sure not to be long in reaching the spot, and taking his share in the action.

I had just made my arrangements, when I perceived the Arab who was at the head of the file. He was a tall rascal, of the build of one of our cuirassiers, and endowed with a physiognomy which inspired anything but confidence.

He was armed with a gun, which he carried on his shoulder, and a pistol, which the uplifted skirt of his burnous allowed me to see in his belt.

Behind him came a file of comrades, which, as it approached, appeared to me exceedingly long.

When the chief of the party reached the tree in which I was concealed, he stopped to speak to his comrades, who were a little behind, and were coming along slowly, talking to one another.

I understood that he was telling them to march more quickly, and I fancied that, as he spoke to them, he was looking at me. He was soon afterwards joined by the remainder of the party, who stopped, however, like himself, immediately before my tree,

and at so short a distance from me that I had only to put my arm out in order to touch them.

I counted them. There were fifteen. It is superfluous to say that I abandoned my plan of attack, and only thought how I could best manage to get out of the difficulty.

Fortunately for me, the one who appeared to command the marauders re-commenced the march, and was followed by all the others.

It will be understood that the *défilé* appeared rather long to me, and I confess that I felt a great weight off my mind when the last of them had passed.

In the meanwhile, my comrade was about to run the same risk, and I could do nothing to warn him of his danger.

In order to be ready to assist him, I left my hiding-place and followed the borders of the wood without losing sight of the Arabs, who, to my great joy, passed Rousselot by without seeing him.

Hardly had the last of the marauders passed the bush in which he was concealed, than the honest fellow rushed hastily from it in order to ascertain what had become of me.

After I had taken him by the hand, and explained to him in a few words what had taken place, we entered the wood to avoid a second meeting, and waited for daybreak to enable us to get back to the camp.

This expedition was not my last in search of wild boars; and in order that the reader may form some notion of the quantity of boars which were found at the period in the neighbourhood of Ghelma, I need only say that every day the Arabs brought numbers of them to the market, where they were sold for the moderate sum of five or six francs, and, that for my own part, I killed sixty of them in less than six months.

Before the French occupation, the Arabs, to whom the flesh of the wild boar is forbidden meat, according to the precepts of the Koran, used to kill it for the sake of their crops.

Some native chiefs alone used to hunt it, and hunt it to this day, either in *battues* or with greyhounds, for the sake of the sport, and the opportunity which it affords them of exhibiting their skill in riding and shooting.

In France the wild boars do not quit their hiding-places until night, and it must be very late indeed before they venture to leave their woods.

This is not the case in Algeria, where every day, when I am in the mountains, I see either old boars by themselves or in an entire herd quit their hiding-place at sunset, to go and wallow in a pool at a short distance from my tent, and thus enable me to be a witness of their pastimes.

In winter, they care less about the water, and depend for their food almost entirely either on

newly-sown fields, or on the site of a douar, which they rout up in the completest manner, in order to get whatever grain the Arabs may happen to have left there.

Of course, then, it is very easy to kill the boar when the method in vogue among the natives is once known.

All that is necessary is to walk without shoes and with the wind against you, in the direction of the animal, profiting by the accidents of the ground and trees, which may enable you to approach it without being seen—stopping when it appears to be listening—walking again, when it appears to be busy with its snout. In this manner you will not be heard, and may approach within thirty paces of a boar when it is alone. You will, however, find it more difficult when there are several of them together, because there is then always one who listens in order to give the alarm at the slightest noise.

The boars brought into our market are nearly all killed in the manner which I now recommend to European sportsmen, warning them at the same time to protect their feet with list, so as not to get them injured by the flints and brambles, over which the shoeless Arabs nevertheless pass as safely as over a grass-plot.

The native chiefs who hunt the boar choose the summer season for hunting in the plains, and the

winter for hunting in the woods. The three provinces of Algeria contain a large number of lakes and marshes covered with reeds, in the midst of which lives the boar, in company with the duck and snipe. When the water is at a low ebb, that is to say, from the month of June to that of September, the boars take refuge on some little islands, from which, however, it is easy to drive them away by setting the islands on fire. This mission is intrusted to men on foot, while horsemen station themselves in the plain to attack the animals directly they are driven out by the fire. This kind of sport has many attractions, and is sometimes attended with danger when the boar is strong and has formidable tusks.

Not unfrequently when he is closely pressed he will attack and rip up the greyhounds who are rash enough to endeavour to stop him, or the horses which the unskilfulness of the riders suffers to stand in his way. I have assisted at boar-hunts when both Europeans and Arabs have taken part in them, and I noticed that the latter were always the more successful. This does not arise from the fact of their being better shots than we are, for I am convinced they are nothing of the kind, but from our being obliged to pay some sort of attention to the horse, whereas the Arabs appear to be unaware of its existence, and aim and fire as if they were on foot.

I must acknowledge, however, that there are some of our African officers who have quite reached the level of the most skilful of the Arab horsemen. Among those whom I have the honour to know, and who are still in Algeria, I will mention Generals Mac Mahon,* Yusuf, and D'Autemarre; Commandant Dubos of the Zouaves, Captains Borrel and Sompt of the Staff, and Captain Bonnermain of the Constantine Spahis. I must add the name of Captain Marguërite of the Algiers Spahis, with whom I have not the honour of being personally acquainted, but whose reputation, both as a huntsman and sportsman, is well known to all his companions in St. Hubert throughout Algeria. If it were possible to ascertain the number of heads of game killed by these celebrities of the chase, we should obtain a total which would appear incredible, and I do not hesitate to affirm that the number of wild boars would amount to some tens of thousands.

The spring season is equally advantageous for a hunt of another kind, and which, in my opinion, affords more amusement than the one I have just mentioned.

At this period of the year the boars leave the wood rather early, and go to a considerable distance in search of food and a spring, near which they will remain until dawn.

* Who subsequently commanded one of the assaulting columns at the taking of the Malakoff.—*Translator.*

The hunters, who know beforehand at what time the animal is expected to return, deploy as skirmishers in the confines of the wood. As soon as one or more black points are perceptible in the plain, every one is in movement, and each person manœuvres so as to keep the game as far as possible from the cover, and to prevent it breaking through the line formed by the hunters.

Boars attacked in this way are almost always killed to the very last; and hunts of this kind are so very productive, that when it is intended to take away the carcasses, it is always desirable to be followed by one or more conveyances.

Of all the various modes of hunting the boar, this last one appears to me the most agreeable for those who really enjoy the sport. In marsh-hunting, it is necessary to wait until the morning dew has evaporated, so that the rushes in the islands may at once take fire; and thus the hunters suffer a great deal from the heat of the day.

It is a difficult matter to conduct a hunt in the wood, nor is it unattended with danger, both to horse and man, owing to the numerous falls which take place in going among brambles, underwood, and through all sorts of obstacles, which cannot be overcome even by the best riders on the best steeds.

I also prefer the kind of hunt which I have already praised, on account of the time selected

for commencing it, viz. the approach of night, so favourite an hour with all sportsmen; the fine run which can be had in those open and almost interminable plains, where not a single incident in the chase escapes the hunter's eye; and, finally, on account of the unexpected adventures, which are frequently associated with it, and which present themselves in the shape of a hyæna, or a flock of jackals, who have been delayed on some marauding expedition, and at last surprised by daylight.

I have assisted several times at a hunt with greyhounds, which the Arabs always commence at night by the light of the moon. At the period when the harvests are being attacked by the boars, as many persons as possible are collected together, and the hunters mount their horses, so as to arrive about midnight in the middle of the plain which will be already occupied by the animals.

The hunters advance in a single line, and soon discover the wild boars making off as fast as possible. The alarm is given, and all the party start after the boars, with shrieks and cries which would be enough to terrify men.

In these hunts I have noticed that the old boars always protect the sows, the young pigs, and generally those animals which are less capable of defending themselves.

I have seen some of them turn round and make

head against the greyhounds, while their companions continued to run. Directly an animal stands at bay, the hunters surround it, and each one overwhelms it with shouts and shots, without paying the least attention to either dogs, horses, or men. Accordingly, when at last the boar is brought down never more to rise, he has often the satisfaction of knowing that at all events he does not die alone.

CHAPTER VI.

THE JACKAL AND THE FOX.

THE JACKAL.

THE jackal, like the hyæna, belongs rather to the omnivorous than to the carnivorous species, with which it is generally classed. It lives at the expense of the gardener, whose fruits and vegetables it frequently devours, and also at that of the shepherd, on whose flocks it levies larger contributions than any other animal, with the exception of the lion.

On its days of ill luck it falls back on roots, worms, and the soil, or routs among the rubbish and offa which it finds inside the towns and villages. The Arab, says "*as cunning as a jackal.*" Indeed, this creature, which is half way between the wolf and the fox, is, like both those animals, a cunning beast. It passes whole days concealed behind a bush in the neighbourhood, to wait for a covey of partridges. It takes advantage of the moment when the dogs of the douar have fallen asleep, fatigued with watching and howling throughout the night, to pass by them and enter a tent, where it takes a lamb or a fowl.

In the mountains it follows the flocks of sheep, and commits considerable havoc among them. At night, it hunts the hares and rabbits, in which case other jackals station themselves in various parts of the wood, while the principal one follows the track of the game, uttering loud cries all the while.

Not satisfied with the profits of its own private sport the jackal, which infests Algeria, particularly in the province of Constantine, has associated itself with the hyæna, with the marauders, and with the lions. We need hardly say that the two latter classes do not derive much advantage from the co-operation of the jackal, which, when it attaches itself to the lions or marauders, leads the life of a Sybarite.

This happens as follows.

Wherever there are Arabs, there are marauders. These marauders are young men who have good eyes and strong hearts, and who start off in the darkest nights, in parties sometimes of four, and sometimes of ten, to steal an ox or a sheep from the herds of their neighbours, which they call "taking a night's walk."

One day, the jackal happening to meet a band of these individuals bringing back their sheep and oxen, must have determined to follow them.

In a little while, the leader of the marauding party no doubt remarked that he had not dined in

a satisfactory manner, and that a sheep more or less was not a great affair, considering it cost nothing.

The others were of their leader's opinion, and in a few seconds the animal was slaughtered, skinned, and spitted before a burning tree, which was cut down for the occasion, and which would have been large enough to roast an ox.

The jackal was of course delighted with these preparations, reflecting at the same time, however, that in spite of this tremendous fire—of this *feu d'enfer*—the sheep would take a long while to cook, and that, for his part, he would be quite contented with the inside and a few rejected scraps in their natural state, if he might only be allowed to take them.

As no one was paying the least attention to him, he determined to make the suggestion, but a shower of stones gave him to understand that he was not invited to the party, and that he had better keep his distance.

After the band of adventurers had feasted and disappeared with their booty, the jackal left his post of observation, and found some very palatable remains, and in sufficient quantity for himself and a few of his companions, who happened to be in the neighbourhood, and who came at once in obedience to his call.

These gentlemen were so pleased with this unexpected piece of good luck, that from that day the

marauders always find themselves followed by jackals, who never lose sight of them, and who from time to time utter a particular cry (resembling a dry, hoarse bark), in order that their companions may keep on the look-out, and arrive at the proper moment.

It is with a similar motive that the jackal follows the lion and hyæna, when it makes the same noise as in the other case. Hence the error so widely spread on the subject of the jackal's cry, which is generally attributed to the hyæna.

As the Arabs generally object to travelling at night, above all on foot, and as the jackal, when it meets one or more men, always takes them for marauders, it has been my fate to be followed for a whole night by one of these animals, walking when I walked, stopping when I stopped, and uttering the cry of which I have spoken above, sometimes within twenty paces of me.

In the regions frequented by the lion, the Arabs call the jackal *baouégh*, and on hearing its cry light fires and discharge guns, in order to induce the lions or marauders to leave their flocks for those of their neighbours. The *baouégh* is of great service to me when I am hunting a lion which does not roar. Thanks to it, I have often been able to follow the progress of the lion during an entire night, without quitting the hill or mountain-top from which I overlooked the country.

I have been able to find out which douars he intended to attack, which ones he was in the habit of pillaging, and in what direction he returned to his lair in the morning.

In the plains and open country, the jackal remains concealed during the day in the clefts of rocks, or in earth holes. Wherever there is wood, or even jungle, the jackal remains in the open air.

The Arabs hunt the jackal with dogs in the evening, when it comes out early; in the morning, when it is going home; and during the day, by getting on its track, driving it from one wood to another, and letting the dogs loose just as it issues.

Although the jackal is not very swift, this kind of hunt is interesting enough, as the animal defends itself with courage, and many greyhounds fear it quite as much as the wild boar.

I should advise Europeans who have two or three leashes of hounds, and who hunt for the sake of hunting, to put them on the track of the jackal, which they will follow in preference to any other animal. The hunt is all the more agreeable, from the fact that the animal makes great exertions, that the dogs are never at fault, and that a run of two or three hours always takes place before the animal gives in. It is important before beginning the hunt to stop up the earth holes, as is done in France before commencing a fox-hunt.

THE FOX.

The African is about half the size of the European fox. It lives in the open plains, where it burrows vast, deep holes in the banks of the rivers, and in the *silos* which have been abandoned by the Arabs.

This animal is not so destructive as with us, scarcely even daring to steal a fowl at long intervals. It lives altogether by what it hunts down, that is to say, small birds, lizards, and serpents.

The Arabs hunt it with greyhounds in the morning, when it has remained beyond its time in the plains. The sport is without interest, and I am of opinion that Europeans who are fond of hunting with ferrets, should use terriers instead of greyhounds—the terrier fulfilling the same office for the fox which is performed by the ferret towards the rabbit in France.

CHAPTER VII.

THE STAG, THE ANTELOPE, AND THE GAZELLE.

THE STAG.

THE stag of Africa is rather smaller than that of France. Its skin is more tawny and more rough. As far as Algeria is concerned, it is only found in the province of Constantine, and in those districts to the east of the province, namely, Bône, Calle, and Tébessa.

In the first of these the stags inhabit the mountains of Beni-Salah and the Ouled-Bechiah, which are covered with magnificent forests of green oaks and cork trees. In the second, they are found on the borders of the lakes near the sea-shore. In the third, the stags have fixed their place of abode in a fine forest, called by the Arabs Ghib-Choueni (the robbers' wood), which is situate in a hollow between three mountains which form a triangle, and which are known as Ouenza (in the east), (Bou-Kradera (in the south), and Guelb (in the west).

I have had some very good coursing in this forest, although there are no regular paths through it. I used to accompany the Mahatlals and the

Ouled-Sidi-Abed, when our greyhounds used to face the stag, or rather keep it at bay, until we arrived to offer him a bullet.

I am of opinion that, with a few good dogs, the stag might be hunted here as we hunt it in France. In some of the woods, however, this would be impracticable, owing to the uneven nature of the ground, and the extent to which it is covered.

In woods of the latter description, the natives manage to kill deer at certain seasons, by concealing themselves behind trees or in brushwood, and thus approaching them gradually and cautiously. During the fine weather, they lie in ambush for them at night, as they proceed to the fields which have just been sown with wheat or barley.

I know one Arab living at Borg-Ali-Bey, on the road leading from Bône to Calle, who has killed more than a hundred stags in this manner.

I mention him as a good guide for the sportsman whose taste happens to lead him into those regions.

THE ANTELOPE.

The antelope, called by the Arabs *bagar-ouereh*, or *fechtal*, according to the district, is of nomad habits, like the tribes of the South, which it follows in their peregrinations.

In spring, summer, and autumn, it is found on the high flat ground which joins the Sapaia in the north.

Directly cold weather sets in it comes down to the sandy plains.

These animals move about in flocks of several hundreds, and always keep together in a country without cover. Their swiftness and wind are so great that no greyhounds can ever reach them, nor can they be forced by means of the most vigorous and rapid horses.

When they perceive a small body of horsemen, instead of taking to flight, they come towards them, and, preceded by a male, who appears to be the leader of the herd, pass before them at a trot, sometimes at only thirty or forty yards distance from the party.

There is never an opportunity of having more than one shot at them as they pass along, for, at the first discharge, the herd make off with a rapidity which, as I have said, defies that of the best greyhounds.

When the Arabs wish to hunt the antelope they collect the greatest possible number of horsemen. The majority of the party dismount when they arrive at a turn in the ground which is favourable to their concealment, while a few outlookers go forward to reconnoitre the herd.

If they report that the herd is numerous, the

hunters form themselves into two parties. The first of these conceal themselves near the spot which is known to be the animal's place of retreat.

The hunters forming the other party execute a *détour*, attack the antelopes, approaching them first of all at a walk, then at a trot, and finally charging them at full speed. It seldom happens that a single antelope is killed before the herd reach the vicinity of their customary place of retreat, when the other party of hunters rush upon them, and generally kill a few of the animals, who, of course, lose no time in making off in another direction.

Until surprised by the second party of hunters, the antelopes retreat in excellent order, the female antelopes and fawns going first, while the rear is guarded by the males, who, when necessary, will urge on the others with the points of their horns.

Sometimes, when the herd is small, the hunters manœuvre so as to inclose it completely in a vast circle, which they gradually diminish.

When this movement is executed with a sufficient number of swift horses, the herd becomes inclosed as if in a park, and so terrified that it rushes about and turns round and round in the middle of the circle, without even trying to escape through the intervals which separate the hunters.

This, however, is no longer sport, but mere butchery.

As a general rule, the hunters, too eager to get near the antelopes, do not take the necessary precautions in doing so, and the animals profit by this to make their escape.

This sport is agreeable, not only for those who take part in it, but also for the lookers on. In order to be an adept at it, a man must be accustomed to handle his gun on horseback, and prepared to undergo all the fatigue involved by the hunt, which sometimes lasts an entire day, to say nothing of the ride home, which may take up half the night.

THE GAZELLE.

There are two kinds of gazelles in Algeria—that of the Sahara, which inhabits the sandy regions; and that of the Tell, which is found on the high flat ground, and in the mountains which bound the desert on the north.

The first species, although much smaller and of a more tawny hue, is of nomad habits, like the antelope—that is to say, it changes its quarters according to the season.

The second generally keeps within a radius of two or three miles from its habitual dwelling-place.

I have known several herds of gazelles, which had established themselves in different mountains si-

tuate to the south and east of Constantine, and which I always saw there during a period of five or six years.

I have noticed a peculiarity in the gazelle of the north, which not only distinguishes it from other ruminating animals, but also from all other quadrupeds living in a wild state.

Every one knows that wild beasts, and almost all animals living in a natural condition, turn day into night, and *vice versâ*.

The gazelle forms an exception to this rule—going to rest at evening with the sun, and rising with it at break of day to go in quest of food.

I will state how I became acquainted with this peculiarity of the gazelle, which, in my opinion, proves it to be the most timid of all the animal creation.

Whilst crossing a mountain, known in Constantine as the Zerazer, I found on a culminating point, entirely without cover, the habitations of a number of gazelles.

As they appeared to have been occupied for a long time, and only just deserted, I came to the conclusion that the ladies had been disturbed by some noise or by the appearance of a wild beast. Finding a rock in the neighbourhood which commanded all the adjacent country, I installed myself in one of its clefts, in order to pass the night there, and watch for a lion, of which I had heard.

In the evening, when the sun was about to disappear from the horizon, I perceived a party of gazelles walking along in single file, and taking the direction of the colony I had noticed.

There were six of them, with the male at their head. The sultan of this little seraglio arrived at the place of abode, scratched the ground two or three times, then went on his knees and laid down to sleep. A moment afterwards all the party were lying down around the head of the family.

I watched them until night, and found that they remained in the same quarters; and when the early dawn enabled me to see them again, they were still there.

It was not until I got up to return to my tent that the male struck the ground with his hoof as a signal for them all to rise, and that the gazelles left their resting-places, stretching themselves out like lazy girls who had been awoke too early.

Not wishing to disturb these poor creatures, I went away in an opposite direction, and could see them for some distance remaining motionless in the same place.

This scene—and I afterwards witnessed similar ones—made me certain that the gazelle slept at night, so as not to meet any dangerous animals in its path; and what proves to me that no other reason can be assigned for this habit is, that its resting-places, instead of being under cover like

those of other animals, are always found either on a flat at the top of a mountain, or on some slope which is entirely without cover, thus leaving no opportunity for a surprise.

Without affirming the same thing positively as regards the gazelle of the desert, I am of opinion that it takes the same precautions; for at the commencement of the siege of Zatcha, in 1849, I have seen them come every morning at daybreak, and every evening a little before sunset, to drink from a spring which was guarded by one of our outposts. The noise of the cannon and musketry at last drove them away to seek a more peaceful spot.

The gazelle and the lion form two extremes, morally and physically.

The gazelle is as timid as the lion is bold. Her beauty lies in her grace and elegance, in the delicacy of her form, and the gentleness of her look; while his consists in his regal prestige, in the powerful proportions of his body, which is full of strength and activity, and in the calm pride of his gaze, which inspires respect, and at the same time exercises a magnetic attraction.

If the human species had not degenerated, the woman might be compared to the gazelle, and the man to the lion; but if there are still some women who deserve the comparison—and there are—the meanest man of the age would seem very ugly if compared with the king of beasts. The Arabs ren-

der justice to the personal attractions of the gazelle, and, above all, to the beauty of her eyes, which, however, does not prevent them from waging a war of extermination against her.

In the south the gazelle is hunted like the antelope, and with greyhounds.

Unless a herd be hemmed in by a large party of hunters and become terrified, the females and young gazelles alone fall into their power; the males always get away; for their speed and wind are superior to those of the best greyhounds.

In the Tell the Arabs get up *battues* for them, in which the great point is to drive the gazelles from one mountain to another.

The approaches are occupied by men who are concealed behind trees or rocks, and who keep the hounds in the leashes until the herd passes close by them; they then loose the dogs without making the least noise, so that often many of the gazelles are overcome by fear or taken by surprise, without any run at all taking place.

The dung of the gazelle dried in the sun and reduced to powder, gives a very agreeable taste and odour to the tobacco smoked in Algeria. This, in my opinion, is the most useful point to be found in connection with the animal, which is moreover so pretty and so interesting that no one should wish to see it dead when it might have been alive.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PORCUPINE AND VARIOUS GAME.

THE PORCUPINE.

THERE are several clubs or associations of sportsmen who devote themselves to the destruction of the porcupine, and who are called *hatcheicheia*, from smoking *hatchich* instead of tobacco. The members of these clubs are of Kabyle origin.

As *hatcheichia*, that is to say, men who deprive themselves of their reason by smoking, they have gained the contempt of all the natives. In order to console themselves for this universal reputation, they meet every evening to smoke to the sound of the tam-tam, and cry out like wild beasts, until they at last fall beneath the influence of sleep and hatchich combined.

There exists so much rivalry between these clubs, that before the taking of Constantine and the fête of the Spring, the smokers of the El-Kantara and those of the Jebia-gate indulged in the most sanguinary battles, the common weapon of offence and defence being the club.

The French authorities put a stop to these riots

in the middle of the town, but the gentlemen make up for it when they meet on the theatre of their hunting exploits.

The *hatcheicheia* have a passion for hunting the porcupine, which it is difficult to understand when all the obstacles which they are obliged to overcome in order to take one of the animals, are unknown.

I will explain the matter as clearly as I can.

The porcupine has the manners and habits of the badger, from which he only differs as regards the cuirass with which nature has endowed him as a protection against the jackals, who often inhabit the same ground. He burrows his hole to a great depth, and always at the foot of a rock.

In the environs of Bougie and Ghelma I took fabulous numbers of them with small lassos. It is probable that they existed formerly in the neighbourhood of Constantine, which is rocky and full of burrows; but the *hatcheicheia* must have exterminated them, as there are none to be found there at present.

The porcupine-hunters generally commence their campaign at the close of winter. As they are obliged to walk for several days before beginning their hunt, as they stop out every time for about a month, and as they know by experience that their habits are not considered to entitle them to the

hospitality of the Arabs, they make their preparations in consequence.

On the evening of the day fixed for their departure they meet together at the club and enjoy themselves until the gates of the town are opened. Those who are not fortunate enough to form part of the expedition conduct their companions part of the way, embrace them, and bid them adieu as if they were never to see them again.

The hunters, to the number, generally speaking, of eight or ten, promise to do all sorts of wonders for the honour of their club, and start off, preceded by one or two donkeys, who carry their tools and provisions, and followed by a few dogs in couples, who are usually afflicted with the mange. Each of them is armed with a stick five feet long, at the end of which is fastened a small piece of iron like the point of a lance, with teeth like those of a saw.

This is the instrument for piercing the enemy and drawing him out of his hole. Iron hammers, of all sorts of forms and dimensions, add to the waistbands of the most robust, whose mission is to enlarge the burrows sufficiently to admit a child of from ten to twelve years of age, the smallest, thinnest, lankiest child in creation, who if he only went on his hands and feet would resemble a weasel.

This abortion is covered from head to feet with

a garment or skin, which gives him somewhat the appearance of a spider, and which is *his* cuirass. He nevertheless is the hero, the Hercules of the band, for he it is who always attacks the animal.

After walking for several days across the mountains and plains, sleeping in the open air under the protection of the douars, who will scarcely allow them to come within gunshot, they arrive at a burrow with which they are acquainted, or of which they have been told.

The porcupine has dropped a few quills, which denote his presence in the vicinity. They find numerous and recent tracks which indicate the places at which he comes out and goes in. There can be no longer any doubt. The burrow is inhabited.

The dogs as soon as they are let loose disappear in the mouths of the holes, and directly their voices are heard the hunters reply by a joyful hurrah, and arrange their instruments to lay siege to the place.

When everything is ready for opening the trench, the biped who performs the functions of weasel is called for, being wanted to reconnoitre the porcupine, but in vain. He and his lance have disappeared. He is addressed by the most affectionate names, but the surrounding echoes give no tidings of him. He on whom the success of the expedition and the honour of the club depend, is not to be found.

While the hunters give themselves up to lamen-

tation, thinking him lost, the dogs come out of the burrow with their hair standing on end; and behind the dogs appear first a foot, then a leg, and, a little time afterwards, the body and head of the child, who throws among his companions a porcupine almost as big as himself, and full of life, although pierced through with the point of his lance, which the animal bites with all his might as if he could draw it out:

The animal having been killed, by the application of a knife to its throat, the men open its stomach, empty it, and replace the contents by aromatic plants mixed with a few handfuls of salt.

The object of the operation is to preserve the porcupine until the end of the campaign, when it will have to figure on the table of the club at Constantine.

We may add, that the porcupine is not always taken so easily, and that, generally speaking, the animal, when caught at all, is not taken until after a siege of several days; for it sometimes happens that the passage is so narrow, and the sides of the rock so hard, that in spite of the tools and energy of the besiegers, the child, however lanky he may be, cannot reach the extremity of the redoubt, and is obliged to renounce the desired capture.

The porcupine-hunters go all through the district of Constantine, Ghelma, and Bône. I have

even met them, in the district of Calle, at sixty leagues from the place they started from. Their expeditions are attended with more or less success; and if they sometimes return with a dozen animals, which enable them to keep up their orgies for several days, sometimes, after a month's fatigue and privation, they only bring back a single animal.

In the latter case the members of the club meet as usual to celebrate the return of their comrades, and the animal is served up roasted, on a wooden platter, and placed in the middle of the assembly, who arrange themselves around it and contemplate it with delight.

The president of the club invites his neighbour on the right to help himself; the latter touches the edge of the platter with the ends of his fingers, which he puts to his lips, saying, "I have enough." All the guests imitate his example, and fall back on the *couscoussou* and dates which surround the dish of honour. Then in the most vociferous manner, they sing their exploits, past, present, and to come, accompanying themselves with their hands and the tam-tam, and finish off with pipes.

The club meets again the next day, the day after that, and regularly every day until the neighbours complain of the disturbance, and of the insupportable odour of the porcupine, which has reached a state of complete putrefaction, until at length the police interfere, and throw out alike the game and

its hunters, who go off and continue on their *séances* somewhere else.

Apropos of the porcupine. I shall be glad to mention a fact which I witnessed myself, and which corroborates what I before stated with regard to the hyæna.

Meeting one day a party of *hatcheicheia*, who were besieging an earth-hole, I dismounted in order to be present at the *finale*.

After many hours of unceasing work a hyæna was taken and drawn out by a child of twelve years old, who had thrust two feet of his lance into the animal's body.

European sportsmen would have been proud of this feat; not so the *hatcheicheia*, who were displeased—humiliated: displeased, because in their eyes it was a bad omen, and humiliated, because the Arabs of the environs, who were watching their proceedings, overwhelmed them with all sorts of pleasantries.

As a matter of course the animal was left on the ground to be devoured by animals of a similar nature; and the hunters left the country in order to escape the insults of the Arabs and look elsewhere for sport.

As they only make two or three of these campaigns a year, the *hatcheicheia* sometimes hunt the hedgehog, in order to keep themselves and their dogs in proper condition.

• When the sky is calm and the moon fine, they leave Constantine in the afternoon with a few dogs, and beat about the plain all night long.

As soon as a dog gets on the track of the hedgehog he cries out, and is joined by the others, who hunt together in a pack, as if they were pursuing nothing less than a stag or a wild boar.

As soon as it finds itself taken, the animal rolls itself up like a muff—presenting nothing but the sharp points with which it is covered to the teeth of the pack. One of the hunters then takes hold of it with the skirt of his burnous and deposits it in his hood, and the hunt continues thus until the morning.

•
VARIOUS GAME.

During the first year of the French occupation, game of all kinds was so abundant in Algeria, that a partridge cost only a penny, a hare tenpence, and other game in the same proportion.

The worst sportsmen always came back with their pouches full; and in a great many places sport was to be found within cannon-shot of the ramparts in the case of a town, or of the trench in that of a camp.

I remember that in the month of September, 1842, I killed one day, between breakfast and dinner, in the neighbourhood of Ghelma, forty-five partridges and seven hares with nothing but a

cavalry carbine. I must add that I am not a first-rate shot, and that I know some persons who, armed with one of Lefauchaux's fowling-pieces, would have killed twice as much.

Owing to continual sport the game has at length become more thickly spread around the villages and camps, and comparatively rare near the towns. However, as in all the provinces, and especially in that of Constantine, there are a great many points which are at some distance from the thickly populated parts, it is still easy to get capital sport in Algeria.

To do so it is necessary to take a few days' journey in company either with an officer who has been attached to expeditions among the Arabs, or with a caïd. If it be winter you take up your quarters on the border of a lake, where you can invest all the bullets you have with you in wild geese, ducks, swans, and other aquatic birds, who are to be found there in tens of thousands.

Experienced sportsmen will find legions of snipes in the neighbourhood of the lakes and in the marshy plains.

In the months of July and August, before the jackals and other rough-coated poachers have levied their tithes, you meet with numerous coveys of red partridges (the grey partridge is not found in Algeria), whose progenitors have never heard the report of a gun, and who will not start up without

having a gentle kick administered to them. In the provinces of Oran and Algiers there are swarms of rabbits. In Constantine they are only found towards the north-west boundary; but on the other hand the hare abounds there to such an extent, that when an expedition starts towards the east or south, our soldiers catch them easily with their hands, while they are marching and even while they are bivouacking. •

When the African hare (which is a third smaller than that of Europe) is hunted with dogs, it never doubles, and when worn out runs to earth if possible.

In spring and autumn flocks of migratory birds increase the general stock of game, and are found to such an extent that in the plains which are at some distance from the points occupied by the French you meet with swarms of cranes, bustards, guinea fowl, plovers, quails, and other victims of gunpowder and the sportsman.

To sum up: Algeria contains valuable elements of sport of every kind. Those who wish for fame and do not mind looking for it will find enough to please them.

The lazy, the luxurious, the effeminate sportsman will be able to glean in the neighbourhood of the camps and towns; but the real disciple of St. Hubert will have his rich harvest far, far away in the mountains and plains.

CHAPTER IX.

FALCONRY IN AFRICA.

IN a country whose history has only been written with the sword, it is difficult to arrive at the origin of the manners and customs of the inhabitants; above all, when, like the Arabs, they live in the midst of a variety of traditions and beliefs, each of which frequently does not extend beyond one tribe and one generation.

Accordingly, without asserting anything positive as to the origin of falconry in Africa, I will say that the Arabs properly so called seem to have imported it, since it is almost unknown among the Chaouia and Kabyles, who preceded them in the occupation of the country.

Falconry in Algeria is indulged in only by the highest personages. Those who devote themselves to it with ardour are the descendants of noble families and those military chiefs who have given their adhesion to the French in order to preserve or obtain military rank.

Whatever be the position or fortune of a native, unless he be a noble, or distinguished by some acts of remarkable daring, he cannot cultivate the sci-

ence of falconry, without incurring the ridicule and sometimes the attacks of his own people.

The falconer of a caid of my acquaintance once told me an anecdote which is rather curious, and in which he played, as will be seen, a very dangerous part.

This man, after a certain Mabrouk, of whom I shall speak further on, is the most inveterate falconer in Africa, and deserves the attention of the reader for a few seconds.

He is called Abdallah, and belongs to the tribe of Malhattah, of which he is one of the bravest members—that being a great deal to say.

One day, when I asked him how old he was, he told me he was born *the same year as gunpowder*. Now, as, previously to its subjection to France, the members of his tribe used to pass their time in practising firing with their neighbours, I concluded that he was born in the year when this habit was first introduced among them, and set him down at forty, which appeared to be his real age.

About the middle height, grave and taciturn, delicate and even sickly in his appearance, there was nothing about this man to attract the attention of the casual observer.

But when he is in company with persons he likes, and the conversation turns on hunting or war, his face brightens up, his eyes flash fire, and his nos-

trils dilate as if to inhale the odour of powder and blood ; for to him sport consists in the agony of the victim whose eyes and head are torn to pieces by the falcon, and war in cutting the throat of a live enemy.

With these ferocious instincts, which at once characterize the savage, Abdallah possesses a sensitive soul and a loving heart.

His family consists of an aged mother, whom he loves and respects, which is not always the case with the Arabs ; of three children, whom he adores ; and a mare which was born the day his wife died, and which he named after her.

Since that time not only has he resisted all the entreaties of his mother, who wished him to marry again, but he still mourns for his wife, and assures me that he shall do so to his dying day.

In order to understand how painful must be the mourning of the Arabs, who are accustomed to daily ablutions, the reader must know that it consists in washing neither body nor garments.

When I first knew this brave fellow his wife had been dead about six years, which amounts to saying that neither he nor his burnous were remarkable for their agreeable odour ; but the interest with which he inspired me was such that I went up to him and welcomed him cordially whenever I visited his tribe.

In the month of May, 1850, I was charged with the collection of the taxes in the district inhabited by Abdallah.

As soon as he heard of my arrival he hastened to pay me a visit, and asked my permission to come and see me every day in my leisure moments.

As I took much pleasure in listening to his tales of war and hunting, I did not conceal from him the fact that I should be delighted to see him, and learned on the following day that he had installed himself in the tent with my spahis for the remainder of our stay.

One evening, when I had nothing to do, and when several Arab chiefs were assembled together in my tent, I sent for Abdallah to relate to us one of his anecdotes.

After having exchanged the usual salutations with my guests, who were friends of his, he sat down and began in the following words:—

“During the year in which Algiers fell into the power of the Christians, my cousin Zakdar and myself conceived the notion of mystifying the chief of the Ouled-Bou-Ghanem, who was our neighbour, and who, although a man of no account, took the liberty, it was said, of rearing and educating falcons.

“With this intent we got two young eagles whose eyrie we had discovered, and taught them to hunt young falcons, which were brought to us every day by the shepherds.

"When we considered our eagles sufficiently instructed, and accustomed to the noise of men and horses, we despatched a person of trust to the cheik's, to find out when he intended to fly his falcons.

"Having ascertained the place and day, Zakdar and myself went off before daybreak, driving before us a donkey, on which our eagles in their hoods had been placed, together with some falcons, to call them back to us if need should be.

"The cheik and his attendants did not arrive at the place until a long time after us; the rendezvous was near the Oued-Mellegh, and they were to hunt the bustard. The tamarind trees by the side of the brook would enable us to follow every incident in the sport without being perceived; and accordingly we regulated our movements by those of the cheik and his party.

"In a little while a flock of bustards rose in the plain in front of the horsemen. Four falcons were let loose, one after the other, and a bustard was at once separated from the others and attacked vigorously.

"Our eagles, released from their hoods, were not long in discovering the birds, towards which they took their flight, first heavily and in a straight line, then more rapidly making towards them, and up to him above them at the same time. I visited him after attaching the donkey to a tamarind tree,

we walked up the banks of the river, to have a better view of the proceedings.

"The only chance for the bustard which had been separated from the flock, and, as I before said, vigorously attacked by the four falcons at once, consisted in keeping them beneath her.

"Accordingly it had risen vertically to such a height that it appeared to us about the size of a pigeon, while the falcons looked at one moment like grasshoppers, and at the next disappeared from view altogether.

"The two eagles having reached the other birds, became so mixed up with them, that we were at a loss to distinguish them.

"The cheik and his horsemen were standing in the plain with their eyes towards the sky, waiting like ourselves for the issue of this aerial combat.

"Suddenly we heard piercing cries several times repeated. A short time afterwards we could distinguish a black object, which gradually became larger as it approached us—now agitating itself vigorously, now descending vertically towards the ground.

"We could then recognise our two eagles, with outstretched wings, allowing themselves to be towed downwards by the weight of the bustard, who, with drooping legs and closed wings, was falling towards the earth without the least sign of life.

"We looked in vain for the cheik's falcons; they had disappeared.

"At the moment when the bustard and the eagles fell with a hissing sound to the earth, in the midst of a large circle formed by the cheik and his party, a shout of rage almost froze our blood with terror.

"We remembered, when it was too late, that in the haste with which we had loosened the birds, we had omitted to remove the chain from the foot of one of them.

"Several men had already dismounted, and were arranging their burnouses so as to be able to take up the eagles without being wounded by them.

"Nothing remained for us but to fly, which we did with all possible swiftness, and without thinking of the donkey, who, however, was destined to save my life that day.

"We had been running for about an hour, always ascending the course of the stream, and without quitting the rows of trees which grew along the banks, when we perceived four horsemen at two hundred steps behind us, and, further on, the entire *goum** of the cheik.

"They were all after us—some at a trot, the foremost at a gallop.

w. "Flight was no longer possible, and we accordingly tried to conceal ourselves from their eyes.

* Household.

"Zakdar chose a group of tamarinds and briars. As for me, I went down to the bed of the stream and walked into it until the water came up to my neck, while I concealed my head in the plants which had fallen from the banks.

"Hardly had I entered my hiding-place when I heard the trampling of horses and the voice of a man crying out to the cheik, 'Come here; we are on their track; their footprints are as clear as the sun; they are two sons of dogs together.'

"The sound of galloping and the neighing of horses who had been heated by a long ride, announced the arrival of the cheik and all his attendants.

"'Let ten men,' said the cheik, when he drew up, 'go forward until the track disappears; then let them stop and keep guard on each side of the stream. You, my children, dismount, and follow the steps of these accursed wretches, pistol in hand; but bring them to me alive if you can.'

"I understood from the order that it was all over with Zakdar; my situation being better than his, I nourished the hope that I should survive to avenge him; but at that moment I perceived that my feet were sinking in the mud, and that the water, which at first scarcely covered my shoulders, was now beginning to moisten my lips.

"It is said that he who knows not fear is not a man. I confess I was afraid on that day, not so

much of the enemy who was pursuing us so hotly, as of being drowned.

"I was disturbed in my reflections by the sound of a shot, followed by several others, and a considerable number of imprecations.

"My cousin, finding that he was discovered, had discharged his pistol on the group which had surrounded him, and who, in spite of the cheik's order, had not been able to avoid replying to his fire.

"A few words, which were all I could distinguish in the midst of the general hubbub, made me understand that Zakdar was not dead, and that he was being taken to the cheik.

"Unable to contain myself any longer, I was about to ascertain what they were doing with him, at the risk of being discovered, when two men jumped into the bed of the stream.

" 'That's where he went down,' said the first, pointing to my footprints on the sand.

" 'He went in here,' continued the other, approaching the edge of the water, while I remained motionless at ten paces from him, and looking at him through the plants by which my head was covered.

" 'It's singular,' pursued the same man, 'there are no more footmarks. Could he have gone in and been drowned?' At this moment I heard footsteps on the bank just above my head, and a

man then said to the one who was close to me, 'Mohammed, the cheik sent me to call you. None of the others have such good knives as you.'

" 'What does he want my knife for?' was the reply.

" 'To cut off the head of the dog we have just taken,' said the messenger.

" The prospect of cutting a man's head off being more seductive than the pleasure of looking after me, these ruffians made off, and they relieved me from the most fearful position I was ever in during all my life.

" According to what I had heard, my cousin was to have his head cut off, and I could do nothing to save him.

" Convinced that the men who had gone away would come back directly after the execution, and not being able to look for any other place of shelter without leaving a track, I resolved to stay where I was.

" A root, which I had found growing out from the bank above my head, had enabled me to shift my position, which was now not attended with the same danger as the former one.

" After hearing the shouts and noisy laughter produced by the triple execution—that of my cousin and the two eagles—which took place at my back, I thought I heard the steps of horses going away from the stream; after which I heard nothing.

"Time had progressed, and with it the sun, which had now sunk in the west. "

"Soon afterwards it was dusk, and at length I saw a few stars shining in the heavens.

"I then left my retreat, and with much precaution ascended the bank of the brook.

"I listened—looked around; there was nothing—not a sound, except the croaking of the frogs; not a living being, except a few jackals hanging about the corpse of Zakdar, which I found horribly mutilated, and flanked by the remains of the two eagles.

"After making sure that I was quite alone, I wrapped up my cousin's head and body in my burnous, and, putting the burden on my shoulder, directed my steps towards the spot where I had left the donkey in the morning.

"I found it in the same place, munching the grass at the foot of the tamarind tree to which it was tied. I used the cord which was round my head to attach my precious burden to the animal firmly, and then took a short cut across the plain in order to reach a path which would take me back to the douar before it was day.

"I had walked for about four hours without any adventure, always followed by a few jackals, who were attracted by the smell of blood, when the donkey suddenly stopped short, cocking its ears and trembling all over.

"I at once perceived two eyes like burning coals on my path, and not far from me.

"Accustomed to meetings of the kind, I hastened to cut the cord which attached my cousin's body to the doukey, took it on my shoulder as I had done before, and went on across the fields leaving the poor animal transfixed with fear on the path.

"When I had gone about a hundred paces I heard a sound like that of a body thrown violently to the ground, then a sort of rattle, and nothing more.

"The lion had accepted the victim I had offered to him; I felt quite safe, and after a long circuit regained the path which I had been forced to quit for a time.

"A short time afterwards I met some relatives of ours who had come out to look for us.

"After hearing my tale, nothing would satisfy them but instantly to avenge the death of Zakdar.

"I explained to them that we were not sufficiently numerous, and that we could not leave my cousin's body on the ground; finally, that I myself was without arms and on foot.

"One of the horsemen took the burnous which contained Zakdar's remains across his saddle, another took me behind him, and we got back to the douar before any one was up.

"The evening of that same day, at the hour of supper, fifty chosen horsemen, each of whom was known

to have achieved some daring exploit, got on their steeds, and dismounted near the residence of Zakdar's murderer.

"There was great rejoicing at the cheik's, in honour of the recent execution. The couscoussou had just been served. We were just in time.

"The dogs, having given notice of our approach, we were accosted by some of the servants, who appeared much astonished at so many guests arriving all at once.

"While ten of our horsemen were strangling these wretches with the cords of camel-gut which surrounded their heads, the others went to the front of the cheik's tent and sabred the other attendants and the guests of low degree, who were in the places outside waiting for the remains of the feast.

"Until now I had left everything to my comrades, and had occupied myself with looking out for the cheik, whom I intended to kill with my own hand.

"The approach to the tent once cleared, I rushed foremost into the interior, where a dozen of the notables were sitting in a circle around the cheik, quite motionless.

"A quarter of an hour afterwards, their heads were arranged in perfect order all round the dish of couscoussou, which was still smoking, and the fifty horsemen returned to their respective douars laden with booty, and driving before them an immense herd of cattle.

“All this had taken place without a shot being fired, and almost without noise, so that our *coup de main* was not known in the douars near the cheik until it was too late to offer assistance.

“From that day until the arrival of the French, who put an end to the hostilities, many were the heads that fell on the boundary which separates the two tribes; but no falcons were seen there besides ours.”

As will be seen from the above narrative, the nobles and warriors of Algeria have the exclusive right to practise falconry.

The tribes among which the most distinguished falconers are found are the Zmouls, the Righa, the Amers of Sétif, and the nomadic Arabs who take up their winter quarters in the Sahara, and pass the three other seasons on the high ground adjacent to Constantine.

The Arabs seldom keep the falcons which they have used during the hunting season. In most cases they let them go at the end of February, and take fresh ones at the beginning of autumn.

In some tribes the falcon is taken from the nest, and it is then more easily tamed and instructed, but less courageous and more liable to illness than the falcon which is taken full-grown, and which is caught in the following manner:—

After observing the rock or ruins in which the falcon is in the habit of passing the night, a man

on horseback arrives in the early morning bearing a pigeon or a partridge surrounded by a net, in which the falcon is caught by the claws as soon as it darts upon it.

The Arabs have many different kinds of falcons, which they distinguish by appropriate names. Whatever, however, be the species to which the bird belongs, the mode of training it is always the same. The education of the full-grown falcon being much more difficult than that of the falcon taken from the nest, we will speak of the former only.

As soon as the man sees the falcon dart at the bird which is used as a bait, he hastens towards it in order to take it before it can tear the net in which its claws are entangled.

Before quitting the spot he covers it with the hood, which is used to prevent it from seeing, and places on its foot a chain, to which is attached a rope of four or five feet long to prevent it from flying away.

This task completed, the man rides back to the douar with the falcon on his head or shoulder, the bird being rendered so timid by loss of sight that it never seems to think of flying away. After being taken into the tent the bird is placed on a perch about a foot high, and which is covered over with cloth, so that its claws may not be injured.

Now commences the taming and training of the

falcon. The first thing is to accustom it to the sight of men, horses, and dogs; to get it to allow the hood and chain to be put on and taken off without making the least opposition; and to make it take its food from the hand.

There are few falcons who do not make great objections to all this. Some refuse all food for days together; some attack, tooth and nail, all who attempt to touch them; others are so utterly untractable that it becomes necessary to give up all thoughts of teaching them. One remarkable thing is, that the best falcons are found to be those who have been most unruly during their educational period.

The surest way of training falcons is to deprive them of light and food for several days. They can then be accustomed to spring from the perch to the ground, and afterwards to the wrist of the person who offers them their food.

When they are sufficiently used to the sight of men and horses, one of the animals or birds which they will afterwards have to hunt is presented to them, a little of the flesh being given to them after they have killed it.

Falcons who have lost nothing of their wildness by being deprived of light and food, have been known to become of a sudden quite friendly with the man who has given them a hare or a partridge, and allowed them to gorge themselves with the

flesh. This, in the opinion of the Arabs, is by far the best means of taming the falcon.

When the falcon has been taught to attack animals from its perch, it is then taught to do so from the arm of a man on horseback.

For this purpose the Arabs take the falcons into the middle of a plain, carrying with them a certain number of partridges or hares, according to the kind of game for which the birds are being trained. The falcons, covered with their hoods and with chains attached to their feet, are carried by the horsemen, who hold them either on their heads or shoulders. Before being loosed they are placed on the wrist of the left arm, which is covered with a long glove. The lesson, in the first instance, is given to each bird separately. Whilst one of the horsemen sets at liberty either a partridge with clipped wings, or a hare who has the use of only three legs, the falconer unhoods a bird. This trial of course satisfies the falconer at once as to the talent of his pupils, who, having been deprived of liberty and light for a month previously, now suddenly find themselves free in the open country. It sometimes happens that the falcon pays no attention either to the running of the hare or the flight of the partridge. As soon as it finds itself at liberty it resolves not to lose it again, and flies off with cries of joy.

I must say, however, that generally as soon as

the falcon is unhooded, if it perceives the hare or partridge it does not think of recovering its independence, but first of all is prompted by its instinct to satisfy its wants. It darts at its prey, kills it, and then allows the hood and chain to be replaced.

For the falcon to be thoroughly trained it will now only be necessary to teach it to obey the voice of the falconer when he calls it back.

Accordingly, as soon as the falcon has killed the animal let loose before it, the falconer advances, offers the bird the hare's skin (which must previously have been shown to it), and calls to it in a particular voice.

The object of this manœuvre is, to make the falcon fly to his wrist or shoulder. If it remain deaf to the call, the falconer dismounts and offers it the hare's skin on foot, taking care to let it see some small pieces of flesh which have been left sticking to it, and which never fail to attract it. When a falcon comes readily to this invitation, whether it sometimes miss its prey or pounce directly upon it, it may be considered to have made a great advance in its art.

As I have no intention of publishing a treatise on falconry, I refer the reader who is desirous of knowing how falcons should be thoroughly trained, to the French and other authors, who have explained everything that a true falconer needs be acquainted with.

I will, however, mention one fact which useful to those who wish to cultivate this sport.

According to all authors who have written on the subject of falconry, the falcons of Europe are subject to a number of illnesses which are often mortal, no matter what care may be paid to them.

This is not the case in Algeria, where their diseases are very rare. I think there are at least three reasons which account for the superiority of the African falcon.

The first is, that the Arabs scarcely ever use any but full-grown falcons. The second, that they restore them to liberty before the moulting season. The third, that instead of being kept shut up, the birds accompany their masters (on their shoulders) in all the expeditions they undertake, and that, when the tribe erect their camps, they are allowed to pass a portion of their time on a perch or in the vicinity of a perch outside the tent, to which they do not return until night.

The education of the falcon is generally completed by the month of December. The Arabs of the north use them for the hare and the partridge; those of the south for the hare and the bustard. When the hare is to be attacked, the owner of the falcon quits his tent, followed by the falconers and attendants on horseback. On arriving at the rendezvous, the guests who have been invited to wit-

ness the sport come forward and kiss his hand, after which they mount their horses.

On a signal from the chief the falconers go forward, walking in a straight line, while the horsemen gallop along the road, and form in skirmishing order. The chief and his friends follow immediately behind the falconers.

When the horsemen on each flank have taken their places at intervals of from ten to fifteen yards, half of them regulate their movements by those of the falconers, keeping in the same line with them; while the horsemen at the extremities of the lines on each side go some distance in front.

As soon as a hare is started the news is given by the person who sees it first, and each person manœuvres so as to form the circle. At the same time the falcons are unhooded, the best trained being loosed first.

Once at liberty the bird rises, flying round and round the circle formed by the horsemen. The falconer follows the direction of the hare, and calls to the falcon until he sees it darting at or soaring above the game. If the hare runs away, the falcon darts at once upon it; if the hare lies down on the ground, the falcon at first soars for some time above it.

In the plains, where there is not much cover, the hares are so frightened by the sight of the falcon

that they stop still as if chained to the spot. In either case all the birds are let loose in succession, to follow the example of the first.

As the birds become idle after eating, they are, generally speaking, not allowed to gratify their appetites until the last hare has been killed, and the sport is at an end. They are then allowed to eat as much as they like, so that they may be tempted to continue their exploits another time.

It sometimes happens that the hare, on perceiving the falcon, takes refuge under the horses, when the bird pursues until it finds an obstacle in the presence of the horse. The sport becomes then most exciting; the falcon utters loud cries, fluttering now above, now on either side of the horseman.

But whichever way the horseman directs his steed, the poor hare still continues to keep underneath it, until at last one of the attendants takes hold of it and throws it into the open plain, when the falcons at once make it their prey.

The Arabs pursue the partridge in the same manner; but instead of forming the circle, they gallop all together in a single line, following the direction taken by the falcons.

This is far less interesting than the pursuit of the hare, and accordingly is rarely practised.

The most interesting kind of sport in connection

with the falcon is the pursuit of the bustard, which must be attacked with all the courage the falcon possesses.

As I have already remarked, the tribes of the south are the only ones which have the opportunity of taking this bird, which never ventures into the cold regions of the north.

The native tribes who fly their falcons at the bustard display the greatest magnificence on the occasion of a grand meeting, at which it is not unusual to see as many as two or three hundred horsemen.

The bustard is found on each side of the mountains which separate the district of the Tell from the desert, but are found in greater numbers on the further side. The bird is generally found in flocks of from ten to twenty. As it can be approached without difficulty, the horsemen deploy into an immense line, preceded by the falconers, who advance in front at considerable intervals one from the other. If the bustards happen to fly away to a considerable distance, the party continue to advance until they meet with a flock which does not rise so quickly, or which only flies away to a short distance.

In each of these cases, one or two, reported to be the best, of the falcons are let loose.

As soon as the bustards, after settling on the

ground, see the falcon hovering above them, they lie down on the ground like the hare, and wait there until he has selected his prey.

After two or three falcons have pounced in succession on one of the bustards, the other bustards take flight, leaving the victim to be killed where it lies. As the reader perceives, sport of this kind is not highly interesting, and accordingly the Arabs do all they can to prevent the bustard from lying down and waiting for the falcon.

When the falcons are sent after bustards who have taken to their wings, the bird pursued is first seen to mix itself up with the flock, in hopes of deceiving the falcon as to its identity; after which, if it is still the object of pursuit, it rises vertically into the air, in order to keep itself above its enemy. Generally speaking, the whole of the falcons are not loosed until one of the bustards has been separated from the rest of the flock.

The pursuit then becomes of the greatest interest.

All the horsemen, who have up to this time been spread out on the plain, gallop towards the chief, and arrange themselves around him.

The struggle is generally a long one, and the bustard is not brought to the ground, until the falcons have succeeded in rising above it, fastening themselves upon it, and either breaking its wing or putting its eyes out. Then, in the middle of

the circle formed by the horsemen, fall both bustard and falcons, and sometimes the latter are themselves killed in the fall. It sometimes happens also that the bustard, instead of rising vertically after it has been separated from the flock, flies straight forward, followed by both falcons and horsemen.

In most cases a falcon fastens upon it, and succeeds in bringing it to the ground by breaking one of its wings; but sometimes after a pursuit of some hours the chief gives the signal for retreat, and the falconers are left to follow the birds—without which precaution the chief might lose them altogether.

I have heard a feat mentioned, which proves how great the strength and rapidity of the bustard and falcon are. In the course of last winter some Arabs of the Ferjioua, having taken up a bustard and a falcon which happened to fall at their feet, carried them both to the cheik of the country. The cheik found out that the falcon belonged to a chief of the south, who had got up a meeting in the plain of El Outaia, on the day his falcon killed the bustard in the Ferjioua. Now there is a distance of not less than fifty leagues as the bird flies, from El Outaia where the bustard had been attacked at noon, to the Ferjioua, where it was brought down at four o'clock.

I spoke, at the commencement of the chapter, of a man named Mabrouk, who was more devoted to

falconry than any one I ever knew, and this man, who died about two years since, used to pursue the bustard only.

When his birds had behaved well, he did not allow the falconers to touch them.

After embracing them all and calling them by their names, he placed them on his shoulders and head, then got on horseback and rode back to his tent, taking with him what he called his dear family.

He carried the passion to such an extent, that although considered a very good father, he liked his falcons better than his wives and children, and, when dying, his last words and caresses were for his falcons.

After the death of Mabrouk, his eldest son, according to the last wishes of his father, set all the falcons at liberty, and they were ungrateful enough to profit by it.

There are some Arab chiefs in Algeria who keep falcons without ever making use of them.

They retain them, simply for show, and as an evidence of wealth and nobility calculated to strike the masses.

The chief, when he travels, causes himself to be preceded or followed by his falcons, which are carried by horsemen equipped in the richest attire.

The array altogether has its effect, not only upon the natives, but on the Europeans as well.

When the former meet an Arab chief travelling in the manner we have spoken of, they dismount and advance to kiss his knee, without even knowing him. This is the homage of the weak to the strong, the poor to the rich, the plebeian to the noble.

CHAPTER X.

RULES FOR HUNTING THE LION.

IF you are a sportsman, it must have happened to you more than once—after a good dinner with pleasant companions, when every one is talking of killing everything, from the quail to the wild boar—it must have happened to you, I say, to express a wish to find yourself face to face with a more noble and a more dangerous animal than any that is contained in our French forests; and you have said to the others, “I should like to kill a lion.”

Well, do you really wish to kill one of these interesting creatures?

If this wish comes from your heart, and not merely from your lips, I can tell you how to satisfy it.

You must be young, vigorous, have good muscles, a firm foot, and a quick eye. In this case you have the physical qualifications. As regards the *morale*, the most important point is to have an iron will.

If you are not living in Paris, go there. Ask for Devisme, the gunsmith; order one of his double-barrelled carbines; tell him what you want it

for, and he will know that the weapon must unite three indispensable conditions—solidity, precision, and propelling force. Add to the carbine a pistol possessing the same merits, and, above all, take care that it have sufficient propelling force; and use for both of them conical balls with steel points.

You should have two kinds of dress—one for the winter, which must of course be warm, and the other for the summer, which must be light, but capable of resisting the brambles and thorns, of which the woods you will have to go through are full.

If I were sure you intended coming out at once, I should say to you, Land at Philippeville; take the diligence which goes to Constantine, where you will arrive the same evening; inquire for me at the Arab Office; and if I am out in the country, which will probably be the case, pass the time until I return in practising with your carbine. If I am in the town, we will at once make our arrangements for an expedition.

You must think I am very eager to find a companion; but you make a mistake—what I want is not a companion, but a successor.

Yes, alas! I am obliged to look for a successor! My legs are getting weary, my carbine is heavy in my hand, my chest is oppressed when I ascend the slightest height, I cannot attend to all the calls

for my services made by the Arabs, and am obliged at length to take care of my health, which I feel is failing.

I should like a handful of men to be chosen from the army or elsewhere, to devote themselves altogether to lion hunting. These men—who should be paid in proportion to the fatigue and the risk they would have to undergo, and insured a humble reward in case of severe accident—these men, I say, would be of immense service in a country where courage must be made visible to the eye.

I should be happy and proud to command this little band, and to direct it in a mission which could not fail to benefit France; but I doubt whether I shall ever have this honour.

Come, then, at once, you who wish to hunt the lion side by side with me; and if the lion should prove stronger than ourselves, I will be his first victim, and my fate will serve you as a lesson.

But in case you should arrive too late, listen now to my instructions:—

Do not hunt at all during the winter; I prohibit it at once. Hunting in the winter has added thirty years to my age.

I will suppose that you arrive at Bône in April. Go at once to the Arab Office, state with what object you have come, and ask the military commander to put you in communication with the chiefs of the tribes in his subdivision.

Now, the tribes being held responsible for all assassinations committed in their territory, they will be afraid of your being killed either by the lions or by the marauders, in which case your death might be attributed to *them*. Accordingly the Arabs would allow the lions to devour them to the last man, rather than apply to you to assist them.

Besides, the presence of a Christian being insupportable to them, that alone would prevent them applying to you ; and as you cannot prove to them by argument that you will not get killed either by the lions or the marauders, there is only one possible way of proceeding open to you.

• Put yourself in communication with some caid who has mountains in his territory frequented by lions ; pay your court to him assiduously, and gain his friendship by means of presents. If he consent to take you out with him into the country—and he will do so if you behave liberally towards him—buy a mountain horse for yourself, and a mule for your baggage.

If you care about good living, provide yourself accordingly ; if you are sober—and, to be successful, it is desirable that you should be so—take with you nothing but coffee and tobacco.

Avoid wine and spirits ; otherwise you would be looked upon unfavourably wherever you went ; and then the water of the mountains is so pure

and so good, that after a short time you will not regret wine in the least.

You will easily procure at Bône a lad who will act as interpreter for you, and you must reckon him as part of your luggage.

Before starting, tell the superintendent of the Arab Office the name of the caid to whom you are going, and the district which you think you will visit. He will give you a pass, which you will have to show to the Arabs who are not acquainted with you. In the subdivision of Bône you will have to choose between the district of Bône, Calle, Edough, and Ghelma.

At Bône there are the Beni-Salah, among whom there are enough lions, but too many marauders. The same may be said of Calle; if you began in either of these districts, you would be killed during the first fortnight. The low hills at the south of the Edough, near the caid's house, are good.

The country at the south and west of the camp of Dréan is also good.

If you find that there are any lions in the neighbourhood, express a wish to pitch your tent as near as possible to their supposed haunts—for instance, at about a hundred paces above the douar. You should be at a distance of at least a hundred paces from the tents, because you ought never to see the

women of the douar ; and you should take up your position on the ground above the tent, because the marauders, who are always hanging about when there is no moon, always approach the douar from below, so that there may be less chance of their being seen.

As soon as you have pitched your tent, you will be pestered with visits. The Arabs will flock to see you, simply from curiosity, and in order to ascertain in what respect you differ from other men. This will be their sole motive. There they will be perched around you, and staring at you like idiots. Pay no attention to them. Some of them will welcome you to their territory ; reply to them without smiling, and simply by a movement of the head, as much as to say, "I am satisfied." Remain silent if you possibly can, or at least do not speak except when it is absolutely necessary to do so.

The talkative man is despised by the Arabs. You may be ignorant, stupid ; it is considered honourable to be a thief and an assassin, but it is a disgrace to be a chatterer.

They will not fail to overwhelm you with questions as to your projects, directly they understand of what nature they are. Mind what you reply. Answer but few of their questions, and answer always with modesty.

They will say to you, "Do you hunt by day or by night?"

You will reply, "Both day and night."

"Alone or with your companions?"

"Alone."

Then some young man, with an expression of the greatest innocence and candour, will perhaps say to you—

"But if during the night you meet one or more persons in the mountains, shall you fire at them?"

Lose no time in saying, so that every one may hear you :

"What does it matter to me whether these men wander about at night or not. Their affairs do not concern me ; I am only looking out for lions. As soon as I see or hear these men, I shall call to them to stand off ; and, if they have no bad intentions, I shall not harm them."

The conversation must go no further even if you have to stop a month in the neighbourhood of the douar. You may be certain, that if you fire a few good shots before them the next day, as if to keep your hand in, they will spread the news of your arrival and intended exploits to a distance of some twenty leagues all round the country. In less than a week every one will be acquainted with your age, your height, and your general appearance. "He speaks but little," they will say, "and ap-

pears brave; he is a good shot, and does not interfere with the marauders."

These last words are of much import, and, in fact, decide a question of life and death.

But you have given a negative answer to the great questions, "Have you ever killed a lion? have you ever seen one? have you ever heard one roar?" So that your manly appearance, composed manner, and your excellent shooting, do not as yet prove that you will kill your first lion.

The moment for action having arrived, you send to inquire among the neighbouring douars whether the lion has been heard or seen, or whether any cattle have lately disappeared.

While you are waiting for the return of your messenger, as you do not know the country, and will require a guide, and as only the professional thieves or marauders are capable of acting in that capacity, you must associate yourself with a professional thief.

If you inquire for a marauder at one of the douars, the people will burst out laughing in your face, and will tell you that they are all eminently honest.

But ask for "a man who is accustomed to walk about at night," or "who is not afraid to walk about at night," and you will find twenty all young and vigorous, and you can select the one whose appearance pleases you most.

Speak to him of his courage, and he will be quite proud; but ask him to accompany you, and he will refuse point blank.

You must then explain to him what you want, viz., to be accompanied at a distance, to be shown the haunts of the lion, the path by which he generally comes down from the woods to the plain, the spring or brook where he generally drinks, the ford or pass, if there be one, where he may be met with. Above all, tell your guide that you not only do not wish him to be near you at the moment of danger, but that you cannot allow him to remain with you when you are about to make the attack. He will consent to accompany you without a doubt.

Promise him a reward if you are pleased with him; this will certainly do no harm.

If an Arab comes and tells you that the lion has just carried off an ox or a horse at some leagues from the douar near which you are encamped, prepare your baggage and go at once to the scene of the exploit.

If your guide says he knows the country, and has a friend living in it, take him with you; otherwise leave him behind, promising him a reward if he can collect any good information by your return. You will find a guide in the douar which has been plundered.

Find out whether the lion roars; if he is alone

or accompanied by other lions ; get a description of him, but for greater certainty go yourself during the day with your guide along the paths which lead to the mountain, and try to discover the lion's foot-print.

If the ground be dry, look for a moist or even damp spot in the path, and when you have found the lion's track, you can judge of its size and sex in the following manner : place your open hand on the foot-print, and if you cannot cover the claws of the animal with your outspread fingers, you may conclude that it is a full-grown male lion. If your hand covers the foot, it is a lion-cub or a lioness.

You must wait for a moonlight night. Do not be impatient. You *must* wait ; for to hunt the lion in the darkness of the night is an act of madness of which I have often been guilty, but which has almost cost me my life on several occasions.

It was in the month of February, 1845. I had had the honour of receiving a beautiful gun from the Duke d'Aumale.

I had killed two lions, and was longing to kill my third with this weapon, which has since served me in thirteen victories, and which is less dear to me from having been my companion and safeguard during three hundred nights than from being the gift of the prince.

A fever which I had caught in my first excursion prevented my taking any part in the ensuing military campaign.

Hoping that the sea air would do me good, I went to Bône towards the end of February.

Owing to the accounts I heard of an enormous old lion who was ruining his neighbours, in the vicinity of the camp of Dréan, I sent for my weapons from Ghelma, and left Bône on the 26th of February.

At five o'clock on the evening of the 27th, I reached the douar of the Ouled-Bou-Azizi, situate about half a mile from the retreat of the beast, who, according to the old men of the place, had lived there thirty years.

I was told, on my arrival, that every evening at sunset the lion roared on leaving his den, and that in the night he descended into the plain still continuing to roar.

A meeting seemed inevitable, so I loaded my two guns. Hardly had I finished this operation, which always requires the greatest attention, when I heard the roaring begin in the mountain.

My host offered to accompany me as far as the ford which the lion would have to cross on descending the mountain. I gave him my second gun, and we started.

It was too dark to see at two steps distance.

After having walked through a wood for a quarter of an hour we reached the border of a brook that flows at the foot of the Zebel Krounèga.

My guide, much agitated by the roaring, which drew nearer and nearer, said, "The ford is there."

I tried to reconnoitre my position; but all around was so dark that I could not even see the Arab, although he touched me.

As my eyes could distinguish nothing, I began to descend towards the brook, feeling all the way with my hands for the track of a horse or sheep. It was certainly well sheltered, and difficult of access.

Having found a stone, which I used as a seat, at the edge of the brook, and just beyond the ford, I sent away my guide, who wished for nothing better.

While I was trying to make out the ground about me, he did not cease saying, "Let us return to the douar; the night is too dark; we will look for the lion to-morrow, during the day."

As he did not dare return to the douar alone, he crouched down in a group of lentiscs about fifty steps from me.

After telling him not to move under any circumstances, I took my position on the stone.

The lion was roaring still, and drawing gradually nearer.

Having closed my eyes for some minutes, I saw on opening them that at my feet there was a perpendicular ditch, formed, no doubt, by the overflowing of the brook, which ran some yards beneath me; on the left, and at the very muzzle of my gun, was the ford. I formed my plan instantly.

If it were possible to distinguish the lion in the bed of the river, I meant to fire at him there—the ditch being a means of protection for me in case I wounded him severely.

It might have been nine o'clock when I heard a roar, about a hundred yards beyond the brook. With my elbow on my knee, the butt end of my gun on my shoulder, and my eyes fixed on the water, which I could distinguish from time to time, I waited.

The time seemed long, when I heard, just in front of me, on the opposite side of the brook, a long, guttural moan.

I raised my eyes in the direction of this strange sound, and perceived the eyes of the lion fixed on me, and looking like two red-hot coals.

This fixed look drove back all the blood in my veins to my heart.

A minute before I shuddered with cold; now the perspiration streamed on my forehead.

Any one who has not seen a full-grown lion in its wild state, may believe in the possibility of an

armed man struggling with it; but any person who has seen one, knows that a man wrestling with a lion is like a mouse in the claws of a cat.

I have said that I had already killed two lions, the smallest of which weighed five hundred pounds. The latter, with one movement of his claw, had stopped a horse at full gallop, and had killed both horse and man. From that period I was sufficiently well acquainted with their severity to know what I had to expect from leonine scratches.

Accordingly, I have never looked upon a dagger as a weapon to be depended on.

In case a lion should not fall beneath my first or second bullet (which is possible enough), I have determined, when he springs upon me and I resist the shock, to endeavour to force my gun down his throat up to the stock; then, if his powerful claws have neither thrown me to the ground nor pierced me like a harpoon, I must either attack him in the eyes or near the heart, according to the means of action left to me.

If I fall at his attack, which is more than probable, provided I have my two hands free, I shall feel for his heart with the left, and with the right deal the blow.

If on the following day two bodies be not found entwined together, mine will not have left the field

of honour, and the lion's will not be far from it. The dagger will tell the rest.

I had just drawn my dagger from the sheath and placed it in the ground within reach, when the lion cast his eyes down towards the brook.

I took a mental farewell of the world, and made a vow to die in a manner of which those who were dear to me would be proud; yet when my finger moved softly towards the trigger, I was less agitated than the lion himself, who was about taking to the water.

I heard his first step in the stream, which ran noisily and rapidly before us. Then all was silent. Was he standing still? Was he coming towards me? These were the questions I put to myself as I sought to pierce the obscurity by which I was enveloped on all sides, when suddenly I thought I heard, close by on my left, the sound of his step in the mud. He had indeed come out of the brook, and was slowly ascending the steps of the ford, when a movement I happened to make caused him to stop.

He was at four or five steps from me, and might spring upon me at any moment.

It is useless to look for the sights of your gun when you can't even see the barrel.

"I fired as I best could, with my head erect and both eyes open.

The flash enabled me to see an enormous hairy mass of indistinct form. A fearful roar rent the air—the lion was *hors de combat*.

The first cry of pain was followed by a series of dull, threatening moans. I heard the animal writhing in the mud on the edge of the brook, but after a short time all was silent.

Thinking he was dead, I returned to the douar with my guide, who, from what he had been able to hear, also concluded that the lion was now no more.

Of course I remained awake all night.

At daybreak we reached the ford; but no lion! We could only trace him by the blood as far as the stream.

The day afterwards the Arabs of the district, who bore considerable ill will towards their nocturnal visitor, being convinced that he was dead, proposed to me to go out and look for him.

There were sixty of us—some on foot and some on horseback. After several hours' fruitless search, I returned to the douar and prepared to take my leave, when I heard several shots and cheers from the direction of the mountain. There was no room for doubt—they had found my lion.

I started off at a gallop, and soon convinced myself that this time, at all events, my hopes would be realized.

The Arabs were flying in all directions, and shouting like demons.

Some of them had reached the other side of the brook; the others, to the number of ten, emboldened by the fact that they were on horseback, and that the lion had only three legs at his disposal, had formed a party to finish him (as they said); they were commanded by the cheik.

I had just passed the brook and was going to dismount, when I saw the horsemen, with the cheik at their head, turn round and start off at full gallop.

The lion was after them on his three legs, clearing the rocks and shrubs in far better style than the men on horseback, and uttering roars, which so terrified the horses that the riders had no longer any control over them.

The horses were still galloping, but the lion had stopped within an open space, in a haughty and threatening attitude.

How grand he was with his jaws open, breathing menaces of death against all who were there!

How grand he was, with his black mane standing on end, and his tail beating angrily against his sides!

He was about a hundred paces from the spot. I dismounted, and called to one of the Arabs, who had been keeping themselves at a safe distance,

to take my horse. Several of them ran towards me, and I was obliged to leave my burnous in their hands, in order to prevent them putting me on my horse again and carrying me away.

A few of them followed me, in order to dissuade me from my project : but as by degrees I quickened my pace and drew nearer to the lion, their number diminished. At last one man only remained with me, and he was the guide of the previous day. "I received you under my tent," he said to me, "and will answer for you before God and man. I will die with you."

The lion had left the open space and had buried himself in a mass of trees, which were close by.

Walking with caution, ready to fire at any moment, I tried in vain to find the animal's track. The soil was rocky, and the lion's wounds had ceased to bleed.

I had just searched the trees forming the group, one by one, when my guide, who had remained a short distance from me, said—

"Death will not accept you ; you have passed close to the lion without being touched by him ; if your eyes had only met his, you must have died without being able to fire a shot."

I told him to throw some stones into the lion's place of retirement. One of the shrubs opened, and, after looking on all sides, out sprang the lion in the direction of myself. He was at ten steps

from me, his tail straight, his mane standing on end, his neck extended. With his broken leg hanging back, and his claws turned inwards, he had altogether the appearance of a dog pointing at game.

As soon as he made his appearance, I seated myself on the earth, with the Arab behind me, shouting incessantly, "Fire! why don't you fire?"—exclamations which he mixed up with his prayers.

The lion made a bound of four or five steps towards me, and was probably about to follow it up with another, when he suddenly found himself struck with a bullet at about an inch above the right eye. He at once fell.

My Arab was already returning thanks to God, when the lion turned round and raised himself on his hind legs, like a horse rearing.

Another ball, with a more fortunate result, found the animal's heart, and at last stretched him dead on the ground.

At this period I was not acquainted with the superiority of the new carbine* over the ordinary gun.

To make my shot penetrate to a greater extent, I substituted iron slugs for bullets.

I left you trying to determine the age, sex, and size of the lion you were to attack. If you can

* On the Minie principle.

ascertain nothing important about the animal, from the fact of his track not being discoverable, start off some night, accompanied by your guide.

Go over all the paths frequented by the lion on his way to the douars.

Walk slowly, and make frequent halts.

In a woody country make your guide conduct you quickly to a path which the animal frequents, and then place yourself so as to intercept his progress; then sit down by the side of a bush, and wait.

Your guide ought to be at some steps from you, concealed in the wood; but as to that, you can rely upon him for keeping himself entirely out of danger. Placed as we suppose you to be, you cannot be perceived by the animal until he is at the very muzzle of your carbine.

And now pay attention to what I have to say. The marauders have a thousand good reasons for not sparing you; therefore be constantly on your guard. If a man appears to you, let him see the end of your carbine, and order him to stand off. He has heard that you are not ill-disposed towards him and his companions, and will probably obey you. In any case be on the look-out, and do not get killed like a fool.

When a lion appears, wait for him with your carbine at your shoulder and your finger on the

trigger; wait until he is quite opposite to you, and directly he sees you he will stop.

The shoulder is a fine place to aim at, but hazardous. On one occasion a lion, after being shot through the shoulder with two slugs, injured two of my Arabs most severely, and lamed my spahi, Rostain.

Aim, therefore, between the eye and ear, if the animal is looking at you sideways, and between the two eyes if he is facing you. Fire, and he must fall. Wait for a minute on the defensive, and do not approach him until he gives no signs of life.

If a hyæna presents itself you must let it pass.

The Arabs, as I have before remarked, say, "as cowardly as a hyæna," and the Arabs are right.

You have been told how you are to act in case you meet the enemy.

It is probable, however, that you will have to wander about the plains and mountains during the whole of the first moon without seeing any lion at all. Do not let this discourage you. An Arab proverb says, "There are a hundred douars, a hundred paths, a hundred fords for one lion."

The Arab proverb would be more correct if it said that there were more than a thousand douars, a thousand paths, and a thousand fords for one lion.

In proof of this I may mention, that I have passed six hundred nights in the open air, going through the passes which were most frequented by lions, and waiting at all the best fords, and that I have only met twenty-five lions.

Kill a few wild boars, if such be your pleasure : it will be practice for your hand and eye ; and then proceed to Ghelma. Introduce yourself to the commander of the district and to the director of the Arab Office ; wait for the new moon, and go up to the Mahouna. On the western slope of this beautiful mountain you will find the district of the Ouled-Hamzah. Pitch your tent with the cheik, and apply to him for a guide.

During the day inspect the two paths which have been formed on the side of this mountain ; go down to the edge of Oued-Cherf, and reconnoitre the ford of Boulcrbeigh and that of the Swallows.

You will find numerous places of ambush, which were constructed by the Turks who hunted for Ahmed Bey.

These places are fortified. I had them repaired by the Arabs, with a view to retiring within them when overtaken by storms.

Remember that these places of ambush have been made by cowards and for cowards ; and that if you used them, the Arabs would not fail to say

that if ~~that~~ be your plan, they can kill lions as well as you.

The Mahouna is the lion's pleasure-garden; not one of these noble travellers goes from the kingdom of Tunis to Morocco without stopping for some time in the Mahouna.

If on reaching it you do not find a big old lion, who is causing general terror by his roars, you will find at the fords, of which I have spoken above, the tracks of some young lions, who have taken up their summer quarters on the banks of the river.

When you have discovered the footprints of several young lions in the sands of the river, try to find out by what path they come down from the wood, and then keep on the look-out as long as the moon lasts. In all probability you will meet the leonine family.

You must place yourself in a position from which you can command the ford, and fire downwards. Never, never under any circumstances fire *upwards* at a lion; even if your first shot be successful, the animal has only to live two minutes in order to destroy you.

At this ford of Boulérbeh, which I recommend to you, during a night in July, 1845, I found myself opposite three lions of about three years of age. The foremost stopped on seeing me, and I sent it rolling into the river.

Now, if I had placed myself lower down than the path, this animal, although it had both its shoulders broken, would certainly have torn me to pieces; as it was, it crawled towards me, and I was only saved by my elevated position, which prevented it reaching me all at once, and gave me time to reload and send it back three times in succession into the river, where it at last remained.

Do not pay particular attention to the number of footprints you may see. If the cubs are less than two years old, they are sure to be followed by their mother.

Let them pass, and wait for the lioness herself. If the cubs are very young, be cautious; for the mother will not wait to be attacked by you. As soon as she perceives you, she will act on the offensive, and it is no easy matter to come well out of such a combat.

In November, 1846, a lioness had killed a horse, and dragged the body to the bottom of a ravine. I sat down at the foot of a lentisc, and waited for her.

The first night nothing appeared, the second night the same; the third, the mother came with her little ones, who were beginning to get rather big. One of the latter was about to commence upon the horse, when the lioness, who was lying down and watching the proceedings of her cub, happened to see me. Our eyes had scarcely met,

when with one bound she jumped on her offspring as if about to devour it. The cub took to flight, and an instant afterwards the horse alone was before me. Suddenly, on my left and almost behind me, I heard something like the rustle which would be made by a mouse running over a bush, and looking towards the side whence it appeared to proceed, saw first of all two large paws, then a pair of long mustachios, then an enormous nose.

My gun was at my shoulder, my finger was on the trigger, and just as an eye appeared to me fixed and staring, an iron slug was fortunate enough to reach its mark.

The lioness will never attack you openly. When she first of all sees you she remains still; if you aim at her she lies down, and will keep so close to the ground that it will be impossible to distinguish her.

She will then raise her head, and if your gun be no longer at your shoulder she will get up and pretend to go away. But she will not go unless her cubs are already at a considerable distance.

If the cubs are anywhere near you, the lioness, whom you think a long way off, will crawl towards you, and suddenly spring upon you when you least expect her.

Accordingly be prudent, cautious, and vigilant.

If you pass the summer season in the Mahouna, some evening, while you are sipping your coffee

outside your tent, you will hear a noise resembling the distant roar of artillery, which will be repeated from echo to echo along the mountains.

There is no fortified place in this region, and the cannon at Ghelma is only fired at noon. Rise and go outside the douar, that you may hear better.

Never has your ear been struck with a more harmonious, magnificent, and imposing sound.

Attention! do not lose a note.

Some great old lion who arrived the previous night, and whose moans are shaking mountains, has just left his lair.

He is walking along with his eyes half shut; he is ~~not~~ yet quite awake

In a short time he will have shaken off his drowsiness, and he will then begin to roar.

The Arabs have heard him; they call for you from every side; are looking for you everywhere.

If you were to attend to them you would start instantly and kill this lion before he had visited half his domains.

Young and old will crouch around you, and listen with solemn respect to the voice before which all others are silent—that voice which tells of the strength and courage of the strongest and most courageous animal on the face of the earth.

Observe the Arabs: their conduct is both curious and instructive.

As soon as the lion is silent they all begin speak-

ing at once, uttering 'the loudest imprecations against it, and applying to it the most offensive epithets.

Directly the lion begins to roar again, the word remains unfinished on their lips, and they do not miss a sound which the animal utters.

Do not be in too great a hurry to make your attack. The lion, having just arrived, is sure to remain in the country about a month. He has good lairs, flocks and herds everywhere, water in abundance. What could he want more?

If the moon is good, go about half a league nearer, in order to hear the lion's roar more plainly, and get accustomed to it. The nearer you approach it, the more you will be moved by the sound, which is altogether unequalled.

If the animal appears to be coming towards you, leave the path, and go a few steps into the wood. You will thus be able to hear the roar close by, and I can assure you that it will frighten you.

Stop where you are until the morning. The next day you will probably hear that the lion has killed a few oxen, horses, or mules: an old lion seldom goes out at night without some result. Go and sit down at ten paces from the horse, ox, or mule which the lion has killed. Place yourself in such a manner that you will command the lion's position on his arrival. He eats slowly, and will do you the honour to look at you from time

to time, as if to ask you what you are doing there.

Aim between the two eyes, and kill with the first shot.

If you have passed two nights without seeing the lion, make up your mind that he is foraging in some other direction.

In the meanwhile we will suppose that the moon is full: it rises at dusk, and sets at daybreak.

You have been able to study the routes which the animal generally frequents, and know which path it is likely to take on leaving its lair.

Start on your expedition at sunset; go and sit down on a rock which commands the lair, and wait there.

At the first roar listen attentively, so as to discover which direction the lion is taking. If he is coming towards you, you will only have a few steps to take; if he is going in a contrary direction, and you cannot cut off his advance, you must wait for his return. When he has done his night's work, he will be sure to come back.

This side of the mountain being covered with wood, and intersected by deep ravines, the lion has only two paths to select from on his way to the douars; so that it will be easy for you to meet him.

When the roar is drawing nearer, and the lion appears to be on the same path as yourself, walk towards him.

The oaks and wild olive-trees, which run in lines along the path, intercept the rays of the moon in some places so completely that you can scarcely see your own feet.

To meet the lion under these circumstances would be fatal; you must accordingly look for some spot where you will be able to make use of your eyes. Then sit down and wait.

Whether the lion advances at that rapid pace which he adopts on leaving his lair, or having completed his night's exploits is returning slowly home, wagging his enormous head from side to side, as soon as he perceives you in his path he will stop.

If you remain sitting he will advance slowly towards you with his nose to the ground like a bull.

At one moment he will roar enough to deafen you, at the next he will utter the most frightful moans.

Do not lose sight of him for a single instant, and keep your eyes fixed constantly on his.

If he leaves the path to go and sharpen his claws at a neighbouring tree, you must make ready for him.

Here he comes: be prudent and self-possessed.

The slightest precipitation would be your destruction. He sees your weapons, and none of his movements escape you.

He will not attack you until after your first shot.

When you aim at him he will lie down opposite you like a cat.

In this position he only presents to you the upper part of his head, and however near you may be, I do not advise you to fire. Without taking your gun from your shoulder, or your eyes from the eyes of the lion, take a few steps either to the right or left, according to which side happens to be the best lighted by the moon.

If you go too far, the lion will think you are about to fire at his body, and will accordingly turn round so as still to present nothing but his head to you; accordingly you must only take two or three steps, and as soon as the temple is nearly opposite you, aim between the eye and the ear, and press the trigger.

One of two things now takes place: either the lion is killed instantaneously, or before you can ascertain the effect of your shot you are down on your back beneath the lion, who covers you with his body, and holds you tightly in his powerful claws. But you are not yet dead for all that.

If your shot has been well aimed, and has met with no obstacle to turn it from its course, you will get off with some dozen wounds from the lion's claws, of which you may get cured. Provided the lion does not touch you with his mouth, and

only lives for a few seconds, you may manage to get off alive.

In any case, remember that you have a dagger, and, if you have not lost it in your fall, strike quickly, and in the proper places:

If the lion dies on the spot, thank Heaven and St. Hubert, and begin again.

One piece of advice must not be forgotten : whenever you are dealing with a full-grown lion, mind that your movements are rapid. If precipitation may cost you your life, delay in making the attack may also be fatal to you.

The lion becomes impatient, and has only to spring upon you, while you are aiming at him, and you are disarmed and torn to pieces without having fired a shot.

And now that you have delivered the mountaineers from their enemy, now that you have been able to see the effect which your success has exercised upon these men whom nothing would appear to affect, go to other districts and seek for fresh victories.

You may be certain that henceforth your reputation will precede you, and that you will be baptized "the lion-killer." The Jebel-Archioua, and the environs of Medjez-Amar in the district of Ghelma, are favourite resorts of travelling lions.

Get on the track of one of these fine old lions

who are seeking for some happy land in which to terminate their career.

Follow him from night to morning, across mountains and plains. When at break of day you hear his last roar you will know that he will remain where he is until the evening.

Get your horse, which I suppose you to have left at some distance behind, take a little rest, and in the evening approach the lion's lair.

Let his first roar be your signal for preparing to attack him.

If he goes off in another direction, try all you can to find some path by which you can cut off his progress.

Let nothing stop you. Follow him across the country, and after numerous long marches and much fatigue and trouble you will at last find yourself opposite your enemy; an interview of a few minutes will then make amends for all the rest.

Never kill a marauder if you can possibly help it. If you are forced to do so, never set foot again in the country where you have shot him.

In the districts where you are known to them you will have nothing to fear; indeed they need only know that you are in the neighbourhood to avoid wandering about at night in your direction.

Never go out when it is not moonlight.

Put your carbine at full cock directly you leave

your tent, and do not uncock it until after your return.

Walk quietly, and examine the ground in front and around you.

Stop frequently to listen.

Whenever you come to a pass, a ford, or a path the sides of which are covered, keep yourself in readiness to fire at a moment's notice.

A lion may have heard you or seen you, and may be waiting close by to spring upon you. Marauders may do the same.

When you have killed some half dozen lions by night, you can, without compromising your reputation or losing the esteem of the Arabs, attack a lion at sunset, drawing him out of his lair by means of a live bait.

In order that you may understand this mode of killing the lion, which differs from all those previously described, I will here give the history of my last campaign.

Some days after the return of the expedition to Kabylia in July, 1853, I left Constantine to go to the Aurès Mountains, where I had heard there was an old lion in the neighbourhood of Krenchela.

The natives, driven to despair with the losses which he had inflicted on them, had assembled to the number of two or three hundred, in order to kill him or drive him away from the country.

The attack took place at sunrise. At noon five hundred shots had been fired, the Arabs carried away one killed and six wounded, and the lion remained master of the field of battle. On my arrival in the valley of the Ourten on the 18th of July, I received a deputation from each douar in the neighbourhood, and after the usual compliments a proposition was made that every one in the district should take up arms.

Just then Sidi-Omar, the marabout, came forward and addressed me in these words:—

“If it please God to bless your arms, in a few days our wives and children shall come here underneath this tree to count with eyes and fingers the teeth of the *mâlefactor*, and to kiss the hand which brings peace to our mountains.”

At this speech of the marabout, the proposition for taking up arms generally, was abandoned, and every one went back to his tent thinking that there was now no hope for the lion.

If I had listened to Sidi-Omar I need not have left the place where I was standing, for the lion was to come there of his own accord and get killed.

That very day, however, I selected some men who were to set out at dawn on the day following, each one in his own direction, to find out by what path the lion proceeded to and from his lair.

On the 19th the lion had made an extensive

circuit in the plain ; and the outlookers, not being able to get on his track, watched for the lioness, who was reported to me as being in a wood of about ten acres in extent.

At seven in the evening I was on the watch for her ; at eight she came out at about six paces from me, and fell at the third shot.

On the 20th there was a general rendezvous at noon in the garden of Ourten. Foreseeing that the outlookers would have a great deal of trouble, as the lion would be wandering about in search of his better half, I had made the time of meeting two hours later than on the previous day.

The lion, after beating up all the paths, and searching in all the lairs, had killed a mule and two oxen in one of the mountain douars ; after which he ascended the mountains towards the south.

His last traces were at three leagues from the place of meeting.

At four o'clock I got on horseback, and rode to the front, where the track had been lost.

After sending my horse away, I waited for the night, in order to beat up the path which the lion had taken the evening before. At about eleven o'clock, not having met him, and hearing the Arabs and dogs of the douars at the foot of the mountain make a great noise, I thought the lion had taken some other path, and went home to my tent.

For three days in succession we took the same pains to discover the lion, but without effect.

On the 24th an Arab was sent to me to say that the lion was in a wood called Tafrent, and that since the 20th he had killed eight oxen.

I went off with this man, my spahi, and the outlookers, leaving my tent at Ourten, and taking nothing with me but my arms.

I passed the night of the 24th outside the douar which he had so lately visited, but he did not make his appearance.

On the 25th my men informed me that the lion had come out of the wood on the preceding evening, but that they could not ascertain whether he had returned to it.

In order to save the men trouble, I took up my position on the confines of the wood.

I was joined on the same day by M. de Rodenburgh, a Dutch officer, who had gone through the expedition to Kabylia with us, and who was anxious to experience more of those violent emotions, the recollection of which never leaves us. He arrived at Ourten, where he had pitched his tent by the side of mine, on the 19th.

At about ten in the evening, the lion was roaring within half a league from the douar, and at midnight he carried off a sheep at a few paces from us.

On the 26th an order was sent to all the douars not to let either men or cattle leave the tents until the outlookers had returned, so that the track of the lion might not be effaced by any other.

On the same day Bil-Kassem-Bil-Eouchet brought me the following report:—

“I take the lion from the time of his leaving the douar; I find the skin of the sheep he ate last night; I follow him to the edge of the brook where he drank, and then give up the track to Amar-Ben-Sigha, my comrade, whose footprints I recognised at this spot.”

Amar arrived just as this report concluded.

His countenance was radiant; he had no occasion to speak; every one could see that he had discovered the animal's retreat, and was certain of what he was going to state.

The Arabs, as he passed among them, pulled the skirts of his burnous, and interrogated him both by word and gesture, but he remained silent. The joyful look which overspread his countenance alone announced the secret, which he would have wished to confide to me alone.

This was his report:—

“I find the lion drinking at the brook of Tafrent, where he must have made a pause. •

“I follow him through a burnt wood, which you can see from here, and at the extremity of which he must have remained until daybreak, to judge by

the number of marks on the trees which he has made in sharpening his claws.

“On leaving the burnt wood, the lion crosses a torrent which forms the eastern boundary of the wood of Tafrent, into which he next enters. I turn the wood by following the course of the stream to the south-west, and then taking the path to the north.

“The lion did not come out on the other side, and, accordingly, I returned to the track, which I had marked by leaving my burnous on it, and followed him through the wood to within gunshot of his lair.

“The men who accompanied me now became frightened, and accordingly I returned without making the least noise, being convinced that the animal had taken up his abode at the foot of the white rock, known in the country as the lion’s rock.”

The lion once discovered, it was only necessary to choose between the different modes of attack.

The first consists in proceeding with considerable noise towards his lair, which makes him come out to meet the hunters, who wait for him in a commanding position.

In the second, the animal is followed to his lair, and surprised sleeping. In the third, he is drawn out by means of a live bait.

Amar-Ben-Sigha having assured me that it was impossible to attack him in his lair, on account of

the thickness of the wood, I decided in favour of the bait.

At seven in the evening I started, followed by my spahi Hamida, and my two outlookers carrying my arms and leading a goat.

At half-past seven we reached Amar's track, which I was not sorry to find.

I was also pleased to find the lion's track very distinct in the bed of the torrent, from which I decided that he was an old lion of large size, and beyond a doubt my friend of the Krenchela.

The lair was situated on the southern slope of the mountain, at less than a hundred paces from the ravine. On the opposite side, and quite on the edge of the same ravine, I found an open space of about ten square yards in extent, surrounded by lofty trees, and at about a hundred and fifty yards distance from the lion's stronghold.

Whilst one of my men was fastening the goat to the root of a tree in the middle of the open space, and the other was giving me my arms, the lion made his appearance at the foot of the rock, and began watching us.

I lost no time in taking up my position on the confines of the wood opposite the lion, and at five or six paces from the goat, who, seeing my attendants disappear into the wood, cried out with all its might, and made great efforts to get close to me.

The lion had disappeared. Doubtless he was advancing towards me under cover of the wood.

I had just cut down a few branches with my dagger, fearing they might interfere with my aim, and was going to sit down, when the goat suddenly became silent and trembled all over, looking first towards me, then towards the ravine, which I understood to mean:—

“The lion is there; I feel he is coming; I hear him; he is coming; I see him.”

Indeed, in the first instance the goat had only recognised the presence of the lion by its scent; afterwards, when it heard the animal's steps, I saw that such was the case by the jerking of its ears. The lion of course became visible to myself and the goat at the same time.

He ascended the side of the ravine slowly, and stopped on the edge of the open space at about twelve paces from me.

He was exactly facing, and his fine forehead made a capital target. Twice did I lower my carbine, twice did I aim at him between the two eyes, twice did my finger gently touch the trigger; but the gun did not go off, and I was glad of it.

I had not seen such a large majestic lion for two years, and I was about to kill him without giving myself time to admire him.

The noble animal, as if he had understood my thoughts, had lain down, and after crossing his

enormous paws, had placed his head upon them as upon a pillow.

Without paying the least attention to the goat, which was paralyzed with fear, he examined me with much interest, now winking his eyes, which gave a most benign expression to his countenance; now opening them to their full size, which made me, in spite of myself, touch the trigger of my carbine. The lion seemed to be saying to himself:—

“Just this moment I saw some men and a goat in this open space; the men went away, and the goat remained by itself: I reach the spot, and find by the side of the goat another man dressed in red and blue, such as I never saw before, and who, instead of taking to flight at my approach, waits as if he wished to speak to me.”

Then, as the shades of evening were lowering, he seemed to add:—

“Dinner-time is drawing near; which would be the best to eat, the goat or the red man? Yesterday’s sheep was much better than this goat, but the sheep are such a long way off. Red men are perhaps good as a general rule, but this one seems thin.”

The last reflection apparently determined him; for he got up and walked forward three steps, with his eyes fixed on the goat.

With the carbine at my shoulder and my finger on the trigger, I followed all his movements, ready to fire at the proper moment. Twice he seemed

on the point of darting at the goat, lying down like a cat about to make a spring.

I thought the rope which fastened the goat might give him some uneasiness, and at last saw that he suspected a snare, as he began walking to and fro on the edge of the open space, showing me his teeth whenever he stopped.

The game was becoming too serious—it was time to put an end to it.

Taking advantage of a moment when he was turning his side towards me, at twelve paces distance and on the edge of the ravine, I hit him with my first shot in the middle of the shoulder, and immediately afterwards with my second, in nearly the same place.

Pierced through and through by the steel-pointed bullets, the lion rolled like an avalanche down to the bottom of the ravine.

My men, convinced that the lion must be dead, were collecting persons to carry away the carcass.

In the meanwhile I was following his progress in the bed of the ravine by the traces of blood which he left behind, and found that he had retired into a dark, thick, almost impenetrable thicket, at about twenty yards distance.

In order to ascertain the state of the case at once, I threw a stone into the thicket, and was answered by a dull, guttural roar, alternately plaintive and threatening—a roar which spoke of death,

and which proceeded from about twenty paces distance.

This roar froze my heart, reminding me of the lion of Mejez-Amar, who, six years previously, under similar circumstances, had mutilated, beneath my eyes, and in spite of my bullets, my spahi Rostain and two Arabs.

I went down on my knees at the extremity of the thicket, but sought in vain to penetrate its darkness. I could not see beyond the foremost branches, which were reddened with the lion's blood.

After having made a mark in the ground, so that I might recognise the place where the lion went in, I was about to withdraw when my men returned.

I had the greatest trouble to prevent them going into the thicket, where the lion, they maintained, must be lying dead.

It was useless to tell them that I was sure he was still alive, and that it would be impossible for us to see him before he sprang upon one of us, while we should be sure to find him quite dead the next morning. These brave fellows, by way of reply, laid down their burnouses on the ground, and requested me to take care of them until they returned.

Two minutes afterwards I had disencumbered myself of everything which could arrest my pro-

gress; I had given my carbine to Amar-bén-Sigha, and my two pistols to Bil-Kassem. I told my spahi to follow me with a loaded gun which I had intrusted to him, and which he was to hold in readiness at my side.

After telling my men to keep as close as possible to me, I entered with them and M. de Rodenburgh, who had just arrived. After walking about fifteen paces, we arrived at a small open space, where all traces of blood ceased.

Night was coming on, and our expedition was getting more and more dangerous; for in a few minutes all would be dark.

Suddenly the gun of one of the Arabs went off by accident in the midst of us, without any one, however, being injured; but the lion began to roar at a few paces distance, and all the men came and grouped themselves around me. Hardly had the lion appeared on the edge of the open space, with his mouth wide open and his mane standing on end, when eight shots were fired at him simultaneously at random, and without hitting him.

Just as he was about to spring, I fired in the direction of his heart, and stopped him, but not until he had seized one of the men in his claws.

Aiming now at his temple, I pressed the trigger of the second barrel, and, for the first time in ten years, my carbine missed fire.

My first impulse was to hold out my hand to-

wards my spahi Hamida, who, with his features contracted, his eyes sunken, and trembling all over, could scarcely whisper to me the words, "Not loaded."

My second gun had been fired. The imprudent man had joined the others in their volley, and we were now at the mercy of the lion.

Fortunately for all of us, the animal at this moment fell dead to the ground.

The next day we went, followed by a numerous escort, to the wood where the lion was lying, and, by means of a stretcher formed out of the trunks of trees, carried him into the open space, where on the previous day he had done me the honour of granting me such a long *tête à-tête*.

After having the skin taken off, and observing the effect of my bullets, I abandoned the carcase to the Arabs, who rushed upon it like a pack of hounds.

CHAPTER XI.

THE LAST SHOT.

ON the 29th I was getting ready, previously to taking my departure for Constantine, when my tent was invaded by five or six women, who came in sobbing bitterly, as if a great misfortune had happened to them.

As their sobs went on increasing, and their concert was anything but interesting, I was glad to find that they were only complaining of some lion who had just arrived and killed three oxen.

I hastened to stop the noise, by assuring them that I would not leave the district until I had put to death the terrible animal who had caused them so much distress.

The tears ceased as if by enchantment, and the ladies went off talking joyfully together, as if they had just heard some excellent news.

The douar to which the oxen which had been killed by the lion belonged was close to my tent, and I accordingly sent for the watchmen to tell me what had really taken place, and enable me to take proper measures on the following day.

I learned, that at about six o'clock in the evening, just as the herd was coming down from the mountain, the oxen had been dispersed in all directions, and that when they were collected again there were three oxen missing.

They had neither seen the oxen, nor any traces of the lion, but they were certain, from the terror of the herd, that a lion had appeared, and had taken the missing animals.

I told them to find the remains of the oxen early the next morning, to leave the carcase of which the least had been eaten, after covering it over with branches to preserve it from the vultures, and to expose the remains of the two others in some open place, so that the birds of prey might eat them during the day.

On the 30th, at six in the evening, I went towards the mountain, guided by one of the watchmen of the douar, and followed by two men who carried my arms.

After we had been walking through the wood for about an hour, we came to the bones which had been left by the vultures, and being sure that if the lion came here, he at all events would not stop, we went on until we reached a bush, by the side of which the other ox had been killed.

After removing the branches which covered the carcase, I found that it was almost untouched, having nothing but a bite in the throat, and the

mark of a claw in the shoulder. It had evidently been killed by a young lion or a lioness.

Not being able to find the animal's footprints, on account of the rocky nature of the soil, I examined the marks of the teeth and claws with much care, and at last concluded that I should have to deal with a full-grown lioness.

The habitual resort of the lions who came to the mountain was at about five hundred yards distance, and beneath me. Satisfied that the lioness would come from below, I sent my attendants a hundred yards higher up, and looked out for the most convenient place to take up my position in. I had just placed my arms down near a stone, which appeared to afford rather a commodious seat, and was about to sit down, when down in the valley I saw the lioness taking the direction of Krenchela.

After following this direction for some distance she left it, crossed a small plain, and took a path leading to a spring which I had known some time as a place frequented by lions. A quarter of an hour afterwards I saw her come back by the same path, and enter the brushwood which surrounds the lair.

I sat down on the stone and prepared to receive her.

I found myself in the midst of a thicket, without the least open space near me, and I could only see a portion of the ox which was to serve as a bait, although it was only a few paces from me.

I saw that it would be impossible to have two shots at the lioness, and that I must either kill her with the first, or at all events put her in such a position that she would be incapable of doing me any harm.

Time had worn on, and night was beginning to fall, when the lioness began to roar from the ground beneath me, and not far from the place where the remains of the two oxen had been left for the vultures.

A short time afterwards I heard the sound of her footsteps in the wood; then, by degrees, as she drew near, I heard a kind of dull rattle at regular intervals, which was nothing but the sound of her breathing.

I calculated that she was at fifteen paces distance, and pointed my carbine in her direction, in order to fire directly she appeared.

It had been fated that this expedition should be one of excitement for me. The reader will imagine what I must have felt when, looking for the sights of my carbine, I found that it was too dark to distinguish them. I could just see the ends of the barrels. A few minutes more, the lioness would be standing before me, and I should see nothing.

There was not a moment to hesitate. I got up and walked towards her, making as little noise as possible, and ready to fire.

"After walking five or six paces forward, trying to penetrate the darkness in which the wood was wrapped, I perceived half of her body between two trees.

She was erect and motionless, listening, without doubt, to a noise for which she could not account.

The fore part of the body was concealed, almost as far as the shoulder. I aimed as well as I could just beneath the shoulder—the road to the heart.

It was in vain that I stooped down to see beneath the smoke what the effect of my shot had been, and to fire another. I could see nothing.

However, my shot was replied to by a roar of happy omen, and my practised ear told me that the animal was mortally wounded.

Indeed the lioness, whom I had been able to see as long as she was standing up, was now concealed from me by the trees, and was in fact stretched out on the ground, where she remained roaring and writhing about. She was evidently wounded in a dangerous manner.

Not being anxious just then to run the risk of having to accompany her out of the world, I determined not to go near her until the following day, when she would, in all probability, be dead. Accordingly I went home with my attendants, who had heard everything, and were of opinion, like myself, that we had disposed of the lioness.

Great was the joy of all when we returned to the douar, the women insisting on accompanying us to the place on the following day, in order to see the animal before it was skinned, and choose the best pieces of the flesh. On the 31st, before sunrise, I reached the place where the lioness had fallen the previous evening, accompanied by the men of the douar. After having directed that no one should advance any further, I went with my spahi to the place where the animal had been shot. The lioness had gone, but, dead or alive, could not be far off. I kept on my guard, and took care never to lose sight of the traces of blood, and to keep the lioness on lower ground than myself. With this view, every time I came near a bush which could hide her from my eyes, I made my spahi throw stones, so as to draw her out or make her roar, if she was there. This manœuvre succeeded perfectly. I had just crossed an open space, where the lioness had been lying some time, to judge by the blood which she had left there, and arrived on the borders of a very thick wood, when my spahi threw a stone at a few paces in front of me.

The same roar issued which I had heard some days before while following another lion which was wounded. In this case, however, I knew perfectly what I was about, and was sure to bring the affair to a good conclusion without sustaining any injury.

In the first place, it was daylight, and I had plenty of time; in the second place, I had only to deal with a lioness who had lost nearly all her blood, and I knew that she had but three legs to walk with.

Success was not doubtful; but as, at the end of the three leg which she retained, there were large paws, armed with strong claws, and as the teeth which had strangled three bulls ought to be respectable ones, I took measures to prevent the lioness from treating me like the herbivorous animals of the preceding day.

The wood into which she had retired was so ~~thick~~, that if I had wished to follow her, it would have been impossible for me to see her without touching her, and I should have been caught and torn in pieces before being able to fire. Nevertheless I confess, to my shame (for it would have been madness to do so), that if I had had no other means of finishing her, I should have trusted to chance, which had so miraculously assisted me the preceding evening.

But as there was a good open space to attract her into, I resolved to profit by it. Whilst I was burning some brambles, to prevent the animal from coming out of its lair, my spahi brought me from Krenchela some guns which I wanted. After loading them, I gave four to the Arabs, whom I

told to climb a tree, to fire all at once, and to utter loud cries as soon as I gave the signal. I called one of the Arabs, who was on horseback, and sent him to a distance of thirty paces from the entrance to the wood, with orders to remain motionless until the lioness should appear, and then to come to me as fast as his horse could carry him, but to keep out of the direction in which I was going to fire. I sat down a few paces in front of the tree on which my men had climbed, having near me my spahi to give me my arms when wanted.

In the meantime the crowd of spectators, who until this moment had been talking noisily in the middle of the open space, now suddenly started off in all directions. The men climbed the highest trees, the women running to a rock of a respectable height, at the top of which they took refuge. When I saw the space clear, I called to the horseman who had to draw the lioness out to be on his guard, and made a sign to the men in the tree to fire.

On hearing the shots the lioness roared with anger, and at the first shout from the Arabs, appeared on the borders of the wood, and without stopping an instant rushed after the horseman, who had set spurs to his horse on seeing her. Although she had only three legs her springs frightened me,

so much was she gaining on the Arab, who was nevertheless exhausting himself in his efforts to escape. She was stopped by a bullet, which I fired into her head at forty paces distance, and which made her stagger, but did not bring her down.

The horseman, who had continued his flight, had now reached me, when the lioness started again, this time straight at me. I had had time to take my second gun, and at twenty paces she received two balls in her chest. She fell, as though struck by a thunderbolt, and I thought her dead, when she rose, and, showing all her teeth, endeavoured to reach me; but this was her last effort, for she rolled over, uttering a roar of pain, which was answered by a formidable shout from the Arabs. The lioness did not receive her deathblow until the arrival of the women, who were the first to brave her claws and teeth, which, however, were now powerless.

As the curiosity of these ladies appeared likely to keep me there till evening, I persuaded them to go away, and promised them that they should return to see the lioness and choose their pieces before my tent, where I had ordered the carcase to be taken. By means of a stretcher made of guns and branches of trees, we managed to take it to Ourten, where, after having it skinned,

I gave it up to the Arabs. The next day I quitted the country, to the great regret of its inhabitants, whom I promised to visit in the autumn; and two days after I arrived at Constantine, much fatigued by the excitement of the expedition.

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

LET me sum up.

If you ever happen to be seeking during the day for a lion you have wounded the night before, give up your pursuit if there be not sufficient blood to prevent you losing the track for an instant. It will have taken refuge in a thicket, which it will only leave to spring on some passer-by. Follow the track step by step, throw stones so as to dislodge the animal at a good firing distance, so that it cannot reach you until you have had a good shot at it.

Keep always on higher ground than the lion.

If it rains, or the dew is very heavy, cover up the lock of your gun.

Fire off the charge directly you get home, and load your gun just before starting, taking care to flash it previously.

If after a shower or a heavy dew you are afraid of missing fire, avoid the lion. Always have caps and powder of the best quality.

Finally, remember that a lion is seldom killed by one shot. Never seek safety in flight when it attacks you. And now, may my advice profit you, and may Heaven and St. Hubert protect you.

THE END.



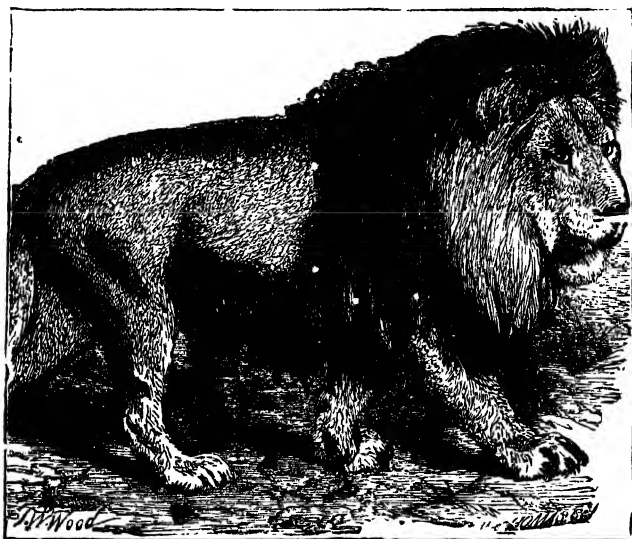
ADVENTURES AND EXPLOITS IN INDIA, AFRICA, AND AMERICA.

THE LION OF SOUTH AFRICA.

IMAGINE an animal larger than a huge mastiff, of the same tawny colour but with a longer nose, and with great masses of muscle around its jaws, shoulders, and forearms, and you can realize to some extent the appearance of the South African lion. As may be supposed, he is endowed with prodigious strength, not, perhaps, more so than his relative in the north, or the tiger of Bengal, but with sufficient to enable him to drag with apparent ease the carcass of an ox from a traveller's waggon to his lair in the forest.

His fear of man is excessively strong, and, indeed, of nearly all full-grown animals; and he seldom ventures on attacking them openly, unless when famishing with hunger or under the cover of darkness. Then he usually approaches with a stealthy step, pausing at each moment to listen, and testing each object in his progress to assure himself that there are

no traps laid for him. Of traps he has a wholesome terror, and often leaves a tempting morsel untouched lest another step should bring upon him the steel or the lead of the hunter. He has been known to leave a horse, haltered to a tree, unharmed, and pass by a



yoke of oxen grazing near a camp waggon, roaring as he went, through terror and vexation ; such is his dread of the devices of his natural enemy.

The roar of this lion, Dr. Livingstone informs us, is

well calculated to inspire fear if you hear it in combination with the loud thunder of the country without protection, but when you are in a comfortable house or waggon the case is very different, and you hear the roar of the lion without any awe or alarm. The famous Doctor, however, had a nerve of no ordinary degree of steadiness, and could hear undisturbed, sounds which would make an ordinary traveller uneasy until they ceased.

The haunt of the lion is usually near where game is abundant, and when they shift their quarters the lion follows with his family, and continues to prey upon the most defenceless of the herds until he himself is despatched by some infuriated bull. He occasionally hunts in company with others, in which case the party boldly spring upon stray buffaloes, and dine sumptuously, if with ferocious eagerness, on the spot. When gorged with food they fall fast asleep, and may be easily destroyed. When hunting alone, the lion, if not pressed for time, completely disembowels his prey, and therefrom makes his meal; that is in his young days; when he grows old and his teeth are worn to mere stumps, and his claws have almost disappeared, he fails to inspire that terror in the native heart which he did when his teeth were longer and his claws sharper. Besides, his former prestige leaves him; instead of being a majestic hunter of the land and the buffalo, he is compelled to prowl at night in

the neighbourhood of some village, on the chance of seizing a goat, a dog, a woman, or a child, as the case may be. If away from "population, or when, as is the case in some parts, he entertains 'a wholesome dread of the Bushmen and Bakziahari, as soon as either disease or old age overtakes him, he begins to catch mice, and other small rodents and even to eat grass," and if not killed by the Bushmen will be found soon after dead under a tree. "Nothing," says Dr. Livingstone, "that I ever learned of the lion would lead me to attribute to it either the ferocious or noble character ascribed to it elsewhere. It possesses none of the nobility of the Newfoundland or St. Bernard dogs," and in another place, "Indeed, nothing that I have seen or heard about lions would constitute a barrier in the way of men of ordinary courage and enterprise."

Though so strong and nimble an animal when young, and inspired now and then with great intrepidity and courage, the lion sometimes appears faint-hearted and crestfallen when it meets with any resistance. A settler in Africa while walking over his lands one day, unexpectedly met with a lion. Being an excellent shot, he thought himself pretty certain in the position he was in of killing it, and therefore fired his rifle. Unfortunately the charge had been for some time in the piece and was damp, so that the rifle hung fire, and the ball falling short entered the ground close

to the lion. In consequence of this the settler was seized with a panic, and took directly to his heels, but being soon out of breath, and closely pursued by the lion, he jumped upon a little heap of stones, and there made a stand, presenting the butt end of his gun to his adversary, fully resolved to defend his life to the utmost. He could not take upon himself to say whether this position intimidated the lion or not; it had, however, such an effect upon the animal that he likewise made a stand; and what was still more singular laid himself down at the distance of a few paces from the heap of stones, seemingly unconcerned. The settler, in the meantime, did not dare to stir from the spot; besides in his flight he had the misfortune to lose his powder-flask. At length, after waiting about half-an-hour, the lion rose up, and at first went off step by step, but as soon as it got to some distance began to bound away at a great rate.

One evening, when Dr. Livingstone was in the Makololo country, a lion was observed sneaking near the camp, eyeing a fine fat buffalo that had been shot during the day. As it drew near the carcase it began to roar and glare ferociously around. Believing that the souls of departed chiefs enter into lions and render them sacred, the natives thought that they saw before them a chief in disguise, and one of them took the animal to task whenever the roaring ceased. "You a chiet, eh?" said he to the lion. "You call yourself a

chief, do you? What kind of a chief are you to come sneaking about in the dark, trying to steal our buffalo



You call yourself a chief, do you?

meat Are you not ashamed of yourself? A pretty

chief truly: you are like the scavenger beetle, and think of yourself only. You have not the heart of a chief: why don't you kill your own beef? You must have a stone in your chest and no heart at all, indeed!" The speaker producing no effect on the transformed chief, one of the men, the most sedate of the party who seldom spoke, took up the matter and tried the lion in another strain. In his slow, quiet way he expostulated with him on the inpropriety of such conduct to strangers who had never injured him. "We were travelling peaceably through the country back to our own chief. We never killed people or stole anything. The buffalo meat was ours, not his, and it did not become a great chief like him to be prowling round in the dark, trying like a hyena to steal the meat of strangers. He might go and hunt for himself, as there was plenty of game in the forest." The lion being deaf to reason and only roaring the louder, the men became angry, and threatened to send a ball through him if he did not go away. They snatched up their guns to shoot him, but he prudently kept in the dark, outside of the luminous circles made by the camp fires, where they did not like to venture. A little strychnine was put into a piece of meat and thrown to him, when he soon departed and no more was heard of the majestic sneaker.

While the lion invariably kills its prey, if it belongs

to the brute creation, instantly, it frequently contents itself with merely wounding the human species even when provoked ; or at least it has been known to wait some time before the fatal blow has been given to its victim.

In several places through which a traveller passed, mention has been made of a father and two sons, who being on foot near a river on their property in Africa, in search of a lion, the animal lying in ambush, had rushed out upon them and thrown one of them under his feet ; the two others, however, had time enough to shoot the lion dead upon the spot, as he lay across the youth so nearly and dearly related to them, but without having done him any injury.

Near the upper part of the Duyven-hock river, an elderly Hottentot was seen, who bore under one eye and underneath his cheek-bone the ghastly marks of the bite of a lion, which did not think it worth its while to give him any other chastisement for having, together with his master, attempted to destroy it with great intrepidity, though without success. And a farmer, a captain in the militia, had lain for some time under a lion, receiving several bruises from the beast, and being a good deal bitten in one arm, as a token to remember the lion in future. But on the whole he confessed that his life was given him by his victor.

In hunting the lion on horseback, it is only on the plains that success can be met with. If the lion keeps

to some coppice or wood on a rising ground, the native hunters endeavour to tease him with dogs until he comes out ; they likewise prefer going together, three or more in number, in order to be able to rescue each other in case the first shot should not be effective. When the animal perceives the hunters at a distance, he generally takes to his heels in order to get out of their sight ; but if they chance to discover him very near, he is then said to walk off in a surly manner but without putting himself in the least hurry, as though he were above the sensation of fear. He is only reported, when he finds himself pursued with vigour, to be soon provoked to resistance, or at least he disdains any longer to fly. He slackens his pace and goes off step by step, all the while eyeing his pursuers askant, till finally making a full stop, and at the same time giving himself a shake, roars, with a short vehement tone, to show his indignation. This is the precise time for the hunters to be on the spot ; he that is nearest or most advantageously posted, and has the best mark of that part of the lion's body which contains his heart and lungs, must be the first to dismount, and securing the bridle by putting it round his arm, discharge his piece ; then, in an instant, recovering his seat, must ride obliquely athwart his companions ; and, in fine, giving the horse the reins, must trust entirely to his speed to convey him out of the reach of the lion's fury, in case he has

missed or only wounded him. In either case a fair opportunity now presents for some of the other hunters to jump off their horses instantly, as they may then take their aim with greater coolness and certainty. Should this shot likewise miss (which, however, seldom happens), the third sportsman rides after the lion, which at that time is in pursuit of the first or the second, and springing off his horse, fires his piece as soon as he has got within a proper distance. If the lion now turns upon him, the other hunters turn also, in order to come to his rescue. Few instances are known of any hunter meeting with misfortune in hunting the lion. The African colonists are mostly good marksmen, and are far from wanting courage. The lion that has the boldness to seize on their cattle, which are the most valuable part of their property, sometimes at their very doors, is as odious to them as he is dangerous and noxious.

THE GORILLA.

THE re-discovery of the great anthropoid ape, called the gorilla, affords a singular confirmation of a very old story with which the reader is probably not unacquainted. An ancient mariner, bent upon distinguishing himself as an explorer, sailed from Carthage

on a voyage of discovery along the coast of Africa somewhere about the sixth century before the Christian era. In his account of the voyage, he says,



“arriving at a bay, called the Hora of the south, we found there an island full of wild men. But much

the greater part of them were women with hairy bodies, whom the interpreters said were "Gorillas." But pursuing them we were not able to take the men; they all escaped, being able to climb the precipices, and defended themselves with pieces of rock. But three women, who bit and scratched those who led them, were not willing to follow. However, having killed them, we flayed them and conveyed the skins to Carthage, for we did not sail any farther as our provisions began to fail." The region which Hauno refers to extends for upwards of a thousand miles along the west coast of Africa from the Gulf of Guinea, southward it is richly wooded, and from all accounts is occupied by vast numbers of gorillas, elephants, and other big game. The gigantic kind of man-like ape is, perhaps, the most formidable of the denizens of these forests; it is fully equal to man in stature, but considerably broader and far more muscular than any member of the human family; it is endowed with colossal strength, and is the terror even of its mighty rival, the elephant. Being a fruit eater, the gorilla passes much of its time on the boughs of trees, from which it occasionally drops upon unwary travellers, and beats their brains out with a stick, or seizes them as they pass under and holds them in the air until they are dead. Its enmity towards man is extreme, and, unlike the generality of wild beasts, courts rather than avoids a conflict. The natives, even if furnished with fire-

arms, are very loth to attack an adult male gorilla. The rivalry that exists between it and the elephant is curious. The latter bears the former no ill-will, and if allowed to browse and gather fruit in peace, makes no attempt to disturb the repose of its hideous



neighbour. But unfortunately they are both extremely fond of one kind of fruit, and this kind the gorilla regards as its own personal property. While resting on the higher branches of its favourite tree, the ape sees the elephant busily engaged gathering and swallowing the fruit and twigs below. This infraction of

the laws of property enrages the ape, and it forthwith descends to punish the audacious thief who, all unconscious of guilt, is fast stripping branch after branch of its leaves and fruit. Dropping down quickly to the bough, the gorilla raises its club and brings it down with such effect on the sensitive point of the elephant's trunk, that the latter rapidly retreats, trumpeting shrilly with rage and pain. There must be something terrible in the aspect of the gorilla when met walking upright, stick in hand, in the recess of the primeval forest, and its wild and unearthly look is quite in keeping with its cruel and ferocious character. The most powerful of the negroes avoid its haunts as they pass to and fro in their search for ivory. It does not, like the lion, suddenly retreat on seeing them, but swings itself rapidly down to the lower branches, courting the combat, and clutching at the foremost of his enemies. "The hideous aspect of his visage," says Gosse, "his green eyes, flashing with rage, is heightened by the thick and prominent brows moving spasmodically up and down, with the hair erect, causing a horrible and fiendish scowl. Weapons are torn from their possessor's grasp, gun barrels bent in by the powerful hands and vice-like teeth of the enraged brute. More horrid still, however, is the sudden and unexpected fate which is often inflicted by him. Two negroes will be walking through one of the woodland paths unsuspecting of evil, when in an instant one misses

his companion, or turns to see him drawn up into the air with a convulsed choking cry; and in a few minutes dropped to the ground, a strangled corpse. The terrified survivor gazes up and meets the grin and glare of the fiendish giant, who, watching his opportunity, had suddenly put down his immense hind hand, caught the wretch by the neck with resistless power, and dropped him only when he ceased to struggle."

"FIGHTING JOE," THE YOUNG GORILLA.

PAUL DU CHAILLU, in his "Stories of the Gorilla Country," has given an interesting account of a young gorilla taken alive by his servants. While in the forest one day, the silence was broken by the cry uttered by the young of this strange animal, and on reaching the spot they saw a diminutive little brute eating berries on the ground near its mother's feet. As the natives came up the "old woman" saw them, and rushed forward armed with a huge club. They fired, and fortunately wounded her fatally, she falling on her face about a dozen paces off, the blood gushing from the wounds. Startled by the sound of firing, the little one ran for protection to its mother, and tried hard to hide its face beneath her great limbs,

but as no response came, and frightened by the shouts of the natives, the young ape loosened its hold of the body and took refuge in a neighbouring tree. Sitting there grinning defiantly and roaring savagely, it seemed to have a fair chance of escape, for no one cared to be bitten by it, and to shoot it was against instructions. An idea struck one of the natives and was acted upon. Down came the tree after a few vigorous blows on the trunk, and as it fell a cloth was thrown over the head of the gorilla, and while thus blinded it was secured. "The little brute, though very diminutive and the merest baby in age, was astonishingly strong and by no means good-tempered. They found they could not lead him. He constantly rushed at them, showing fight and manifesting a strong desire to take a piece or several pieces out of every one of their legs, which were his special objects of attack." Roaring and screaming he was taken to the encampment, and secured in a bamboo house, that had been hastily prepared when his capture became known. Du Chaillu called him "Fighting Joe," on account of his ferocity and daring, and well he deserved the name. He flew at every one who approached his cage, either with food or empty handed, and under treatment of all kinds remained savage and untameable. He was a little fellow scarcely three years old, possessed of extraordinary strength for his age, and ready at any moment to bite the hand that

feet him. His whole body was covered with hair. "His height was about three feet and six inches ; his hands and face were very black ; his eyes were sunken ; the hair on his head was of a reddish-brown colour ; the whiskers, if we may call them so, were of a blackish colour." M. Du Chaillu saw what he thought was the beginning of a moustache, the upper lip being covered with short coarse hair, but he found out afterwards that gorillas wear no moustaches. Fighting Joe was by no means backward in eating, that is, if given forest berries, bananas, and ripe plantains, but all kinds of civilized food he indignantly refused. On the fourth day after his capture he pretended to be reconciled to his fate, took some berries from M. Du Chaillu's hand, and took his afternoon siesta with the composure of a veteran ape. That day he escaped by forcing apart two of the bamboo sticks of his cage, and hid himself under the sportsman's low bedstead. The neighbouring wood was surrounded, as it was feared he had fled to the trees, and directions were being given to close in, when Du Chaillu, returning for one of his guns, heard Master Joe's angry growl issuing from his hiding-place. The windows were instantly shut and a guard placed on the door. The negroes then crowded in to effect the little brute's capture, but he became so furious that the crowd rushed through the doorway, leaving Joe in possession. "Peeping through the keyhole, I saw," says Du Chaillu,

"Master Joe standing in the middle of the room looking about for his enemies, and examining with some surprise the furniture. He seemed to think he had never seen such things before. I watched with fear, lest the ticking of the clock should attract his attention, and perhaps lead him to an assault upon that precious article." Finally a net was thrown on Joe's head, and his capture effected. He made another attempt to escape, and was again caught. After this he sickened and in ten days' time died, treacherous and untameable to the last. His little bed was a half barrel filled with hay. "At night he always shook it up, and then took some hay in his hands with which he would cover himself when he was snug in his barrel."

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THE ATTACK OF THE MALE GORILLA.

THE gorillas approach the enemy standing, advancing a few steps at a time, pausing to beat their breasts with both hands, and roaring terribly. When near enough, they spring upon him and destroy him with their powerful hands. One of Du Chaillu's men was eviscerated by a single blow. When living in troops they are shy and difficult to approach, but when mated or alone they almost invariably offer

battle, and are then the most terrible of animals. When about to attack its enemies, the gorilla gives a terrific yell which resounds far and wide, giving warning of danger to the females and young, and likely to terrify the hunter unaccustomed to it.

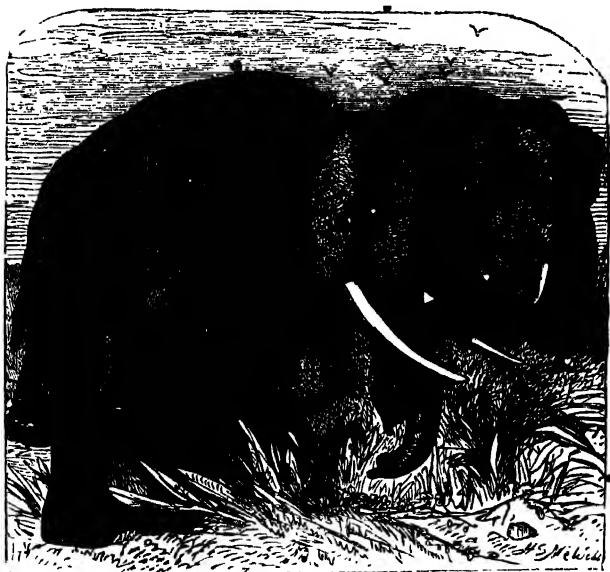
While gorilla hunting in the Bakalai country, Du Chaillu met one day with an immense gorilla which he and his men shot at about eight yards. He was a lone male, a great gross hideous monster, that evidently dreaded neither man nor beast. He advanced from the wood straight towards the party, howling and growling with rage. When about twelve yards off, Du Chaillu saw plainly his ferocious face. "It was distorted with rage, his huge teeth were ground against each other so that we could hear the sound; the skin of the forehead was drawn forward and back rapidly, which made his hair move up and down, and give a truly devilish expression to the hideous face. Once more he gave out a roar which seemed to shake the woods like thunder. I could really feel the earth trembling under my feet. The gorilla, looking us in the eyes and beating his breast, advanced again." It was now the critical moment; the three men knew that if they missed or only wounded the huge monster, one or more would meet with a speedy death. When the brute was within eight yards their guns were discharged, and the gorilla "fell dead almost without a struggle."

Some of the natives of equatorial Africa regard the gorillas with superstitious reverence, considering them as degenerate human beings, or as brutes into which the souls of bad men have entered; those who look upon them in this light never attack them, fully persuaded that no human agency can harm them. Some tribes use the gorilla's skulls, and especially the brains, in making charms to be employed to secure success in hunting. The negroes of the interior are fond of the flesh of gorillas, which when smoked is considered a dainty dish. Among the coast tribes it is considered an abomination

CAPTURING WILD ELEPHANTS.

In the month of November in India, when the temperature has cooled down considerably, and the marshes and swamps, formed by the rains during the monsoon, have lessened, a number of people are employed to go in quest of elephants. At this season the males come from the recesses of the forest into the outskirts, whence they make nocturnal excursions into the plains in search of food, and where they often destroy the labours of the farmer by trampling down his crops before they can be driven away.

A herd of elephants, however, seldom leave the forests together; some of the largest males often stray to a distance, but the young ones always remain in the woods, under the protection of the *palmai*, or leader of the herd, and of the larger elephants



The *goondahs*, or large males, come out singly or in small parties, sometimes in the morning, but commonly in the evening; and they continue to feed all night upon the long grass that grows amidst the

swamps and marshes, and of which they are extremely fond. As often, however, as they have the opportunity, they commit depredations on the rice fields, sugar canes, and plantain trees, which oblige the farmers to keep regular watch, under a small cover erected on the top of a few long bamboos about fourteen feet from the ground. From this lofty station the alarm is soon communicated from one watchman to another, and to the neighbouring villages by means of a rattle, with which each is provided. With their shouts and cries and noise of the rattles, the elephants are generally scared and retire. It sometimes, however, happens that the males advance even to the villages, overturn the houses, and kill those who unfortunately come in their way, unless they have had time to light a number of fires; this element seems to be the most dreaded by wild elephants, and a few lighted whisps of straw or dried grass seldom fails to stop their progress. To secure one of the males a very different method is employed from that which is taken to secure a herd: the former is taken by *koomkees*, or female elephants trained for the purpose; whereas the latter is driven into a strong enclosure called a *keddah*.

As the hunters know the places where the elephants come to feed, they advance towards them in the evening with four *koomkees*, the number allotted to each hunting party. When the nights are dark the

male elephants are discovered by the noise they make in cleaning their food, by whisking and striking it against their forelegs, but by moonlight they can be seen distinctly at some distance.

As soon as the hunters have determined on the goondah they mean to secure, three of the koomkees are conducted by their mahotes (drivers), at a moderate distance from each other, near to the place where he is feeding. The koomkees advance very cautiously, feeding as they go along, and appear like wild elephants that had strayed from the jungle or forest. When the male perceives them approaching, if he takes the alarm and is viciously inclined, he beats the ground with his trunk, showing signs of displeasure, and intimating that he will not allow them to proceed further. If they persist, he will attack and gore them with his tusks; for which reason they take care to retreat in good time. But should he be amorously disposed, which is generally the case, he allows the female to approach, and sometimes he even advances to meet her.

When from these appearances the mahotes judge that he will become their prize, they conduct two of the females, one on each side close to him, and make them press gently against his neck and shoulders: the third female then comes up and places herself directly across his tail; in this situation, so far from suspecting any design, he begins to caress the females

with his trunk. While thus engaged the fourth female is brought near with ropes and proper assistants, who get underneath the third female and put a slight cord round the hind legs of the male; should he move it is easily broken, in which case, if he takes no notice of this slight confinement nor appears suspicious of what is going forward, the hunters then proceed to fasten his legs with a rope which is passed alternately by means of a forked stick and a kind of hook from one leg to the other, forming the figure 8, and as these ropes are short for the convenience of being put more readily around his legs, six or eight are generally employed, and they are made fast by another cord which is passed a few turns perpendicularly between his legs, where the turns of the rope intersect each other. A strong cable, with a running noose, is next put round each hind leg, and above six or eight additional ropes, according to the size of the elephant. The process of fastening the animal occupies altogether about twenty minutes, during which the utmost silence is observed, and the mahotes, who keep flat on the necks of the females, are covered with dark coloured cloths, which serve to keep them warm and at the same time do not attract the notice of the elephant.

While the people are thus employed in tying the legs of the goondah he caresses sometimes one and sometimes another of the elephants, and his attention is thus diverted from the hunters. When the hind

legs are properly secured the people retire to a short distance and await the movements of the captive. Finding the females leaving him, he attempts to follow ; then it is that he is roused to a sense of his situation and retreats towards the jungle or forest ; the mahotes follow at a moderate distance on the tame elephants accompanied by the hunters, who, as soon as the goondah passes near a tree, make a few turns of the cable that is trailing behind him, around its trunk ; his progress being thus stopped he becomes furious, and exerts his utmost force to disengage himself, nor will he then allow any of the females to come near him, but is outrageous for some time, falling down and goring the earth with his tusks. If by these exertions the cable and ropes are broken he escapes into the thick jungle, into which the mahotes dare not penetrate through fear of the other wild elephants.

As the cable and ropes, however, are very strong and seldom give way, the females are again brought near and take their former positions, one on each side and the other behind. After getting him near the tree additional ropes are placed round his body, the ends of which are made fast to two females one on each side of him, and a passage is cleared from the jungle or wood ; all the ropes are then taken from his legs with the exception of one which confines the motion of his hind legs. The females then advance pulling the captive after them, the people urging him

on by shouts behind. Instead of advancing in the direction they wish, he attempts to retreat further into the jungle; he exerts all his great strength, falls down and tears the earth with his tusks, screaming and



groaning, and by his violent exertions often bruises himself very much, and instances happen of the animal surviving these violent exertions only a few hours or at most a few days. In general, however, he soon becomes reconciled to his fate, will eat immediately after he is taken, and if necessary may be conducted from the verge of the jungle as soon as a passage is cleared.

When the elephant is brought to his proper station and made fast, he is treated with a mixture of severity

and gentleness, and in a few months, if docile, he becomes tractable and appears perfectly reconciled to his fate. It appears extraordinary that though the goondah uses his utmost force to disengage himself when taken, and would kill any person coming within his reach, he never, or at least seldom, attempts to hurt the female elephants that have ensnared him; but, on the contrary, seems pleased (as often as they are brought near in order to adjust his harnessing, or move and slacken those ropes which gall him), soothed and comforted by them for the loss of his liberty.

For securing a herd of wild elephants the following methods are employed. Female elephants are never taken singly, but always in the herd, which consists of young and old of both sexes. The elephant, as a rule, is of a social disposition, as a herd consists of from about forty to one hundred, and is conducted under the direction of one of the oldest and largest females called the *palmai*, and one of the largest males. When a herd is discovered, about five hundred people are employed to surround it, who divide themselves into small parties called *chokeys*, consisting generally of one mahote and two coolies, at the distance of twenty or thirty yards from each other and form an irregular circle in which the elephants are enclosed; each party lights a fire and clears a path to the station that is next him, by which a regular com-

munication is formed through the whole circumference from one to the other. By this path reinforcements can immediately be brought to any place where an alarm is given. The first circle (the dawkee) being thus formed, the remaining part of the day and night is spent in keeping watch by turns, or in cooking for the mahote and his companions. Early next morning, one man is detached from each station to form another circle in that direction where they wish the elephants to advance. When it is finished the people stationed nearest to the new circle put out their fires and file off to the right and left, to form the advanced party, thus leaving an opening for the herd to advance through, and by this movement both the old and new circle are joined and form an oblong. The people from behind now begin shouting and making a noise with their rattles, drums, &c., to cause the elephants to advance, and as soon as they are got within the new circle the people close up, take their proper stations, and pass the remaining part of the day and night as before. In the morning the same process is repeated, and in this manner the herd advances slowly in that direction where they find themselves least incommoded by the noise and clamour of the hunters, feeding as they go along upon branches of trees, leaves of bamboos, &c. If they suspected any spare they could easily break through the circle, but these inoffensive animals going merely in quest of

food, and not seeing any of the people who surround them, and who are concealed by the thick jungle, advance without suspicion, and appear only to avoid being pestered by their noise and din. As fire is the thing elephants seem most afraid of in their wild state, and will seldom venture near it, the natives have always a number of fires lighted, and particularly at night, to prevent the elephants coming too near.

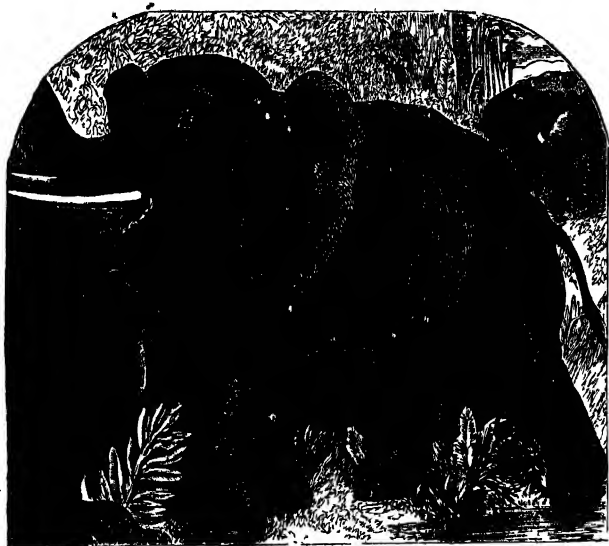
In this manner the herd is gradually driven to the *keddah*, or place where they are to be secured. The *keddah* consists, commonly, of three enclosures communicating with each other by means of narrow openings or gateways. The outer enclosure where the elephants are to enter is the largest; the middle one is generally, though not always, the next in size, and the third or inner is the smallest. When in the third or last enclosure the elephants are then only deemed secure; here they are kept six or eight days, and are regularly, though scantily, fed from a scaffold on the outside, close to the entrance of an outlet called the *roomee*, which is about sixty feet long and very narrow, and through which the elephants are to be taken out one by one. These enclosures are all pretty strong, but the third is the strongest. This enclosure has, like the other two, a deep ditch on the inside, and upon the bank of earth that is thrown up from the excavation, a row of strong palisades of middle-sized

trees is planted, strengthened with cross bars, which are tied to them about the distance of fourteen inches from each other, and these are supported on the outside by long posts like buttresses, having one end sunk in the earth and the other pressing against the cross bars to which they are fastened. When the herd is brought near to the first enclosure or *baigcote*, which has two gateways towards the jungle, through which the elephants are to advance (these as well as the other gateways are disguised with branches of trees and bamboos stuck in the ground, so as to give them the appearance of a natural jungle), the greatest difficulty is to get the herd to enter this first or outer enclosure, for, notwithstanding the precautions taken to disguise both the entries as well as they can, the palmai, or leader, appears to suspect some snare from the difficulty and hesitation with which, in general, she passes into it, but as soon as she enters the whole herd implicitly follow. Immediately, when they have all passed the gateway, fires are lighted round the greatest part of the enclosure, and particularly at the entries, to prevent the elephants from returning. The natives from without then make a terrible noise by shouting, beating of tom toms, firing cartridges, &c., to urge the herd on to the next enclosure. The elephants, finding themselves ensnared, roar and make a noise, but seeing no opening except the entrance to the next enclosure, and which they at first

generally avoid, they return to the place through which they lately passed, thinking, perhaps, to escape, but now find it strongly barricaded, and, as there is no ditch at this place, the hunters, to prevent their coming near and forcing their way, keep a line of fire constantly burning all along where the ditch is interrupted, and supply it with fuel from the top of the palisade, and the people from without make a noise shouting and hallooing to drive them away. Wherever they turn they find themselves opposed by burning fires, except towards the entrance of the second enclosure.

After traversing the *baigcote* for some time, and finding no chance of escaping but through the gateway into the next enclosure, the leader enters and the rest follow ; the gate is instantly shut by people who are stationed on a small scaffold immediately above it, and strongly barricaded ; fires are lighted, and the same discordant din made, and continued till the herd has passed through another gateway into the inner enclosure, the gate of which is secured in the same manner as the former. The elephants being now completely surrounded on all sides, and perceiving no outlet through which they can escape, appear desperate, and in their fury advance frequently to the ditch, in order to break down the palisade, screaming louder and shriller than any trumpet, sometimes grumbling like the hollow murmur of distant thunder ; but

wherever they make an 'attack they are opposed by lighted fires and by the noise and shouts of the natives. As they must remain some time in this enclosure care is always taken to have part of the ditch



filled with water, which is supplied by a small stream, either natural, or conducted through an artificial channel from some neighbouring reservoir. The elephants have recourse to this water to quench their

thirst, and cool themselves after their fatigue by sucking the water into their trunks, and then squirting it over every part of their bodies. While they remain in this enclosure they continue sulky, and seem to meditate their escape; but the hunters build huts and form an encampment around them close to the palisade; watchmen are placed and every precaution used to prevent their breaking through.

When the herd has continued a few days in the *keddah*, the door of the *roomee* is opened, into which one of the elephants is enticed to enter by having food thrown first before and then gradually further on into the passage, till the animal has advanced far enough to admit of the gate being shut. Above this wicker gate or door, two men are stationed on a small scaffold, who throw down the food. When the elephant has passed beyond the door they give the signal to a man, who, from without, shuts it by pulling a rope, and they secure it by throwing two bars, standing on each side, the one across the other, and then two similar bars are thrown across each other behind the door next to the *keddah*, so that the door is in the centre; for further security horizontal bars are pushed across the *roomee* through the openings of the palisades both before and behind these crosses, to prevent the possibility of the doors being forced. The *roomee* is so narrow that the elephant cannot turn in it, but finding his retreat thus

cut off, he advances and exerts his utmost force to break down the bars, which were previously put across a little further on in the outlet, by running against them, screaming and roaring, and battering them like a ram by repeated blows of his head, retreating and advancing with the utmost fury. In his rage he rises and leaps upon the bars with his fore feet, and strives to break them down with his huge weight. A large female elephant once dropped down dead in the *roomee* from the violent exertions she made. When the elephant is somewhat fatigued by these exertions strong ropes with running nooses are placed in the outlet by the hunters, and as soon as he puts a foot within the noose it is immediately drawn tight and fastened to the palisades. When all his feet have been made pretty fast, two men place themselves behind some bars, and very cautiously tie his hind legs together by passing a cord alternately from the one to the other in the way already described. While being fastened the hunters are careful not to go too near, but keep on the outside of the palisade, and divert his attention as much as they can by supplying him with grass, and sometimes with plantain leaves, and sugar-cane, of which he is remarkably fond, by presenting a stick, giving him hopes of catching it, or by gently striking and tickling his proboscis. He frequently, however, seizes the ropes with his trunk, and endeavours to break them, particularly those with

which his feet are tied, and sometimes tries to bite them through with his grinders, but the hunters then goad him with sharpened bamboos or light spears, so as to make him quit his hold. When properly secured he is introduced and made fast to two female elephants, who pull him gently forward through the outlet, while the natives goad him with long poles sharpened at the ends or pointed with iron. In this manner he is conducted like an enraged bull that has a cord fastened to its horns on each side, so that he cannot turn either to the right or the left to avenge himself. Sometimes the huge beast becomes obstinate and will not advance, in which case, while one of the female elephants draws him forward, the other comes behind and pushes him on ; should he lie down she puts her snout under and raises him up, supporting him on her knee, and with her head pushing him forward with all her strength ; the natives likewise assist by goading him forward, by dint of shouting and tom-toming. Sometimes it is necessary to put lighted torches near in order to make him advance. As soon as each elephant is secured he is given in charge to the mahote or keeper, who is appointed to attend and instruct him, and under him there are from two to five coolies, according to the size of the elephant, in order to assist and supply food and water till he becomes so tractable as to bring the former himself. These people erect a small hut immediately before him, where the

mahote, or one of the coolies, constantly attends, supplies him with food, and soothes and caresses him by a variety of little arts. By degrees he advances cautiously to his sides, and strokes and pats him with his hand, speaking to him all the while in a soothing tone of voice, and in a little time he begins to know his keeper and obey his commands. Thus the mahote becomes familiar to him, and at length gets upon his back, and as the animal becomes more tractable, he advances gradually forward towards his head, till at last he is permitted to seat himself on his neck, from which place he afterwards regulates and directs all his actions.

THE RAGE AND FURY OF THE ELEPHANT.

"WHILE travelling in South Africa, an Indian officer had convincing proof of the rage and fury of the elephant in its wild state." A large male elephant came up one day to the waggons. He was instantly attacked, and, turning tail, pursued, when, after he had received several shots and had twice fallen, he crept into a very thick, thorny underwood. Thinking that he had been fatally wounded, three of the officer's com-

panions, Waldt, Prins and Mulder, advanced to the spot where he was hid, when he rushed out in a furious manner from the thicket, and with his trunk seizing hold of Prins, who was on horseback, pulled him off and trod him to death, and driving one of his tusks through the man's body, threw him into the jungle a distance of about thirty feet. The others, perceiving that there was no possibility of escaping on horseback, dismounted and crept into the thicket to hide themselves. The elephant had now nothing in view but Waldt's horse, which he followed for some time, and then returned looking for the spot where the dead body lay; at that instant he was attacked by the whole party, whose shots drove him again into the thick wood. Considering that he had gone far enough off the party proceeded to dig a grave for their unfortunate companion, and while so engaged the elephant suddenly charged down upon them, scattering them to the four winds. Waldt, however, succeeded in getting a shot at him at the distance of a hundred paces. Another attack was made upon him, and having now received several more bullets, he began to stagger, then falling, a couple of shots more killed him as he lay on the ground. Those of the party who knew anything of elephant hunting, declared that he was the fleetest and most furious of the elephants they had ever beheld.

ELEPHANT SHOOTING IN SOUTH
AFRICA.

WHILE shooting in the far interior of South Africa, Mr. Gordon Cumming discovered one day a herd of bull-elephants quietly browsing on the side of a hill, about two hundred yards distant. In the rear of the herd the grass had been set on fire by the natives to cause the young herbage to spring up stronger and faster, but the fire had not advanced near enough to the elephants to force them to quit their pleasant pasturage. Selecting the finest of the herd, the hunter fired both barrels of his rifle, hitting the animal behind his shoulder; instantly he turned upon his assailant, and, screaming with pain and rage charged impetuously in his direction. A large bushy tree stood right in the course; this he came thundering against, sending it flying before him high in the air, coming down himself at the same moment violently on his knees. On rising, the animal wheeled to the right-about, and made for the burning grass. Mr. Cumming followed, loading and firing as fast as he could, sometimes at the head, sometimes behind the shoulder, until the elephant's fore quarters were severely punished; notwithstanding which he continued to hold stoutly on, leaving the grass and branches scarlet in his wake. While attempting to escape, he charged desperately

amid the thickest of the flames, to find, however, himself no better off, as he was followed rapidly up and peppered with ball until the hunter began to fancy he was ball proof. "Having fired thirty-five rounds with my two-grooved rifle, I opened upon him with the Dutch six-pounder, and when forty bullets had perforated his hide, he began for the first time to shew symptoms of exhaustion." Seeing that the poor animal was yielding to the effects of the lead, Mr. Cumming ceased firing, and watched his movements. "Just as the pangs of death came over him he stood trembling violently beside a thorny tree, and kept pouring water into his mouth until he died, when he pitched heavily forward, with the whole weight of his fore quarters resting on the points of his tusks. He lay in this position for several seconds, but the amazing pressure of the carcase was more than the head was able to support ; he had fallen with his head so short under him that the tusks received little assistance from his legs. Something must give way ; the strain on the mighty tusks was fair, they did not therefore yield, but the portion of the head in which the tusk was embedded, extending a long way above the eye, yielded and burst with a muffled crash."

On another occasion Mr. Cumming shot a splendid old fellow whose dignified composure under fire was singularly touching. He was the largest and tallest bull elephant the sportsman had ever seen. He was

standing broadside to the party at about one hundred yards; the first shot secured him, the ball catching him



' A splendid old fellow '—Page 265

high upon the shoulder-blade, rendering him instantly

dead lame. Approaching nearer, Mr. Cumming fired several bullets at different parts of the head. "These did not affect him in the slightest; he only acknowledged the shots by a 'salaam-like' movement of his trunk, with the point of which he gently touched the wound with a striking and peculiar action." Cruel indeed must be the man who would prolong the sufferings of so noble an animal. Mr. Cumming for a moment or two withheld his fire while he contemplated the great figure that stood on the verge of the forest; but recollecting that while he gazed admiringly, the animal was trembling now and then with pain, he and proceeded to put an end to a scene so painful. Opening fire, six shots penetrated the flesh behind the shoulder, "which must eventually have proved fatal, but as yet he evinced no visible distress. After this I fired three shots at the same part with the Dutch six-pounder. Large tears now trickled from his eyes, which he slowly shut and opened; his colossal frame quivered convulsively, and falling on his side he expired."

Having ridden some miles in a northerly direction, Mr. Cumming and his servants entered an extensive grove of camel-dorn trees, thickly clad with the softest green. Here he saw two old bull-elephants browsing quietly in an extensive hollow, unsuspecting of danger. Advancing cautiously he beheld a whole herd of tearing bull-elephants, standing together on

an eminence about three hundred yards distant ; catching a scent of the sportsman, the herd suddenly wheeled about and charged right downward, crashing through the jungle in great alarm. Following up the game, the party, emerging into an open glade, came in view of nine or ten huge bulls with long, heavy, and perfect tusks. Selecting a patriarchal bull, on account of the size and beauty of his tusks, Mr. Cumming rode up daring him to charge ; this he did eagerly, and as he pulled up he was met by a yell of defiance, which was by no means to his taste. Firing rapidly, the sportsman lodged about a dozen of bullets in his fore quarters within a quarter of an hour. These sent him staggering back for a few moments, and when he recovered betrayed strong symptoms of being fatally wounded. He stood trembling and swaying backwards and forwards, then catching up the dust with the point of his trunk threw it in clouds above and around him. Being anxious to finish him Mr. Cumming dismounted, and getting within twenty yards of the spot, lodged several shots behind the shoulder ; the last two shots finished the bull, for on receiving them he backed stern foremost in the cover and soon after fell over heavily. In the fall, however, the much prized tusk was broken ; it lay under him snapped through the middle.

Mr. Cumming met with great success while hunting in the Pamangwato country, though on several

occasions he had the mortification of finding the largest tusks of his game broken. In one afternoon he bagged two great elephants, and seldom a day passed during which no large game was added to the bag.



THE CROCODILE.

CROCODILES are usually found on the banks of such large rivers as, in consequence of frequent or periodical overflowing, are covered with mud, in which they



find abundance of testaceous matter, fish, worms and frogs, for food. On the slimy banks of these marshy and wooded waters the large crocodile, covered with

mud and appearing like the trunk of a fallen tree, often remains motionless for a long while, watching, with astonishing patience, for an opportunity to seize his prey. His stillness, colour, and form impose on fishes, sea fowl, tortoises, &c., so that they approach without suspicion. He likewise seizes on sheep, goats, hogs, and even on cattle and horses. While swimming along the great rivers he seldom raises more than the top of his head above water, so as to see around, seeking to surprise any of the larger animals that may come close to either shore.

When he sees one approach to drink, he dives and swims under water till he gets near enough to catch it by the legs, then drags it into the water till it is drowned, and devours it at his leisure. In water the crocodile puts forth his strength with much greater advantage than on land. In spite of his great size and apparent unwieldiness he moves about in the water with great swiftness and agility, often emitting a half-suppressed murmuring noise; though the length of his body prevents him from turning suddenly, he swims forward with astonishing velocity when about to seize his prey. This he generally throws down with a stroke of his rugged tail, then seizes it in his talons, and pulls it in pieces, or cuts it in two with his long sharp teeth, and swallows it down his enormous throat. When on the land his motions are vastly more embarrassed, and he is consequently then less

dangerous; but though he advances much slower than in the water, he runs tolerably fast when the ground is smooth and his road is straightforward. The habit of living together seems to disprove the statement of many travellers, who give this animal the character of being cruel and ferocious; for ferocious animals are invariably solitary and unsocial. That crocodiles are not naturally either fierce or cruel, is evident from their being tamed in some countries. In several parts of the Molucca Islands, they have been kept and fattened, in a certain degree of domesticity. When they are really dangerous, it is when they are hungry; let them be supplied with food, and they leave unmolested any animal that may come within reach of their jaws. •

In the neighbourhood of the river Senegal, notwithstanding the formidable appearance of the crocodile, the natives often attack it, particularly when asleep, endeavouring to surprise it at places where the water is not deep enough to allow it to swim. They approach it boldly, having the left arm defended by a covering of thick leather, and attack it with spears, or a kind of dart called *zagaye*, aiming their thrusts chiefly at the throat and the eyes. They even sometimes force open its mouth, and preventing it from shutting by means of the *zagaye* placed firmly between the jaws, hold down its head in the water till it is drowned or suffocated. An African traveller gives the following

account of an engagement between a negro and a crocodile seven feet long, which the negro discovered sleeping among some bushes at the foot of a tree near the banks of a river. He stole gently up to the animal and gave it a deep wound with a knife in the side of the neck. The crocodile, though mortally wounded, struck the negro so violently on the legs with its tail as to knock him down; but without quitting his hold, the man rose instantly, and wrapping a rope round the muzzle of the crocodile, while one of his companions held it fast by the tail and another mounted on its back to hold it down, he drew out the knife from the wound and cut off its head. In Egypt the peasants often dig a deep trench in the usual track by which the crocodile goes from the water up into the country, which they cover lightly with branches of trees and earth; then by making a great noise to frighten the crocodile it hastens to the water, and falling into the pit is there either killed or secured with ropes or nets. Sometimes they fix one end of a strong rope to the trunk of a large tree, having a hook at the other end to which a living lamb is tied; this is left on the bank of the river, and by its cries to get loose attracts a crocodile to the spot; which, willing to avail itself of the supposed repast, at the same time gets the hook fixed in its jaws. The more the crocodile struggles to get free the more firmly the hook penetrates; the people on

the banks give line as the crocodile dives, and following all its motions in the water wait till it is completely exhausted, and then drag it to land.

There seems to be no essential difference between the alligator of India and the Egyptian crocodile. Naturalists seem to confine the alligator to South America, the crocodile to Asia and Africa, but in India, the *lacerta crocodilus*, generally called the alligator, is from five to twenty feet long; the back is covered with impenetrable scales; the legs short, with five spreading toes on the fore foot and four in a straight line on the hinder, armed with claws; the alligator moves slowly, its whole formation being calculated for strength, the back-bone firmly jointed, and the tail a most formidable weapon; in the river it eagerly springs on the native unfortunately bathing within its reach, and either knocks him down with its tail, or opens a wide mouth for his destruction, armed with numerous sharp teeth of various length, by which, like the shark, it sometimes severs the human body at a single bite.

THE TIGER.

THE Tiger is the most rapacious and destructive of all the feline genus. Fierce, without provocation

and without necessity, its thirst for blood is insatiable, though glutted, with slaughter it continues its carnage, nor ever gives up so long as a single object remains in its sight ; flocks and herds fall indiscriminate



victims to its fury ; it fears neither the sight nor the opposition of man, whom it frequently makes its prey ; and it is even said to prefer human flesh to that of any other animal.

The tiger varies in size, according to climate and species. In the East Indies it has been found fifteen feet long, including the length of the tail, which, supposing it to be four feet, makes the body about eleven feet in length. This is called the royal tiger, and is of tremendous bulk. Hyder Ali once presented one to the Nawab of Arcot, which is said to have measured eighteen feet. Its head is large and roundish, the ears short and at a great distance from each other; the skin is of a darkish yellow colour, striped with long black streaks; the hair is short, excepting on the sides of the head, where it is about four inches long; the point of the tail is black, and the rest of it is interspersed with black rings; the legs and claws resemble those of the lion, only the legs are much shorter in proportion to the size of the animal.

The tiger is much more ferocious, cruel, and savage than the lion. He seems to have no other instinct than a constant thirst for blood, which often stimulates him to devour his own young, when unable to quench his thirst in other directions. He often lies in wait on the banks of rivers, where the heat of the climate obliges other animals to repair for drink. Here he seizes his prey, and multiplies his massacres often with no other view than to drink their blood. However, when he kills a large animal, as a horse or a buffalo, he sometimes does not tear out the entrails on the spot, but, to prevent interruption, drags it off

to the wood. This is sufficient proof of the strength of this rapacious beast. Tigers seldom pursue their prey, but bound upon it from the place of their ambush with an elasticity scarcely credible. This is the true character of all the cat kind. It is highly probable that from this circumstance the tiger may derive its name, which in the Arminian language signifies *an arrow*; to the flight of which this creature may be aptly enough compared in the swiftness of its bounds. Neither force, restraint, or violence can really tame this animal. He is equally irritated with good or with bad treatment; he seizes the hand which nourishes him with equal fury as that which administers blows; he roars and is enraged at the sight of every living object. Almost every natural historian agrees in this ferocious character. •

There is a sort of cruelty in their devastations unknown to the lion, as well as something dastardly in their sudden disappointment. "I was informed," says a traveller, "by very good authority, that some gentlemen and ladies being on a party of pleasure, under a shade of trees on the banks of a river in Bengal, observing a tiger preparing for its fatal spring, one of the ladies, with amazing presence of mind, laid hold of an umbrella, and opened it full in the animal's face, which instantly retired, and gave the company time to escape before he returned. Another party had not the same good fortune: a

tiger darted among them while they were at dinner, seized on one gentleman and carried him off, and he was never more heard off." A fate similarly shocking was that of the son of an eminent civilian, the particulars of which were given in a letter to England by one of the party: "Yesterday morning, Mr. Downey, Lieutenant Piefinch, and poor Mr. Munro and I, went on Sangar Island to shoot deer; we saw innumerable tracks of tigers and deer, but still were induced to pursue our sport. About half-past three we sat down on the edge of the jungle or wood to eat some cold meat sent us from the ship, and had just commenced our meal, when Mr. Piefinch and a native servant told us there was a fine deer within six yards of us. Mr. Downey and I immediately rose up to take our guns, when I heard a roar like thunder, and saw an immense royal tiger spring on the unfortunate Munro, who was sitting down. In an instant his head was in the brute's mouth, which rushed into the jungle with him, with as much ease as I could lift a kitten, bearing him through the thickest bushes and trees, everything yielding to his monstrous strength. The agonies of horror, regret, and I must say fear (for there were two tigers, a male and female), rushed on us at once; the only effort I could make was to fire at him, though the poor youth was still in his mouth. I relied partly on Providence and partly on my own aim, and fired. I saw the tiger stagger,

and the youth was released. Mr. Downey then fired two shots and I one more ; Mr. Munro then came up to us all covered with blood, and fell. We took him on our backs to the boats and got every medical assistance, but all was in vain. He expired in twenty-four hours in the greatest agony. His head and skull



were all torn and broke to pieces, and he was wounded by the beast's claws all over his neck and shoulders. The beast was about four feet and a half high and nine long ; his head appeared as large as that of an ox ; his eyes darted fire ; and his roar,

when he first seized his prey, will never be out of my recollection."

Tachard gives an account of a battle between a tiger and two elephants of which he was an eyewitness. The heads and part of the trunks of the elephants were defended from the claws of the tiger by a covering made for the purpose. They were placed in the midst of a large enclosure. One of them was suffered to approach the tiger, which was confined by cords, and received two or three severe blows from the trunk of the elephant upon its back, which struck it to the ground, where it lay for some time as if it were dead ; but though the strokes had greatly abated its fury, it was no sooner set at liberty, than with a horrible roar it made a spring at the elephant's trunk, which that animal dexterously avoided by drawing it up, and receiving the tiger on his tusks, threw it up into the air. Both the elephants were then allowed to come up ; and after giving it several blows would undoubtedly have killed it if an end had not been put to the combat. Under such circumstances we cannot wonder that the contest was unfavourable to the tiger. We may, however, by this judge of its great strength and fierceness ; that after being disabled by the first attack of the elephant, while held in cords, it would venture to continue so unequal an engagement.

The tiger seems peculiar to Asia, being found so

far north as Chinese Tartary and about Lake Aral and the Altaic chain. The greatest numbers, the largest and most cruel, are met with in India and its islands. In Sumatra and the other Malagar Isles, as well as in the forests of Java, they are very destructive to the wood-cutters and cultivators.

THE JAGUAR.

THE Jaguar, from its size, strength, and ferocity, is often called the South American tiger. It inhabits the warmer parts of America, from Paraguay as far north as Red River in Louisiana; it is considerably larger than the congar, and but little inferior to the tiger. It is of a bright tawny colour, the top of its back marked with tawny stripes of black, its sides with irregular oblong spots, the breast and belly whitish, and the thighs and legs marked with black spots. This animal lives solitary in thick forests, especially in the neighbourhood of large rivers, but is occasionally driven by hunger into the cultivated districts; it swims and climbs well, preying upon living animals and fish; its strength is such that it kills or drags off an ox or a horse with ease. Its favourite

mode of attack is to leap upon the victim's back, and by placing one paw on the head and the other on the muzzle to break the neck by a single effort. It is said to stand in shallow water and throw out fish on the shore with its paws. Being excessively fond of



The Jaguar Fishing.

turtles, it digs up the eggs, devours the young, and clears out the flesh of the larger specimens with great skill. It rarely attacks man unless pursued or pressed by hunger, and then is very formidable.

Near the sides of rivers a singular combat is sometimes seen between the jaguar and alligator. When the former comes to drink, the alligator, ready to surprise any animal that approaches, raises its head out of the water. The jaguar instantly strikes its claws into the eyes, the only penetrable part of the reptile, which immediately dives under water pulling its enemy along with it, when they often perish together.

The natives of South America usually hunt and destroy the jaguar by means of poisoned darts and the trusty machete or hunting knife. The skin of the animal is of considerable value, and consequently whenever the trail of the jaguar is found it is pursued. In the hunt other animals, such as the peccaries, pacas and deer, help to make up a good bag, upon the skins and flesh of which the natives depend almost entirely for their livelihood.

The hunt is carried on at night in the depths of a thicket, or behind a rock to leeward of the jaguar's trail.

"We started at midnight," says a traveller who accompanied a native hunter on one occasion. The trail of a jaguar had been seen and the native swore that he would sell its hide at Novita. Let us tell what a strange and terrible spectacle awaited them. The moon enabled them to thread their way through the forest, the Indian being armed with his blow pipe (through which the darts passed) and machete, and

the traveller with a rifle. "Near a deer's path to the water's edge we took our post well screened by the bushes. Long we remained silent, motionless, peering into the darkness, listening to all the sounds of night till dawn was almost breaking. Then we heard the jaguar's cry, but as it was repeated we heard it receding from us. I would have followed the cry but my host restrained me. A fine large deer approached. The Indian slowly raised the blow pipe to his lips, his breast heaved, his cheeks swelled and subsided, as if by a spring the arrow sped on its way. The wounded deer bounded into the wood, the Indian as fleet on its trail. In ten minutes a fine large buck still alive, but paralysed, lay at my feet. It was now daylight, and we started homeward agreeing to repeat my visit the next night. As we reached a clearing we heard in the roads and tall grass a struggle. The Indian silently drew his machete, as I did my knife, both steadily advancing. A terrible spectacle soon met our eyes. We halted. The jaguar whom we had watched for so long was there, but not alone. He had encountered on his path a boa of large size. Hunger spurred both on. Instead of flight they rushed at each other; and we came up in the very fury of the combat.

"The jaguar's claws had torn long furrows on the serpent's sides, which hung in ribbons; but the monstrous serpent had got the jaguar in its folds, and that

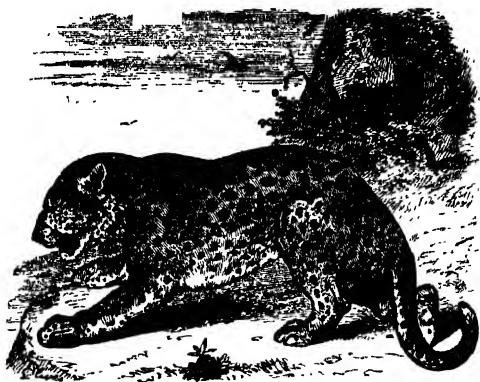
mighty brute struggled in vain to release its hold, uttering an angry cry that died away in its throat. The boa followed all its victim's writhings, watched them with its head towering above, the immense red mouth disclosing its long retumbent teeth, and answering cry by hiss. The jaguar's bones gave way, crack followed crack, the chest yielded, while the serpent rapidly increasing its folds kneaded the quivering mass into a long morsel for its fearful maw." The spectators' were so awe-struck at the struggle that they were unable to advance, otherwise they might have disturbed and perhaps killed the serpent.

A DECCAN PEST.

MATHERAN is one of the few hill stations in the Bombay Presidency which at one moment reminds the Anglo-Indian of some of the pleasant scenery of the old country, and the next the most striking features of an Asiatic region. While wandering through the delightful shades a gap in the forest suddenly brings in view a vast plain, from which quickly rise range upon range of rock standing darkly against the clear sky, or the eye may be cast as

quickly from a peaceful picture of English cottage life to a deep and gloomy ravine, where abide the tiger and the leopard.

Two friends and myself were on our way thither when the affair I am about to recount took place. Matheran is reached from Narel Station, the point at which the railway begins the ascent of the Bhore Ghaut. Leaving the train, and securing three very



serviceable tattoes or hill ponies, we set out for our destination. The native servants we sent forward in advance to make the needful preparations for our arrival. The ascent of the mountain is by no means difficult during the dry months, but during the rains is attended with considerable danger. The roads are broken up, and huge boulders not unfrequently slip

from the hill side, sweeping away every obstacle below. Besides, where the path narrows the grass and jungle weeds grow so thickly, that it is often difficult to tell which is the path and which is the jungle.

It was before the rains had quite ceased that we set out one September afternoon, believing that we would be snugly lodged before dusk. One of my companions whom I shall call M., had been up before and knew the way ; C. and myself were strangers in that part of the country ; in fact of India, as we were what old stagers call "griffins." After jogging along the winding paths of the hill sides, smoking and chatting, and now and then breaking out into some old familiar air, we came at last to the zigzag road that leads to the plateau. It was then about six o'clock and darkness was falling fast. Our journey, however, we thought would be completed within half-an-hour, the distance from the village being then only about two miles.

- We trotted leisurely forward in Indian file, in the best of spirits, for perhaps an hour, until, indeed, the mist and darkness closed in so thickly that we could scarcely discern each other. More cautiously we moved forward for some time, without seeing lights or hearing any sound of human life. By eight o'clock we appeared to be no nearer our destination, still, on we went, but fruitlessly. Clearly, we had

lost our way. The only sounds of life we could hear were the screeching chorus of night birds, the wailing cry of the hyena, and the sharp, angry notes of the wild cat and cheetah. In vain we shouted, and in vain we endeavoured to pierce the gloom. Equally vain were our further attempts to reach the village.

Relieving the ponies from their burden, we were upon the point of securing them for the night, when M. thought he saw something like a light. Leaning forward eagerly, he peered into the darkness. Then a sound of crashing branches caught our ears. Instantly the ponies rearing broke the rotten reins, and scampered frantic with fright along the path we had traversed. As the branches crashed, a terrible cry rent the air, and the branches crashed again and again, until the sound suddenly ceased. Looking round for M., we were horror-stricken to find him gone. Kneeling down near the spot where he had stood, we found a gap, as if made by a body falling through. We listened anxiously, but, save a rustle of leaves, which soon died away, we could hear nothing.

Leaning over what seemed to be the sides of a ravine, and clinging to the thick stems that stood around, we shouted until our voices, between exhaustion and fright, waxed weaker and weaker. Our cries were unavailing. We crept back and tried to think of what could be done. M. had, it was clear, been

seized by some savage beast and dragged swiftly into the ravine.

We could, situated as we were, do nothing but remain until dawn near the spot, and then hurry on to the village for assistance. When the morning broke, we were in a narrow path, to the left of which lay a ravine thickly clothed with brushwood. Down its sides were broken branches and plants lying crushed to the ground, but beyond a thick clump of bushes hanging over a chasm, the view was hidden from sight, and the side was too precipitous to admit of prosecuting a search without aid.

Marking the spot carefully, we set out on the path taken by the ponies, and, at length, reached a point where three paths met. One we were certain to have traversed before, the other appeared to skirt the mountain top, and that we took. Fortunately we did to, for on getting out into the open, and proceeding for about a mile, we caught sight of a herd of cattle, tended by a young native. A rupee secured his services, and before long we were at Matheran. Search had already been made for us, vainly, of course.

Engaging a gang of natives and a couple of experienced hunters (shikarees), we lost no time in getting back to the scene of poor M.'s disappearance. Enquiring how we could possibly have lost our way, we were told that in the darkness we had turned to the left instead of to the right, and subsequently rode

round and round the plateau, without advancing one step nearer to our destination.

One of the shikarees at once concluded that M. had been seized by a leopard, as he knew the spot to be a haunt of that pest of the Deccan. The gang of coolies were then directed to tom-tom like mad down the slopes to frighten the brute away, if he were still lurking near. The second shikaree crept like a cat down the almost precipitous side, and, going along what seemed a ridge, reached a spot whence he could sooner get at the low ground, slipped quietly and carefully down among the bushes.

The tom-toming did, indeed, go on vigorously. If there is one thing a native of the humbler classes of India delights in more than another, it is in making hideous noises, such as would drive the population of one of the London parishes frantic with indignation.

All the noise, however, came to nothing; there was no sudden dash from the bushes of an enraged leopard, who had been rudely awakened from its morning slumbers—no sounds but those of the clash of metal, the thumping of kettles, wild shrieks, yells, and what not.

For some time this went on, and then the noise suddenly ceased; scrambling down to where the shikarees were, we heard the welcome cry that the "sahib" had been found. But how, thought we;

in what condition? On reaching the ledge of rock already spoken of, we saw M. bleeding and insensible. One arm had sunk into the cavity of the rock; his legs were held by thick branches; one arm seemed broken, and his face and hair were stained with blood. On looking down, we saw the remains of a large leopard lying smashed upon the sharp points of the rocks below.

Did M. recover? you will probably ask. He did, but after much suffering. When peering through the trees, trying to catch a glimpse of the light, he felt a movement at his side; and in about a second after, a grip of teeth on his arm and a huge paw on his shoulder. Then it was he shrieked as he was being borne down, and the next moment he fell with his assailant headlong through the gap we had noticed. He lost consciousness on rolling down, and remembered nothing until day-break, when he found himself lying in the branches stiff and cold. The impetuous beast had, it is likely, lost its hold in the fall, and in struggling to regain a footing and its victim, while rapidly tumbling through the brushwood, had suddenly and for a moment poised on the rock ledge, and then fallen into the chasm below.

THE LEOPARD.

THIS species is next in size to the panther ; its length from the nose to the tail is about four feet and its tail is about two and a half feet long. It is of a lively



yellow colour, marked on the back and sides with small spots disposed in circles and placed pretty closely together ; its face and legs are marked with single

spots ; its breast and belly are covered with longer hair than the rest of its body, of a whitish colour ; the spots on its tail are long and oblong. It inhabits Senegal, Guinea, and several parts of India, and will sometimes attack man as well as other animals.

When the beasts of chase fail the leopards descend in crowds from the interior parts of Africa, and make great havoc among the numerous herds that cover the rich meadows of Lower Guinea ; they tear their prey in pieces both with their claws and teeth, and though perpetually devouring they are always thin ; the panthers are their natural enemies and destroy large numbers of them.

The negroes take them in pitfalls covered at the top with slight hurdles, on which is placed some young animal as a bait ; when taken they feast on the leopard's flesh, which is said to be as white as veal and very well tasted. The negresses make beads and collars of its teeth, and attribute to them certain virtues.

In Asia the leopard is found in the mountains of Caucasus, from Persia to India, and also in China where it is called *poupi*. The Bokarian traders who often take their skins to Russia called them *bars*. It inhabits Arabia where it is called *Nemr*. It is said that in that country, as well as Egypt, it does no hurt to man unless provoked, but will enter houses at night and destroy dogs and cats. The manners and dis-

position of the leopard are very similar to those of the panther ; it has been trained to hunting in India, and they may be seen in packs in the native courts.

The hunting leopard, or cheetah, is a beautiful animal of the size and shape of a large greyhound ; of a long make, with long legs and a narrow deep chest ; it has a small head ; eyes of a pale orange ; the end of its nose black ; a dusky line runs from each corner of the mouth to the corner of each eye ; its ears are short and of a tawny colour, marked with a brown bar ; its face, chin and throat are of a pale yellowish brown ; the face is slightly spotted, and the body is of a light tawny brown, marked with numbers of small, round, black spots, not in circles, but each distinct. The spots on the outside of the legs are larger than those of the inside ; the hair on the top of the neck is longer than the rest, forming a kind of mane ; that on the body is white and long ; the tail is of a reddish brown marked above with black spots. It inhabits India and the South of Africa ; and is tamed and trained for the chase of antelopes ; it is carried in a small kind of cart chained and hoodwinked till it approaches the herd. When first unchained it does not immediately make its attempt, but winds along the ground stooping and concealing itself till it gets a proper advantage, then darts on the animals with surprising quickness and overtakes them by the rapidity of its bounds, but if it does not succeed in its first efforts, consisting of

five or six amazing leaps; it misses its prey; losing its breath and finding itself unequal in spirit, it stands still, gives up the pursuit and returns to its master; but it succeeds at least three times out of four in securing its game, which it seizes by the neck and holds securely until the hunters come up. The great aim of the hunting leopard is to steal unperceived behind its prey.

TIGER OF THE CARWAR WOODS.

THERE are three species in the Carwar woods. These woods are on the Malabar coast southward of Cape Ramus. The smallest of the tigers is the fiercest. It is not above two feet high, when it walks. It is very cunning, and delights much in human flesh. The second sort is about three feet high, and hunts deer and wild hogs and a little creature called a pissai. Its body has the shape of a deer, but its head like a swine; and as a boar has two long tusks growing upwards from the nether jaw, so it has two long sharp teeth which grow downward from the upper jaw, and reach as low as the under part of the lower jaw. They are very harmless and timid, and feed on grass and herbs.

The largest size of the tigers is above three feet and a half high when they walk. They are less rapacious than the others, seldom greedy of human flesh, and sooner frightened.

One of the natives had a buffalo fast in a bog, and while he sought for assistance to extricate the animal a large tiger made its appearance and saved further



trouble by pulling the buffalo out by its own dexterity and strength, and when this had been done was on the point of walking off with its prize when the native and his neighbours made their appearance. When the tiger saw the people he dropped the buffalo and made for the neighbouring jungle, into which he quickly plunged and disappeared.

"I was once," says a traveller, "in these woods trying to get a bag of some deer, but having only an ordinary musket and finding my powder damped by rain, I was on the eve of returning, when I observed a tiger of the largest size standing on the same path with his face towards me. As soon as he saw me he squatted on his belly and wagged his tail; crawling closely towards me I thought it would be useless to fly, so I stepped leisurely forward till I came within ten yards of him. I then clubbed my piece and made what noise I could to frighten him, and he, I suppose out of civility, rushed in amongst a thicket of bushes and left me the road, a kindness I did not care to accept of, and got in amongst the bushes on the opposite side, I daresay much more frightened than he was." The collector in this neighbourhood is held in high esteem, and when he goes on a hunting expedition he is generally accompanied with several of his English neighbours, who bring with them their servants and such skilled villagers, as they think will be useful. The part chosen as affording the greatest quantity of game in the smallest compass is taken possession of by all who carry arms, who are stationed at convenient distances, while a number of natives rouse the game by making a noise on their tom-toms well calculated to frighten the savage and other denizens of the woods. These natives spread themselves sometimes for a mile or two, and on a signal given strike up and

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 march to the place where the sportsmen are stationed. The wild animals being astonished beyond measure at the unusual din, betake themselves to their heels, and fall in the ambushade, and many of them are killed and wounded in their flight.



TIGER IN COORG.

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 WHEN in India a few years ago I had an opportunity of taking part in a fight with a tiger which came off in the jungles of Coorg, near the coffee estate of a friend whose guest I was: He had arrived in the country about half a dozen years previously an almost penniless stranger, in which condition he introduced himself to Mr. S——, the owner of considerable property in that region. My friend's application for employment was successful, and he was soon after installed as assistant superintendent of an estate near Mercara. Subsequently he was enabled to purchase a long sweep of virgin land, and begin planting on his own account.

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 His was indeed a heavy and trying task at first. The land, as may be supposed, was as yet untouched by fire or axe, consisting simply of a large acreage of

jungle, thickly wooded with bamboo, pine and bush, and so isolated from population as to teem with almost all descriptions of hill game. To bring such a wild tract into bearing was enough to discourage more



experienced men than my friend Fisher, but being full of youthful endurance and pluck, he bravely threw down his blanket and gun, and commenced operations. With his coolies he cut and hewed down sufficient wood to admit of planting, and that he cleared by one

immense bonfire, which forced the denizens of the forest back yelling and howling into yet deeper solitudes. During leisure moments he erected a temporary shelter, but these were so few, that the hut was ill-adapted as a defence against the heavy night dews, and the still more deadly malaria hanging densely around the newly-opened land.

His main object, however, was to get the first planting of young coffee trees in ground before the monsoon, to escape the three months' inactivity which these rains enforce. And by dint of surprising industry he was successful, for ere the downpour began fifty acres of the estate were covered with young plants. Proceeding thus, extending and cultivating until the third year, he had the satisfaction of picking, pulping, drying, and selling his first crop of coffee, and by that time Waversly estate was reckoned by good judges one of the most promising properties in the bamboo country.

His temporary shelter had long before been exchanged for a small but substantial bungalow, erected on the hillside, whence the whole estate could be seen, and the planter's bugle could be heard in the coolies' lines, rousing the inmates from sleep at the break of day.

It was towards the close of a January evening that we sat smoking and discussing the nature of several attacks on Fisher's cattle, made by a tigress known to

have been in the neighbourhood for months, but until early in the new year no despoiler of property. The truth is she lay directly in the track of the sambhur or hill deer, during their frequent visits to and from the higher regions, and for a time the brute was amply provided with food, but, her hardihood increasing, the game turned in another direction, thus leaving her to such resources as were on the spot. Hence she turned first upon a pair of bullocks owned by a neighbour, and afterwards upon Fisher's, three out of six having been killed.

Several attempts had been made by *shikarees* to effect her destruction, but without success; indeed she seemed to hold the natives in utter contempt, and grew more audacious than ever. Then it was that Fisher resolved to make her acquaintance, and asked me to join him. To assail her own quarters was highly dangerous, so we decided to wait until she again sought to recruit her stores from the cattle shed, and with that in view Fisher caused her movements to be watched by a fine old fellow, half shikaree half servant, then shooting jungle fowl for table.

From the reports so far received it was thought the tigress would make her appearance towards midnight, or during the earlier hours of the morning succeeding the evening on which we had sat chatting together. But to avoid a profitless and uncomfortable watch, should any unlooked-for delay arise, additional scouts

had been sent forward to return when she appeared on the eve of moving.

We had both retired for the night and were fast asleep, dreaming probably more of the snow-clad woodlands and the warm hearths of the old country, than the savage brute whose strength and cunning we had previously been discussing, when we were suddenly awaked and told that the tigress had already left her lair and was then hidden in a mass of thick wood not farther than a mile from the cattle. We were soon on foot, dressed and armed; each had a rifle charged with ball and a long Coorg-knife, a curved broad-bladed weapon of the most formidable kind. The natives carried three smooth-bores charged with slugs, and the minor requirements of the hunt. As far as weapons went we felt equal to any occasion if not separated or surprised, and hoped for the best whatever might take place.

As I have said, the bungalow was situated high up on the mountain side, fronting the north and looking down on a long, deep valley, stretching for several miles from east to west. Beyond the confines of the estate, the forest rose densely towards the left, but in the opposite direction was broken and detached until lost in the vast space intervening between these regions and the still more easterly Ghauts, or what are more familiarly known as the neilgherries.

We quickly descended the hill by a, bridle path to

the bosom of the valley, and striking off through a planting of young coffee trees reached the borders of the property where the cattle were located, after about half-an-hour's walk or scramble. A dangerous spot it certainly was to choose for bullocks, seeing how thickly the jungle grass rose in the rear, but then it was convenient, being the nearest point to the government road leading to Mercara—the only hill market for produce away from the coast. Here Fisher had erected a rude shelter for the cattle, which for ordinary purposes, however, served as well as a more expensive structure, but for the matter of defence it was not so well adapted; the door way was shattered and broken, and the door itself a mere apology for one: though I doubt whether any material short of iron would stand the shock of a tiger's spring, if the brute were hungry, and within a few yards of a fat bullock. Fisher had had no great reason to fear an attack, so rarely does any wild animal, unless a man-eater, or a rogue elephant, approach the surroundings of man. But if by accident any hungry monster appeared on the spot the planter's only real defence was in shot and steel.

On reaching the shed we were told that the tigress was moving cautiously some little distance up the valley towards the estate, but so indirectly, that it was difficult to tell, confidently how long we might have to wait. Fisher then had the three remaining

bullocks moved away from the door to the upper end of the shed, and fastened by strong ropes to thick iron staples, lest in their fright they should break loose and rush against us at a critical moment. His calm steady nerve while making these and other preparations proved what a true sportsman he was. I myself felt agitated in view of the coming danger, a feeling common to most men placed for the first time in a similar position.

How long we waited for the warning signal I have no recollection. At length it came, a hoarse croak in imitation of that of the bull-frog—and we were instantly on the alert. Kneeling down with levelled rifles about half-a-dozen paces from the doorway within the shed we remained silently watching. Fisher's nerve was as firm as a rock, and my own growing firmer. Listening anxiously, we heard the sound of a heavy body moving through the dry jungle grass and wood. It was a crash followed by a long pause, but both the movement and pause were so irregular that it seemed as if the animal was uncertain of proceeding further. After a long, unbroken pause, she seemed to make a sudden rush and leap through evidently a clump of bamboo, so great was the succeeding crash. Then all was again quiet in the rear, but inside the shed the cattle, instinctively aware of what was at hand, began to shake and tremble and attempt to break away

from their fastenings. Still the quietness outside continued, and that so long, that Fisher feared the tigress had been scared or allured by some object she either dreaded, or relished. He had almost concluded that such was the case, when an immense body sprang like lightning from the bush in front to within pistol shot of the doorway.

"Fire!" exclaimed Fisher, as the brute was about to spring again, and as the word was uttered both pieces were discharged straight at her ear. She was struck but not fatally. Recoiling for a moment she rushed forward furious with pain, but not before the contents of the smooth-bores were lodged in her breast; the guns having been within reach. Before we could reload she rose, bleeding from the ground and leaped clear through the entrance, her claws extended to the full and her mouth open and hideous; she fell crash through the entrance just as we started back; even then the danger was frightful. It was madness to rush in upon her, yelling with pain and rage as she was, but these were not moments for thought, only for impulsive action. As she rolled over, Fisher threw himself on her body, knife in hand, I following, and in a few moments after becoming unconscious, my arm being broken and torn in the brute's mouth. Fisher was down too, bruised, and bleeding, but weak though he was, I - was afterwards told he struck blow after blow with his

knife, calling on the shikaree who had hurried to the spot to strike deeper, higher, nearer the heart and where he couldn't reach. And it was well he did for his hand relaxed its grasp of his knife, as the native drove his ~~home~~ to the heart of the dying monster.

When restored to consciousness, Fisher and myself were soon after placed in kind and skilled hands, thanks to the good offices of a neighbouring planter. Nor was it long before Fisher was strong and well again, and I able to continue my journey eastward.

TIGER SHOOTING BY NATIVE CHIEFS.

THE native gentry of Rajpootana are very fond of tiger shooting, or what a sportsman would call a shooting promenade. For before they begin there must be some certainty of securing the game, and perfect immunity from danger while engaged in the sport. To shoot on foot in the wilds of a strange country, where at any moment they may be seized and dragged dying through thorny bush, and delivered, in the form of a supper to half-a-dozen hungry whelps, is a proceeding little to their liking. They relish as little also the aid of the elephant in jungle warfare, as an

elephant, unless an old stager who can wink contemptuously at a tiger, is apt to bolt, and in its flight pass under branches thick enough to knock the howdah and its occupant from its back. Besides, a desperate tiger has been known to spring upon the elephant's shoulder, and by another effort seize the sportsman's head, and thus crush for ever his hunting and indeed all other aspirations.

The element of danger is the principal attraction of tiger shooting to an Englishman, and he justly regards with contempt the precautions the native takes to acquire fame as a hunter, at the least possible bodily risk. The latter is of course entitled to shoot in the fashion best suited to his nerves, and nobody would be inclined to quarrel with him if he never ventured to touch a trigger; but what British sportsmen do object to, and that most emphatically, is the way in which the game is preserved by the native gentry. For the sake of a few days in the jungle every season, on which occasions several tigers are bagged, the chief of the district forbids the inhabitants to destroy them themselves or assist strangers in discovering their haunts. In consequence the brutes increase wonderfully fast, and if few of them turn out actual man-eaters, they all develop into cattle-eaters, and victimize the farmers to a woeful extent.

Strangers, especially British officers, care very little for the chiefs, their wishes or commands, and destroy

the tiger with as little concern within gun-shot of the native ear, as they do when miles away from inhabited territory. But in their shooting excursions they require food for themselves and supplies for their horses. They also require guides and beaters if they do not wish to spend the whole of their leave in one neighbourhood, and thus it is that by forbidding the people to assist in any way, an insignificant chief can annoy and drive sportsmen from his district without appearing unfriendly to the visitors, or disrespectful to the authorities. For let a complaint be made against him and he declares solemnly that his invariable practice has been to afford strangers every assistance. If his people have disobeyed instructions they shall be punished, destroyed if the sahib wishes it, or the entire population if he likes shall turn out and assist him to kill the tiger. The chief's people take all the blame upon themselves, knowing that if they told the truth, a heavy rod would be laid on their shoulders as soon as the stranger's back was turned, and the collector engaged in somewhat more important business.

The poor villagers would, if the matter of assisting the sahib were left to themselves, gladly place all they possess at his disposal. He might have the pick of the smartest and most intelligent of the lads as guides, and the advice of all the gossips in the place, as to the whereabouts of the game. His arrival would be announced with an air of triumph to the population

of neighbouring villages, who would burn with jealousy that his lot had been cast beyond their reach. They would see none of the bright, hard, beautiful rupees, which the sahib was sure to have in sackfuls. They would have no opportunity of pouring forth their sorrows before a sympathetic face ; all the pickings and plunder would go to their neighbours, and they themselves would not be one pie the richer. For the sahib always pays handsomely for supplies and assistance, knowing well that it is his interest to conciliate as much as possible the natives, on whose good will his chances of enjoying sport so much depend. When a native chief longs for a day or two's shooting, all his relatives and friends are summoned to a conference, at which his praises are sung loudly and long, and every other chief in the country is denounced as an object of insignificance, too poor, mean, and cowardly a being to be named in the same breath with their host. He is the hero of the day before whose presence the tiger trembles, and snakes sneak abashed into their holes. To see him shoot inspires the young men with courage and fills the hearts of the elders with amazement ; he holds in his hand the fate of all the wild beasts in Kotah or Boondee, and upholds the honour and adds to the glory of his mighty race as becometh a great prince.

In return for a lavish expenditure of flattery, the chief entertains his guest with the fat of his pantry,

and an occasional nod signifying that their sentiments are approved. Orders are issued to prepare for the great hunt, and forthwith depart shikarees in search of the game that is supposed to fly from their lord's presence. The most capable of the villagers are converted into beaters whether they like the task or no, and as a rule they do not like it, for besides having a wholesome dread of a tiger, they feel certain of being plundered during their absence by their bosom friends.

In the meantime stands are erected in the vicinity of the game upon which, on the appointed day, the chief, his friends and his followers, all armed to the teeth, take their places. "The whole, party," says Lieutenant Rice, "is generally very conspicuous, being mostly dressed in white or gaudy-coloured cloths; and because they keep up a continued noise of loud talking, hookah smoking, &c. At length the beating commences; for this purpose the impressed men, instead of being kept huddled up as closely as possible together, in which formation alone their safety lies, are spread out in a long, single line as if they were about to merely beat up a hare or deer. They thus continue advancing, making their utmost noise, beating drums, blowing horns, firing of matchlocks with the view of driving the tiger past the positions taken up by the chiefs and their followers. The tiger is of course soon roused, and perhaps at first allows himself

to be driven in the proper direction, but soon catching sight of his enemies above in the stands, naturally bolts, and at once perceiving the trap laid for his destruction generally turns round and dashes back with loud roars through the thin line of beaters in his rear, often knocking down one or two unfortunate men who have not time even to get out of the way. Should the tiger, however, prefer to run the gauntlet of the fire from his foes on the platforms in the trees above, often harmless enough, as he bounds off roaring, after rushing past his would-be murderers, he is of course pronounced to have been 'riddled with balls,' though to ascertain this fact no steps are taken; 'following up' the prints or blood of a wounded tiger is a feat utterly unheard of by those mighty princes." A tiger has been known to pass the stands, as coolly as if he were convinced that the chief and his party were dummies, but then he must have been an old stager who knew every trick and trap of the enemy as well as he knew his own den. And it must have been an interesting spectacle to the impartial observer to have seen two-score of excited natives "blazing away at the old fellow as he leisurely moved past, slowly waving his tail, as a significant signal of contempt. Although built to bear a great weight, the stands, like those in this country, sometimes give way, and at the critical moment; instead of being received by a shower of lead the tiger is saluted by shouts, yells, and groans, broken planks and branches,

and if he be near enough, a member or two of the illustrious party.

The chief of — and his vassals came once to grief in this way. The preparations had been on an unusually grand scale. Tigers in his neighbourhood, a very beautiful one, abounded, and it was confidently expected that the "bag" would be large. There were three stands, one for the chief and his favourites, a second for aspiring but needy retainers, and a third for those of "low degree." There was a good deal of floating jealousy as to who was who among the chief's followers, and on the day when the sport began, half-a-dozen of the jealous ones, instead of taking their places on No. 2 stand, boldly ascended to No. 1 to the amazement and disgust of the chosen. The chief himself was too intent watching the approach of the game, the beaters having roused a fine full-grown tiger, to notice the angry looks of the two parties. They, caring less for the game than the matter of privilege, commenced to wrangle for place as the roaring brute came bounding past, and instead of firing grappled with each other, the favourites to thrust the intruders back, and the latter to gain the front. The binding of the boughs cracked, the timbers separated, and the "grand stand" disappeared.

On the ground was the chief with a broken head, and a tough branch athwart his body, while legs and arms, some in motion and others still, appeared

amidst a rich profusion of broken wood, fire-arms, fire dishes, pipes, and brass pots.

It rarely, however, happens that such accidents take place, and quite as rarely is a tiger shot by the platform sportsman. What, however, does often happen, is the death of one or more of the beaters while driving the game within range of the guns. But then, nobody cares whether the villagers live or die. The chief and his retinue, enjoy themselves, and return from the revel to feast and chatter, and dream of new exploits in the jungle, leaving the widow of the dead beater to wail and rend her garments until the kindled pile has reduced the mangled corpse to ashes.



AN ADVENTURE WITH A MAN-EATER.

THE repose of a small town in India was suddenly disturbed one evening by the appearance of a man-eater, whose size, daring, and cunning, created no little alarm in the native mind. The visitor announced its arrival by seizing a native while driving his cattle leisurely homeward, and attempting to carry him off to some dark recess in the forest, there to sup on the unfortunate. Alarmed, however, by the shouts and yells of a crowd, that had hastily collected and hurried

in pursuit, the visitor dropped the body and fled, but not without a mouthful or two, for the hands, feet, and face of the victim were missing.

The villagers turned out in a body to discover the brute's haunt and destroy its inmate before further mischief was done. But fruitless indeed were their efforts. The cunning animal had no regular haunt in the neighbourhood, but was supposed to have one in a hill some little distance from town. It had what we may call its hunting "boxes," these being deep, unused pits, where it hid all day. On another occasion the man-eater slipped out from its hiding-place at dusk, and laid its huge paw on a young woman while she and her friends were at work. Before a word could be uttered, she was borne dead quickly out of sight; her companions struck dumb with terror were unable to call for assistance before the monster had disappeared.

The previous excitement was as nothing in comparison to that which now reigned. Who would be the next victim? was the inquiry in everybody's mouth. A strong party was got together, and the course the tiger had taken followed. This was discovered by the strips of clothing, and hair and blood on the bushes through which the victim had been dragged. Pressing on, and keeping well together through the high grass and thorn bushes, the party reached the borders of a dense thicket, and there found the mutilated

remains of the female. Her death as I have said was instantaneous, her skull having been "smashed in."

Satisfied with finding what remained of the body, the party started back for the village; thus leaving the man-eater at liberty to return at some future time and stalk another of the natives. Arriving shortly after with two friends in the neighbourhood, and learning what had occurred, we determined to do our best to rid the country of the brute. By "we" I mean my companions, Rose and Forbes, who had shot all kinds of big game, while I had not as yet seen a tiger in its native wilds.

When it was known that the "sahibs" were going in pursuit of their enemy, the villagers grew unusually valorous, uttering threats which, had they reached the tiger's ear and been understood, our hunt would have come to nothing, so well calculated were these threats to frighten an animal possessing reasoning powers from the place. - While mentioning this, let me extract an amusing story which Colonel Campbell tells of an old Kandeish sportsman. "We were," says the old sportsman, "closing in upon a wounded tiger, whose hind leg was broken. Some Bheels, who had run up the trail to a patch of high grass, were drawing back now that their game was found, when the brute started up behind the elephant, and charged the nearest man, a little hairy, bandy-legged, square-built oddity, more like a satyr than a human being. Away

spun the Bheel for the nearest tree, with the wounded tiger roaring at his haunches. By the Prophet, sir, it would have done your heart good to see the spring the active little sinner made. Just in time he reached the tree, and scrambled into a branch hardly out of reach. There he sat crouched into the smallest possible compass, expecting every moment to be among the houris. The tiger made several desperate efforts to reach him, but, the broken hind leg failing, he dropped back exhausted. 'It was now the Bheel's turn. He saw that he was safe, and accordingly commenced a philippic against the father and mother, sisters, aunts, nieces, and children of his helpless enemy; who sat with glaring eyeballs fixed on his contemptible little reviler, and roaring as if his heart would break with rage. As the excited orator warmed by his own eloquence, he began skipping from branch to branch, grinning and chattering with the emphasis of an enraged baboon, pouring forth a torrent of the most foul abuse, and attributing to the tiger's family in general, and his female relatives in particular, every crime and atrocity that ever was or ever will be committed. Occasionally he varied his insults by roaring in imitation of the tiger; and at last, when fairly exhausted, he leant forward till he appeared within the grasp of the enraged animal, and ended this inimitable scene by spitting in his face. So very absurd was the whole farce that we,

who were at first shoving up the elephant in alarm for the safety of our hairy little friend, ended by laughing till our sides ached; and it was not without reluctance that we put an end to the scene by firing a death volley."

Sending out scouts, we heard on their return that a tigress had been seen about five miles off, near the summit of a hill lying westwards. There she had probably her haunt. It seemed likely also that this tigress and the man-eater were one and the same animal. This surmise we soon discovered was correct.

The villagers willingly furnished us with a gang of beaters, whose capacity for making a noise we understood was perfect; that we took for granted, lest we might be solicited to hear what they could do. With our own party were three shikarees, who had been tested and found efficient in jungle warfare.

When ready to start it was towards evening. For some distance we got along quickly enough, but on entering the jungle it grew so thick that the pace grew very slow. The low ground was swampy, and covered with bamboo leaves; and as we left it, and rose higher, it was rocky and uncertain. It was better, however, than the prickly bush, as we were able to trudge along quicker, and consequently in better spirits. The spot we were making for was a cavern in the hill side, where we had good reason to believe the tigress was, or had been.

As we approached we could detect no cave, only a boulder of rock lying just as it had rolled from the summit. But as we ascended higher, the entrance of a cave could be seen, the boulder hiding it from view being lower down. It certainly looked a dangerous place to enter when the tenant was at home, and we were uncertain on that point.

As an experiment a kid was tied to a tree and a small pebble placed in its ear, a short distance from the tree. The cry of the little animal often draws the tiger from his lair, but on this occasion we could hear no sound of animal life in or near the cave. The tigress was evidently abroad, or lay gorged with food in some dark recess.

Finding that we were only losing time, waiting as we were, Rose proposed that he would enter the place, while we kept watch outside, to prevent surprise. Nothing came of the search; the tigress was abroad. The question then was to discover her whereabouts, and give her a deadly reception on her return. The beaters, in the meantime, had been looking for tracks in the low ground, and that silently, for the order had not, as yet, gone forth to tom-tom. While consulting as to the next step, a messenger brought word that our "game" was down in the low ground, evidently going in her roundabout style to help herself to another of the valorous natives. The coolies were, on the receipt of this intelligence,

directed to the east of the tigress, and beat so as to drive her in the direction of the cave. The shikarees were instructed to warn us on the discovery of the game.

As it was not improbable that the cave led to some subterranean passage opening out in another direction, as is the case with several on these hills, it was advisable to cut off this way of escape, as well as to prevent a retreat to the jungle, where our chance of securing her hide would be somewhat remote.

It was arranged then that Rose and one of the shikarees should remain hid by the boulder, ready to receive the animal as soon as she appeared; and a few yards to the left Forbes, I, and the third hunter took our stand, to greet her should she turn. I don't remember now how long we waited, it could not have been more than an hour, yet to me it seemed almost twelve hours. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and all nature around us seemed wrapt in slumber. It was while marvelling on the sudden silence that had fallen on the land that a low sound caught the ear; it grew gradually louder and louder, until we recognized the tom-toming of the beaters. Louder grew the sound, and then came the sharp crack of a rifle.

We were now all fully on the alert, as the game, judging by the sound, could not be far off. At last the shikaree heard the sound of a movement in the angle, a rapid movement such as a large beast would

make forcing its way through bush. The movement grew more intense, then a huge tigress, with glaring red-hot eyes, sprang from the bush to the rock at the cave's mouth. The contents of three barrels checked but did not stop her career. A volley of slugs followed. These staggered her a bit, but she was not yet settled; gathering together her strength she suddenly turned, and, facing Forbes and I, rushed upon us with gleaming jaws. The contents of the remaining barrels turned her, and as she faced the cave her eyes caught Rose and the shikaree, and with an appalling roar of pain and passion she fell upon them.

On rushing to the spot with knife and axe we found Rose down in the brute's grasp, while his companion lay insensible across its body, with his long knife buried in it. Forbes ended the struggle by a blow from his axe, while I went for assistance. That arriving, the wounded men were attended to, and we all set out for the village. The natives rejoiced exceedingly when they saw the carcass of their enemy borne triumphantly to our encampment.

THE BISON.

THE Indian bison is not only the most formidable member of the Ox family, but the terror of the forest

in the hills of western India. Unlike its American cousin, whose physiognomy is menacing and ferocious, but whose disposition is pacific and inoffensive, the Indian bison is naturally fierce, daring and difficult to kill. The native hunters have a greater dread of the bison than of the tiger, and can rarely be prevailed upon to attack it. It frequents the Ghauts, and the wildest forest ranges of the Himalayas. When found it is in the morning, browsing in herds of ten or fifteen, in an open glade, where they find the tender shoots of the bamboo, and sweet young grass, upon which they chiefly depend for food. As the sun rises and the heat increases they disappear into the recesses of the forest, where they are unapproachable.

Occasionally a bull ventures into the open country and grunts defiance to the hunter, and, when attacked, often kills, and usually injures, one or more of the party. Colonel Campbell relates an instance of this. "A large bull was discovered in an open plain several miles from any jungle, and information having been sent to the nearest military station, a party of young officers turned out against him. The original plan was to approach him quietly and shoot him ; but on arriving at the ground it was found so beautifully adapted for cavalry movements that some of the young gentlemen, who were keen hog hunters, proposed to give the noble brute something like fair play, by attacking him on horseback with their favourite

weapon, the spear. This measure, more chivalrous than prudent, was carried by a large majority ; and after a desperate engagement, which lasted several hours, the unfortunate bull was done to death ; but not before one horse had been killed and its rider severely injured. The horse being young and violent did not wheel off quickly enough when the spear was delivered, and the bull catching him under the flanks with his horns tossed him over his head as if he had been no heavier than a dog. The horse had his spine and thigh-bone fractured, and the rider was with difficulty saved from the enraged animal by his companions coming to the rescue, and diverting his attack to themselves."

The skull of the bison is wonderfully thick ; it is about two inches thick, and so hard and compact, that it will resist a bullet weighing upwards of an ounce of lead. This may seem absurd, but those who know the bison best, assert that no sporting shot can penetrate the skull. The only effect that an ounce bullet has is to stun the animal for a few seconds. •

When in sight of the enemy it runs very swiftly although it cannot long continue its flight; rushing forward with its head very low so that the hoofs are raised higher than the head. In shooting bison the sportsman requires two pieces, a double-barrelled rifle and a smooth bore, a good supply of ammunition, a knife useful enough to destroy both animal and

vegetable life, as in these wilds a path has to be industriously hacked from the forest, before the game can be reached. Dress is an important item in sporting life, and the nearer that it can be to the "colour of dry bamboo or withered herbage" the better. But the most important of all is a capacity to stand the disappointments and successes of the sport, the rage of thirst, the weary waiting and watching, and the attacks of disease which the sportsman has to bear up against. But few Englishmen could be got to confess that they were incapacitated for following "big game;" and when a man goes through the jungle in this spirit—the spirit that with care and practice he can do anything—he bids fair to survive and return hair skin laden. Campbell was a very successful sportsman, and his success was due greatly to his own love of forest life, and his great pluck and endurance.

While hunting one day on the banks of the Black River, he and his friend Bruce heard a slight rustling sound proceed from beyond a thick clump of bamboo. They both crept forward to the thicket, and separating "proceeded to get round it on opposite sides." The report of Bruce's rifle was heard shortly after, "followed by a crash as if a squadron of cavalry were charging through the forest." Emerging from the thicket and landing on the border of an open glade, Campbell found a female bison lying struggling and tearing up the earth in the hopeless effort to regain her footing.

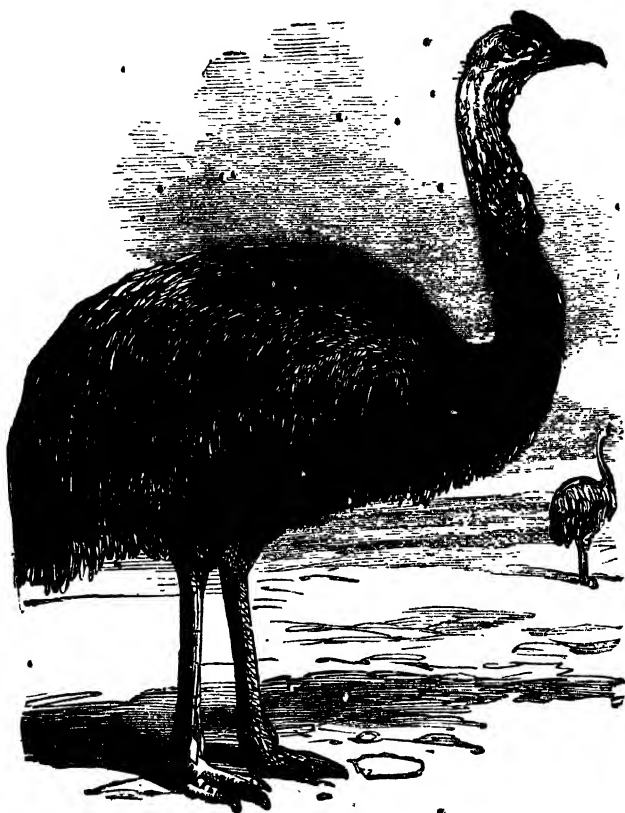
"I instinctively drew my hunting knife and rushed forward to despatch her. It was in vain that Bruce shouted to me to hold back, for he knew the animal was only hit in the flank, and might get up again; in the excitement of the moment I was deaf to his cries, and getting close up behind the shoulder of the wounded bison, so that she could neither strike with her head nor her feet, I drove the knife up to the hilt in her side. She instantly sprang to her feet with a convulsive bound, uttering a roar that might be heard for miles. But the knife had reached her heart—this was the last effort of expiring nature—her knees bent slowly under her, and she dropped dead at my feet." While breathing after the excitement was over, and admiring the fine proportions of the prize, Campbell was startled by a warning cry, and on turning round beheld the bull whose wife he had killed. The faithful old fellow had heard the bellowing of the cow, and charged to her rescue. The bull was now within thirty paces of him. "Turning," he says, "with the coolness of despair I took a steady aim at his forehead and fired; he staggered forward, and uttering a deep growl dropped upon his knees with a stream of blood pouring down his nose." Campbell fled for the nearest tree, but before he reached it the bull had turned and disappeared in the thicket, nor could he be found afterwards. The Colonel accounts for the quantity of blood lost by saying that the bullet had probably

"struck rather low, and entered the head without touching the brain." On another occasion the party found an old savage-looking bull quite alone; his head was of the largest size and adorned with magnificent horns. He was cropping unconscious of what awaited him, when Campbell raised his rifle, "and within eighty yards fired. I took him in the point of the shoulder with a bullet weighing an ounce and a half, and the enormous brute sank with a crash that levelled the bamboos as if an elephant had fallen. He lay apparently dead while I reloaded; but the moment I stepped from behind the tree, he started up with a roar that made the earth tremble, and tried to steady himself for a charge. His tongue lolling out of his mouth, and his blood-shot eye rolling with the fury of madness, lent to his enormous head an expression of indescribable ferocity. But a single glance satisfied me the poor brute was not in a state to prove dangerous, for his fore leg hung dangling from the shoulder, and the foam which besmeared his mouth was deeply tinged with blood. He made one frantic effort to reach us but fell half way. I planted a ball in his forehead which effectually stunned him (although I afterwards found it had flattened upon his massive skull without penetrating), and advancing close to where he lay, I discharged the remaining barrels into the back of the neck, where the skull joins the spine. This of course proved fatal. He stretched out his

limbs with a convulsive shudder, his eyes turned in their sockets, and the mighty bull was no more." This solitary old fellow must at one time have been expelled from the herd to which he belonged for probably his great ferocity, and, waxing gloomier and more ferocious still, in his solitude, became a savage and dangerous animal, who would not scruple to charge without provocation upon the game, whether human or not, that first came in his way.

OSTRICH HUNTING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

OSTRICHES inhabit the dry, sandy plains of Africa, from the Barbary States and Egypt to the Cape of Good Hope. They associate in flocks, and are frequently found mixed up with vast herds of quaggas, zebras, giraffes, and antelopes. Their hearing and sight are very acute, and the length of the neck and high position of the eye enable them to look over the tall herbage and perceive any approaching object at a great distance. They are very shy, and when alarmed escape either by a quick stately walk, or a rapid run with the assistance of the wings. When at full speed Livingstone says you can no more see their legs than the spokes of a rapidly-revolving carriage wheel;



when they begin to run all other game in sight follow the example. They are sometimes ran down by fleet

horses frequently changed, but are generally killed by artifice, one of the most successful modes being that practised by the bushmen, of clothing themselves in one of their skins, and, under cover of this, getting near enough the stupid creatures to kill them with a poisoned arrow. It is not often that we hear of a European hunting the ostrich, a sport of a more dangerous nature is usually preferred. And we the more willingly turn to an adventure in South Africa, which F. W. B. has lately recounted to his sporting friends in *Baily's Magazine*.

F. W. B. was the guest of Mr. Anderson, a young farmer, whose place at Graff Reinnet was regarded by travellers and sportsmen as their head-quarters during their stay in that part of the country. A long conversation had taken place on sporting matters between host and guest, and the former proposed a three days' trip towards the Black River, where he should be able to get something better than spring buck to shoot at. This proposal was what his guest desired, and nothing being in the way, they decided upon starting at daybreak on Monday morning.

At a most unusual hour, says F. W. B., on the day appointed I was roused out by my host, and after a tub in bitterly cold water, and a hearty breakfast, we started on horseback, Anderson informing me that his waggon had started some hours before us. Our route lay for some distance along the bank of the Sunday

River, eventually turning off towards the distant range of mountains, and over a wide expanse of bush-covered plain, upon which we saw hundreds of spring buck and other small antelopes. As we rode onward Anderson told me several of his adventures when hunting beyond the frontiers. One of them was to this effect.

About two years before he was hunting in the Bechuana country, and one day when chasing a herd of elands his horse fell with him, and bolting off left him alone in his glory. To add to his misfortune, he found that his rifle stock had been broken in two in his fall, night was fast coming on, and he was at a considerable distance from his waggons. Picking up his now useless rifle, he started off in the direction he supposed the camp to be, but darkness came before he could see anything of it. Under these circumstances all he could do was to camp out for the night; and, knowing that the plain abounded with lions, he chose his resting-place amongst the boughs of the most convenient tree he could find; and then, after taking a deep drink of his flask, lit his pipe and made himself as comfortable as circumstances would permit. It was not the first night by many that he had had to camp out, and he had no doubt but that by breakfast-time next morning he would be safe in his waggon. Well, he finished his pipe, and, having fixed himself in the most comfortable fork he could find in the boughs, was just dropping off to sleep, when a terrific roar

just underneath conveyed to him the intelligence that his whereabouts had been discovered by a lion, prowling about in search of what he might find for his supper. Feeling perfectly safe, and thinking the animal would soon "make tracks," Anderson lit another pipe, but had not half smoked it out before his friend below was joined by two others. The moon by this time was shining brightly, and my friend was able to see that the blockading force consisted of a lion and two lionesses. Hour after hour passed, but they evinced no intention of taking their departure; but still Anderson thought that when day broke they would retire, according to their usual custom, to the bush. The long night at last passed and the sun rose, but still the enemy remained crouched a few yards from the tree, and seeming never to take their eyes off their expected prey.

Anderson now began to feel exceedingly alarmed at his position; his rifle was perfectly useless, and, to add to his discomfort, the pangs of hunger began to assail him; fortunately his flask still held out, so that he had not thirst also to suffer from. And so the day slowly—oh, how slowly!—passed on, until late in the afternoon, when to his delight he heard a distant shot. The lions evidently heard it too, for in a few moments the two ladies got up, and after a stretch and a yawn, quietly slunk off and were seen no more. But not so the old lion; he merely gave a move of his

black-tufted tail, as much as to say, "They may go, but I've got you in a trap and I'll bide my time;" but presently he became uneasy, and at length jumped up and bounded off with a half-smothered roar, doubtless of disappointment. "In a few moments the tramp of a horse was heard, and in less than five minutes Anderson was describing to one of his companions his adventures of the night. It seems that his horse galloped straight back to camp, and his friends had been searching for him all night. They beat the bush for the lions, and Anderson had the pleasure of shooting two of them.

This, and other stories of wild life, lightened our road, and after a ride of about twenty miles we camped in a small belt of trees, not very far from a small stream. After dinner we took our guns, and had half an hour's hunt for guinea fowl and partridge; we bagged a few of each and a couple of spring buck, and then, returning to camp, spent the rest of the day in doing nothing, turning into our beds early, to be ready for a hard day's ride next day.

In the morning we set out. The country before us was fairly level, and thickly covered with bushwood and the succulent dwarf trees, called by the colonists speck-boom. It seemed actually covered with spring buck, but we wanted rarer game, so Anderson examined it well through a field-glass; at length he said, "Well, there are ostriches there, and I fancy

wild beast what you call gnu, farther to the right. Which shall it be?" "Oh! the ostrich," said I, "it's one of my greatest ambitions to kill one."

"All right then, so be it;" so we turned our horses' heads across the wind, and rode quietly for a mile or two until we got to leeward of the flock, which I could now see consisted of five birds. They let us approach until we were not quite a quarter of a mile from them, and then they began to "pull foot." Telling me to ride close to him, Anderson gave his horse the spur, and, steering a course slightly diagonal to the one the birds were going, led the way at a splitting gallop, while I stuck to his skirts "as close as a burr to a donkey's tail." For the first half hour or so we were gaining nothing, but after nearly an hour's hard gallop the flock suddenly separated, three of them going off nearly at a right angle. Singing out to me to stick to the two, Anderson followed the three. I found now I was rapidly gaining on my birds; the Admiral, as I had named my horse, was going well, with plenty left in him, and I was thinking it was nearly time to get my rifle ready, when crash! and all was over. My horse had put his foot in a hole, and, coming down heavily, pitched me yards over his head. For a moment or two I thought I was killed, but presently when I got my wind I sat up, and, after a little time found I was all right, so far as legs and arms went, but wofully shaken. The Admiral was standing close to

me, blowing and trembling with fright, but otherwise fortunately unhurt. As soon as I could keep my feet, I staggered over to him, and, getting hold of my hunting flask, took a pretty strong hip of "queen's own," which pulled me together, and just as I was repeating the dose, the dull sound of a shot down wind told me that Anderson had been more fortunate than myself.

Getting into the saddle with some difficulty, I rode to meet him, and on telling him my mishap he insisted on going back with me to the camp, and on our reaching it made me strip myself, and then he rubbed for half an hour sweet oil and rum mixed into every joint of my body, which remedy most certainly had the effect of removing nearly all the stiffness I felt from my fall. He had killed his bird, and had it not been for my accident would have gone after the wild beasts, but as it was, he insisted upon my not going out again that day, and remained with me for company.

Next morning, when I turned out, I felt little or no ill effects from my fall, and after breakfast we started again, going over pretty nearly the same ground we had the day before, seeing immense numbers of spring buck. On my making a remark to my comrade about them, he told me that occasionally, when it was an exceptionally dry season in the interior, what the colonists term the "*Trek-bokken*" took

place, when countless herds of these pretty little creatures invade the colony like swarms of locusts, eating up and destroying every herb and blade of grass before them, and doing an immensity of harm and damage to the unfortunate settlers and farmers; that at these times the whole face of the country for miles and miles is covered with them, until the rains set in up country, when they take their departure.

When we had ridden about a mile from the camp I descried two ostriches in a little vale. Anderson was anxious to look for wild beasts, as they were getting exceedingly rare in the colony, but my heart was set upon riding an ostrich down, so we separated; he continuing on his path, I turning off to stalk the birds.

There was not a breath of wind, and I conjectured that by riding carefully I should be able to reach a tuft of trees, near which the birds were feeding, without alarming them, and in this I succeeded perfectly.

I was now not more than four hundred yards from them, and giving Admiral a touch of the spur, I galloped straight for them. In an instant they were off, and excited as I was, I could not avoid being struck by the gracefulness of their action; with head perfectly erect, and wings very slightly lifted, they skimmed over the plain with a long easy step which betokened a long chase. For the first ten minutes I pressed my horse almost to his utmost, but finding I did not lessen the distance between the birds and my

self, I took a pull at him, and concluded to ride a waiting race. And it was fortunate that I so decided, for at the expiration of quite forty minutes I had not sensibly decreased my distance. But presently I saw that one of the noble birds was evidently beginning to fag; his wings were drooping, and his head, instead of being held proudly erect, began to sway from side to side, and he could no longer keep up with his mate.

The Admiral was going as "fresh as a daisy," and I soon saw that I was gaining on the one bird very rapidly, and in another twenty minutes I was well within shot of him, but I determined to leave nothing to chance, so, instead of pulling up and firing at him, I put on a spurt, and, ranging up alongside, brought him down with a shot from over my knee. Pulling up and dismounting I put a period to his misery, and then, lighting a pipe, sat down to contemplate him, and I must confess that I felt not a little proud and elated, but I was very young and that must be my excuse. Having finished my pipe I plucked the best of the white plumes from the wings, and one or two of the black body feathers, and cutting off one of his feet as an additional trophy I mounted the Admiral, and looked round to see if I could see anything of Anderson. Failing to do so I turned my horse's head towards the camp, and amused myself with chasing and killing, until the Admiral gave unmistakable signs of being pretty well done up, when

slinging a buck before me, I walked slowly up to the waggon and had just "off saddled" when Anderson hove in sight; he had not succeeded in falling in with the wild beasts, but had killed a couple of the bucks.

SHOOTING A LEOPARD.

At the shop of a saddler in Dumfries may be seen a leopard's skin of extraordinary dimensions. It was originally twelve feet in length, but owing to the tail having been removed it is about two feet less. This skin once covered one of the fiercest creatures ever cradled among the swamps of Hindostan. The dense jungle of Bengal was the place of the animal's resort, and the havoc which it committed among the cattle was prodigious. It was dreaded far and near on this account by the natives, and they scrupulously avoided their spotted enemy, knowing well, that when his appetite was whetted with hunger, he was not over scrupulous whether his victims were beasts or men.

On one occasion the monster made a dash upon a herd of beeyes, and succeeded in carrying off a large ox, and loud was the lament of the poor Hindoos that one of the sacred herd had thus unceremoniously been assailed and slaughtered before

their eyes. A party of the Bengal Native Infantry, consisting of an officer and five others, having been informed of the circumstance followed in the direction of the leopard's den, determined, if possible, to punish him for this, and the many other depredations he had committed. Having come to an



intervening ravine, they were about to cross it when they saw the object of their search on the opposite side. There he was lying in his lair, heedless of danger, and luxuriously feasting on the carcass of his captive. It was the monster's last meal, however. The party approached with stealthy steps as near as

they could without crossing the defile. "Take your aim! fire!" cried the captain. This was done, and four balls pierced the leopard, three in the neck, and one in a more dangerous place, through the brain. Startled by this unpleasant salute, the animal rose, gazed with glaring eyes on his enemies, at the same time pawing the earth in its pain and fury.

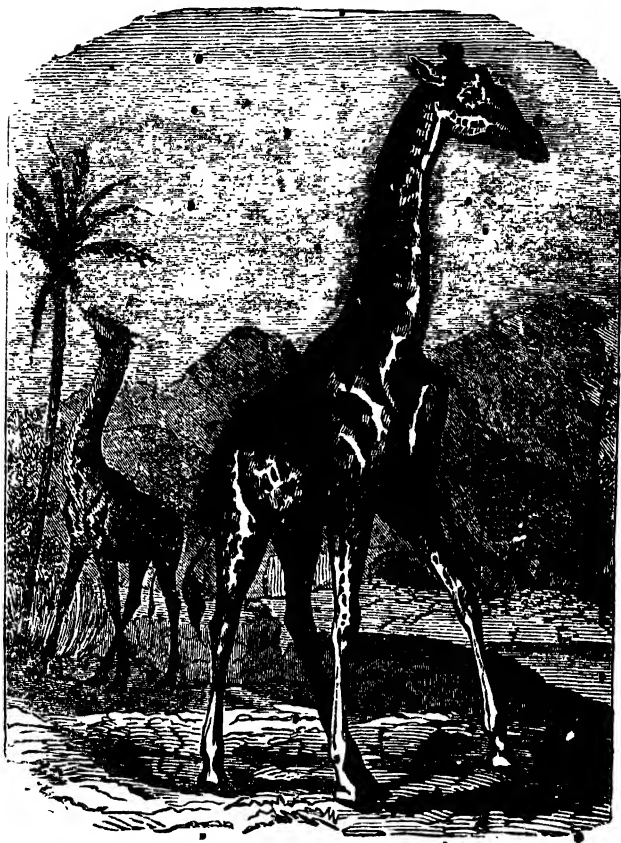
The sepoy was astonished that it did not roll lifeless at their feet; but instead of this, before they had time to reload, the creature, after uttering a terrific cry, sprang across the ravine and seized one of his assailants. It must have been in some degree weakened by its wounds, but its strength was yet great, for the man seemed to have no power of resistance to its attack. The leopard having a hold of the sepoy in its mouth, darted off in the direction of a jungle close at hand, the other soldiers following up as fast as they could, but not daring to fire lest they should injure their luckless comrade. Sometimes they lost sight of the leopard and its bleeding burden, but the blood-marks on the grass or on the sand enabled them to regain the trail and to carry on the pursuit. The animal at length came to a small river; it hesitated a little on the brink and then leaped in, still tenaciously retaining its prey. The stoppage thus occasioned enabled the pursuers to gain ground, and just after the leopard emerged from the river, and was shaking its skin free from

the watery drops, one of the party at that moment fired. The beast dropped its prey at once, howled furiously, and then fell dead.

To their great surprise and joy the soldiers found that their comrade was still in life, though he had fainted from fear and weakness occasioned by the loss of blood. He recovered, but retained ever after the dental marks received from the leopard.

HUNTING THE GIRAFFE.

A THRILLING passage in the adventures of a sportsman is his first chase of the giraffe, that singular ruminant which ranges over the vast glades and woods of eastern, central, and southern Africa. But rarely now-a-days have our Nimrods seen the stately herds that in times past roamed in the accessible regions of the South. They are fast retreating far back to browsing grounds in the interior, where as yet the sharp crack of the rifle is seldom heard, and the daring explorer seen only at long intervals. And it is well that the family are retiring from the reach of the bullet; we would spare so beautiful, so inoffensive, so harmless and happy a family to their central wilds, and spend our lead on destructive and savage game.



Thirty years ago, the giraffe, all unconscious of the approach of civilization, wandered at will through the

magnificent landscapes of the Mekolotse country, feeding from tree to tree on the delicate and succulent leaves and twigs which were within reach of its long and towering neck. The herds were composed of about thirty animals, whose strong hard hoofs had so successfully been hammered on the heads and hides of their savage foes, that the lion was often afraid to attack even a single giraffe. In the deep solitudes, therefore, of their vast domains, the happy family browsed peacefully, increased rapidly in numbers, and lived on the most friendly terms with their gigantic neighbour the elephant, who fed in majestic tranquillity in adjacent regions.

Soon, however, sportsmen who were shooting in the country north-west from Delagoa, were attracted to the home of the giraffe, and then commenced what afterwards developed into wholesale butchery of the harmless animals. They were shot down by scores, unresisting and weeping in their agony, not at a single shot, but by the slow torture of protracted volleys. When Mr. Gordon Cumming was in Africa, he travelled many days through the country of the giraffe and marched through forests in which their spoor was abundant, yet he had not discovered the animals themselves. After, however, pursuing his journey through an endless grey forest of camel-dorn and other trees, he beheld a troop of giraffes standing looking at his party, their heads actually towering

above the neighbouring trees. "It was imprudent," he says, "to commence a chase at that hour, especially in a level country, where the chances were against my being able to regain my waggons that night. However, I resolved to risk everything, and directing my men to catch and saddle Colesberg, (his horse), hastily buckled on my shooting belt and spurs, and in two minutes was in the saddle. The giraffes stood looking at the waggons until I was within sixty yards of them, when galloping round a thick bushy tree, under cover of which I had ridden, I suddenly beheld a sight, the most astounding that a sportsman's eye could encounter. Before me stood ten colossal giraffes, the majority of which were from seventeen to eighteen feet high, but, beholding me, they at once made off, twisting their long tails over their backs with a loud switching noise, and cantering along at an easy pace, which however obliged Colesberg to put his best foot foremost to keep up with them.

My sensations on this occasion were different from anything that I had before experienced during a long sporting career, and I was so absorbed by the wondrous and beautiful sight before me, that I rode along like one entranced, and felt inclined to disbelieve that I was hunting living things of this world. The ground was firm and favourable for riding, at every stride I gained upon the giraffes, and after a short burst at a swinging gallop was in the middle of

them, and turned the finest cow out of the herd ; finding herself driven from her comrades and hotly pursued, she increased her pace, and cantered along with tremendous strides, clearing an amazing extent of ground at every bound, while her neck and breast coming in contact with the dead old branches of the trees, were continually strewing them in my path. In a few minutes I was riding within five yards of her stern, and firing at the gallop sent a bullet into her back ; increasing my pace I next rode alongside, and placing the muzzle of my rifle within a few feet of her fired my second shot behind the shoulder ; the ball, however, seemed to have little effect. I then placed myself directly in front when she came to a walk, and dismounting I hastily loaded both barrels, putting in a double charge of powder, but before I was ready she was off at a canter. In a short time I brought her to a stand at fifteen yards in the dry bed of a water-course, and fired, aiming where I thought the heart lay, upon which she again started ; having reloaded I followed and had very nearly lost her, for she turned abruptly to the left and was far out of sight among the trees. Once more I brought her to a stand, and dismounting gazed with wonder at her extreme beauty, while her soft dark eye, with its silky fringe, looked down imploringly at me. I really felt a pang of sorrow in this moment of triumph for the blood I was shedding ; but the sporting feeling

prevailed, and pointing my rifle towards the skies I sent a bullet through her neck. On receiving it she reared high on her hind legs, and fell backwards with a heavy crash, making the earth shake around her; a thick stream of dark blood spouted far from the wound, her colossal limbs quivered for a moment and she expired. "The sportsman had little time to contemplate the prize he had won," night was closing in, and the ride back to the camp was by no means promising. Cutting off the tail of the giraffe, which was adorned with a tuft of bushy black hair, he took "one last fond look" and rode hard for the spoor of the waggons, which he reached just as it fell dark.

ADVENTURES WITH RHINOCEROSSES.

HOWEVER unwieldy the form, the rhinoceros displays astonishing swiftness. He moves with a sort of trot, quickening his pace by degrees as he runs. His speed is not equal to that of a swift and vigorous horse, but between speed and cunning, he seldom suffers a hunter on horseback to overtake him. The native hunters are accustomed to steal upon the animal when asleep, and gore him with several deep wounds. After which they follow his footsteps, even

for several days, till he drops down of weakness or dies of his wounds. Being destitute of hair he is peculiarly 'exposed to the persecution of insects, which drive him half mad with their constant and painful bites. Nature has taught him, however, to roll occasionally in the mire till he acquires a crust of dirt, which may for some time, at least, protect him from their stings. It is in the night chiefly that he rolls in the mire, and the natives often steal on him then, and while enjoying one of his favourite pleasures, stab him with mortal wounds in the belly before he is aware of their approach.

The rhinoceros sometimes indulges in the most extraordinary antics. Seeming to have a spite against some particular bush he will rip it up with his horns, trample it with his feet, roaring and grunting all the time, and will never cease until he has cut it into shreds and levelled it with the ground. He will also push the point of his horn into the earth, and career along, ploughing up the ground as if a furrow had been cut by some agricultural implement. When thus engaged the animal is not showing temper, as might be supposed, but is merely giving vent to the exuberance of health by violent physical exertion.

Mr. Carl Anderson, the well-known African sportsman, had frequently an encounter with a rhinoceros while travelling towards Lake Ngami. One moonlight

night his reverie was interrupted by the inharmious grunting of a black rhinoceros which presently emerged from the trees, and commenced to charge anything and everything that he encountered. Divesting himself of his shoes and the most conspicuous part of his dress, Mr. Anderson managed to crawl, gun in hand, to within a short distance of the snorting brute. On approaching nearer the animal saw him, "and suddenly uttering one of those strange blowing noises so peculiar to the beast when alarmed, he prepared to treat me in a similar manner to the stones and skulls he had just so unceremoniously tossed about. Not a moment was to be lost, and in self-defence I fired at his head. I shall never forget the confusion of the animal on receiving the contents of my gun. Springing perpendicularly into the air and to the height of many feet, he came down again with a thump that seemed to make the earth tremble; then plunging violently forward he ran round and round the spot for fully five minutes, enveloping every object in a cloud of dust. At last he dashed into the wood and was hidden from view."

On another occasion Mr. Anderson observed at a little distance a huge white rhinoceros protrude his ponderous and mis-shapen head through the bushes, and presently he approached to within a dozen paces of the spot where the sportsman was hiding. His broadside was then fully exposed to view, and

Mr. Anderson fired; the brute, though severely hit, made for the wood, in which his carcass was afterwards found. While reloading, a black female rhinoceros came up for a drink, but her position being unfavourable the sportsman could only disable her. His fire seemed to madden her, she rushed wildly forward on three legs, when another shot was fired, though apparently with little or no effect. Being too well acquainted with the habits of the animal to venture on pursuing her under such circumstances, Mr. Anderson determined to wait patiently for daybreak and then destroy her with the aid of his dogs. But accidentally taking a turn in the direction she pursued, he at once encountered her. She was still on her legs, but her position as before was unfavourable. Hoping to make her change it for a better and destroy her at once, he took up a stone and hurled it at her with all his force, "when snorting horribly, erecting her tail, keeping her head close to the ground, and raising clouds of dust by her feet, she rushed at me with fearful fury. I had only just time to level my rifle and fire before she was upon me, and the next instant, whilst instinctively turning round for the purpose of retreating, she laid me prostrate. The shock was so violent as to send my rifle, powder flask, and ball pouch, as also my cap, spinning in the air, the gun, indeed, as afterwards ascertained, to a distance of

fully ten feet. On the beast charging me, it crossed my mind that unless gored at once by her horns, her impetus would be such (after knocking me down, which I took for granted would be the case) as to carry her beyond me, and I might thus be offered a chance of escape. So, indeed, it happened; for having tumbled me over (in doing which her head and the forepart of her body, owing to the violence of the charge, was half buried in the sand) and trampled on me with good violence, her forequarter passed over my body. Struggling for life, I seized my opportunity, and as she was recovering I scrambled out from between her hind legs." But the enraged beast had not done with the sportsman. Scarcely had he regained his feet before she struck him down a second time, and with her horn ripped up his right thigh from the knee to the hip; with her forefeet, moreover, she hit him a terrific blow on the left shoulder near the back of the neck. "My ribs," he says, "bent under the enormous weight and pressure, and for a moment I must, as I believe, have lost consciousness—I have, at least, very indistinct notions of what afterwards took place. All I remember is, that when I raised my head I heard a furious snorting and plunging amongst the neighbouring bushes." Rising with difficulty, the sportsman made the best of his way to a large tree near at hand for shelter, but this precaution was needless;

the beast, for the time at least, showed no inclination further to molest him. Either in the *mêlée* or owing to the confusion caused by her wounds she had lost sight of him, or she felt satisfied with the revenge she had taken. “ ”

About sunrise, Kamalpyu, his half caste boy, whom he had left on the previous evening about half a mile away, came to convey the guns and other things to the encampment. He listened with seeming incredulity to Mr. Anderson's mishap, but the sight of the gashed thigh soon convinced him that it was no joke. Kamalpyu was directed to take one of the guns and proceed in search of the wounded rhinoceros, and he had only been gone a few minutes when his master heard a cry of distress. Seizing hold of his rifle, the sportsman scrambled through the bushes as fast as his crippled condition would permit, and when he had proceeded two or three hundred yards a scene suddenly presented itself which he believes he will remember to the last days of his existence. “Amongst some bushes, and within a couple of yards of each other, stood the rhinoceros and the young savage; the former supporting herself on three legs covered with blood and froth, and snorting in the most furious manner; the latter petrified with fear—spellbound as it were—and riveted to the spot. Creeping, therefore, to the side of the rhinoceros; opposite to that on which

the boy was standing, so as to draw her attention from him, I levelled and fired, on which the beast charged wildly to and fro without any distinct object. While she was thus occupied I poured in shot after shot, but thought she would never fall. At length, however, she sank slowly to the ground, and imagining that she was in the death agonies, and that all danger was over, I walked unhesitatingly close up to her, and was on the point of placing the muzzle of my gun to her ear to give her the *coup de grace*, when to my horror she once more rose on her legs. Taking a hurried aim, I pulled the trigger and instantly retreated, with the beast in full pursuit. The race, however, was a short one, for just as I threw myself in a bush for safety she fell dead at my feet, so near me, indeed, that I could have touched her with the muzzle of my rifle. Another moment and I should probably have been impaled on her murderous horn, which though short was sharp as a razor."

A rhinoceros, when browsing at his leisure, looks a somewhat clumsy and inoffensive creature, but let his anger be aroused he changes into one of the most active and terrible of animals. There was a rhinoceros in India whose ferocity was such as to render the roads impassable, so frequently were travellers attacked and killed. He had actually the audacity to attack a sporting company, con-

sisting of two officers belonging to the troops cantoned at Dunapore, near Patna, who went down the river towards Monghys to shoot and hunt, and their servants. They had encamped in the vicinity of Derrzapore, and had heard some reports of a rhinoceros having attacked some travellers many miles off. One morning just as they were rising, about daybreak, to go in quest of game, they heard a violent uproar, and on looking out found that a rhinoceros was goring their horses, both of which being fastened by their head and heels with ropes were unable to escape or resist. Their servants took to their heels and concealed themselves in the neighbouring jungle, and the gentlemen had just time to climb up a small tree not far distant, before the furious brute, having completed the destruction of the horses, turned his attention to their owners. They were barely out of his reach and by no means exempt from danger, especially as he assumed a threatening appearance and seemed intent on their downfall. After keeping them in dreadful suspense for some time and using some efforts to dislodge them, seeing the sun rise he retreated to his haunt. Not, however, without occasionally casting an eye back as with regret, at leaving what he wanted the power to destroy.

- The rhinoceros is not often pursued on horseback, because it is difficult to come up with and

follow him, to say nothing of the danger. Mr. Oswell, however, on one occasion pursued the animal on horseback. "Once as I was returning," he says, "from an elephant chase, I observed a large white rhinoceros a short distance ahead. I was riding a most excellent hunter, the best and fleetest steed that I ever possessed during my shooting excursions in Africa at the time, but it was a rule with me never to pursue a rhinoceros on horseback, and simply because this animal is so much more easily approached and killed on foot. On this occasion, however, it seemed as if fate had interfered. Turning to my after rider I called out, 'By heaven! that fellow has got a fine horn, I will have a shot at him!' With that I clapped spurs to my horse who soon brought me alongside the huge beast, and the next instant I lodged a ball in his body, but as it turned out not with deadly effect. On receiving my shot, the rhinoceros, to my great surprise, instead of seeking safety in flight as is the habit of this generally inoffensive animal, suddenly stopped short, then turned sharply round, and having eyed me most curiously for a second or two walked slowly towards me. Nevertheless, I instinctively turned my horse's head away; but, strange to say, this creature, usually so docile and gentle, which the slightest touch of the reins would be sufficient to guide—now absolutely refused to give me his

head. When at last he did so, it was too late, for notwithstanding the rhinoceros had only been walking, the distance between us was so considerable that by this time, I clearly saw, contact was unavoidable. Indeed, in another moment I observed the brute bend low his head, and with a thrust upwards struck his horn into the ribs of the horse with such force as to penetrate to the very saddle on the opposite side, where I felt its sharp point against my leg. The violence of the blow was so great as to cause the horse to make a complete somersault in the air, coming heavily down on his back. With regard to myself I was, as a matter of course, violently precipitated to the ground. Whilst thus prostrated, I actually saw the horn of the infuriated brute alongside of me; but seemingly satisfied with his revenge, without attempting to do further mischief, he started off at a canter from the scene of action. My after rider having by this time come up I rushed upon him, and almost pulling him off the horse, leapt into his saddle, and without a hat and my face streaming with blood was quickly in pursuit of the retreating beast, which I soon had the satisfaction of seeing stretched lifeless at my feet." On another occasion Mr. Oswald was bending his steps to the camp on foot, when he espied at no great distance two rhinoceroses of the species *Keitloa*. They were feeding, and slowly approaching him. He imme-

diately couched and quietly waited their arrival, but though they soon came within range from their constantly facing him, he was unable to fire, well knowing the uselessness of a shot at the head. In a short time they had approached so near, that on account of the exposed nature of the ground he could neither retreat nor advance, and consequently his situation became extremely critical. He was afraid to fire, for even had he succeeded in killing one, the other would in all likelihood have run over and trampled him to death. In this dilemma the thought struck him that on account of their bad sight he might possibly save himself by trying to run past them. No time was to be lost, and accordingly just as the leading animal almost touched him, he stood up and dashed past it. The brute, however, was much too quick for him, and before he had made good many paces he heard a violent snorting at his heels, and had only time to fire his gun at random into the animal's head, when he felt himself impaled on his horn. "The shock," says Mr. Oswell, "stunned me completely. The first return to consciousness was, I recollect, finding myself seated on one of my own ponies, and a Caffre leading it. I had an indistinct notion of having been hunting, and on observing the man I asked quickly why he was not following the track of the animal, when he mumbled something to the effect that he was gone. By ac-

cident I touched my right hip with my hand, and on withdrawing it was astonished to find it clotted with blood, yet my senses were still so confused and the side so benumbed that I actually kept feeling and working the wound with 'my fingers." Whilst trying to account for his strange position, Mr. Oswald observed some of his men coming towards him with a cartel, and on his asking them what they were about, they cried out that they had come to fetch his body, having been told that their master was killed by some wild beast. Mr. Oswald was now quickly made aware of his crippled condition. The wound he had received was of a very serious character, and though it ultimately healed it left great scars behind.



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